·JULY· CORONATION ·NUMBER·

THE CAPTAIN 6d

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

Vol. VII No. 40 JULY 1902

The crowning features

of a "featherweight" cycle are its light and resilient tyres.

DUNLOP TYRES

are *facile princeps* for ease and speed.

Fast, Durable, Reliable.

Trade Mark.

55s. per pair. Wired or beaded edges optional.

Guaranteed for 13 months.

The only tyres offering this choice of attachment.

Ask to see the trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tube as well as cover.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE Co., Ltd., Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.

KING EDWARD VII.
AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT OXFORD IN 1860.
From the painting in the Bodleian Library Gallery. *Copyright, C. Van Noorden.*

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Digitized by Google

GAMAGE'S

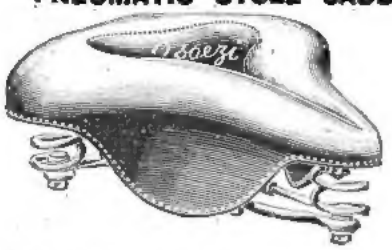
Of HOLBORN.

NO MATTER HOW STEEP
THE HILLS YOU TAKE
YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR
WITH A BULL DOG BRAKE

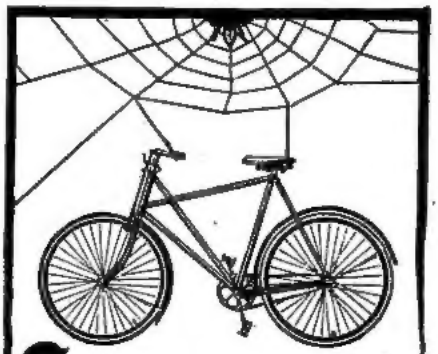
Gamages
World Famed
Bull Dog Brake

8/9 post free, **9/-**

GAMAGE'S "OSOEZI"
PNEUMATIC CYCLE SADDLE.



Price: ONE GUINEA, post free.
Conforms to every movement of the body and adapts itself to nature's needs.
Made in two sizes with Coil Springs.
FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN.



GAMAGE'S
FEATHERWEIGHT,
FIRM AS A ROCK

FULL ROADSTER
With Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheel, Rim Brake, Celluloid Mud Guards, with Aluminium Bending ... ... **18 Guineas.**

ROAD RACERS
No Gear Case Clearance, Free Wheel, &c. ... ... **18 Guineas.**

LADIES'
Full Roadster, Free Wheel, &c. ... **18 Guineas.**

For Riders up to	8 stones	20 lbs.
,, ,,	10 ,, ...	22 ,,
,, ,,	12 ,, ...	23 ,,

For Ladies' Cycles, 1 lb. extra.
Fixed Wheels, £1 less; weight the same.

LIGHT ROADSTERS AND ROAD RACERS.

For Riders up to	7 stones	19 lbs.
,,	10 ,, ...	21 ,,
,, ,,	12 ,, ...	22 ,,

GEARS SUPPLIED.

65½	69½	72½	76½	79½	83½	Gear.
38	40	42	44	46	48	Teeth on Wheel.

Length of Cranks, 6½ inches.

The finish on these machines is of the highest class.

The **lightest** of our cycles has been thoroughly tested on a rough road by a rider of **13 stones.**

Breaking of the front forks is the most fruitful source of injury. In this machine the steering tube is made of 16 gauge tubing, and is, moreover, extra re-inforced at the vital point, viz., just above the ball head cone.

Write for our Cycling Catalogue, post free.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Two Ideal Cameras

for the Holidays.

LOADED OR UNLOADED IN DAYLIGHT

The "No. 1 SCOUT"

Takes pictures 2¼ by 2¼. Fitted with a **Rapid Lens** of excellent quality and an **Everset Shutter**, giving either time or instantaneous exposures. Takes excellent pictures, and is easy and simple to use.

Price Complete, **5/-**

The "No. 2 SCOUT"

Takes pictures 3¼ by 2¼. Well and accurately fitted throughout. Shows at any time number of exposures made. Fitted with excellent **Rapid Lens, Everset Shutter,** and **2 View-Finders.**

Price Complete, **10/-**

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices.

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, **5/6**

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS
Excepting those controlled by American Trusts.
Or Full Particulars of
GEORGE HOUGHTON & SON, 88 and 89, High Holborn, London, W.C.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

learned to ride on a

'PREMIER'

Royal Cycle,

which is admitted to be the **best value** on the **market** to-day.

Write for full particulars.

Manufacturers:
The NEW PREMIER CYCLE CO., Ltd.
Head Offices: COVENTRY.

"PREMIERS" have a reputation of over a quarter of a century. Are unique in design and beautifully finished.
Catalogue free.

FIFTY GUINEAS

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL.

FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME **OFFICERS** IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT., A.T. MILLER, R.N.

Plasmon

C. B. Fry,

the well-known Cricketer and authority on athletic subjects, says:

"I have made Plasmon for some time an important item in my training diet. My own experience is that Plasmon justifies all that is claimed for it."

Plasmon is the life and strength-giving principle of pure fresh milk. Makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve.

At all Chemists', Grocers', Stores and Dealers', at 9d., 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d.

Full directions with every Packet.

FREE. Scientific and other Reports.—INTERNATIONAL PLASMON, LTD., 66A, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Plasmon Cocoa The most Delicious. The most Nutritious. **Same Price.**

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

A SWEETMEAT AND A FOOD.

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL

MILK-CHOCOLATE

NO IMITATION HAS THE CHARM AND DELICACY OF PETER'S

INSIST ON PETER'S

1d., 2d., 3d., 6d. & 1s. Sold Everywhere.
Sole Agents (trade only), S. J. MACKENZIE & Co., Ltd., London, N.E.

Digitized by Google

RICHFORD'S

UP-TO-DATE HAND CAMERAS
- LATEST IMPROVEMENTS -
TIME OR INSTANTANEOUS

From
5/6

Neatly covered in Black Grained Cloth.
Two Brilliant View Finders. Specially selected Lens with 3 Stops, Automatic Plate Changer.

No. 1, Takes Six, 3¼×2½ Plates ... ... Price **5/6**
No. 2, Takes Six, ¼ size Plates ... ... ,, **9/6**
No. 3, Takes Twelve, ¼ size Plates ... ... ,, **12/6**

EVERY CAMERA GUARANTEED. *Send for Lists.*

RICHFORD & CO., 153, Fleet St., London, E.C.

HUMBER CYCLES

Strong, Light, Graceful. Artistic Catalogue post free. *Smart, Speedy, Durable.*
HUMBER, Ltd., 32, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Agents Everywhere.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE

has caused an enormous demand for St. Pierre Stamps. We now offer as an advertisement —SET OF

2 St. PIERRE STAMPS FREE OF CHARGE

to anybody **sending 1d. stamp for postage,** and promising to distribute 3 of our lists to stamp-collecting friends.

Only one set given to each person. These stamps will become scarce. Ask to see our noted Approval Sheets.

Cheapest Lists in the World. We invite comparison. Write now.

ERNEST WOOD & CO.,
CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY. MANCHESTER.

ENGLISH STAMPS.

FINEST STOCK IN LONDON. See Illustrations in "Captain."

1d. Black... ... 3d. each
2d. blue (no lines) 1/- each } Sets from 5/- and upwards.

LIST ON APPLICATION.

MULREADY ENVELOPES.

J. W. JONES, 61, Cheapside, London.

STAMPS.

REALLY IN NEED OF RARE STAMPS & OLD COLLECTIONS.

Best Cash prices given; 200 stamps 4d., 1000 9d., 3000 1/6
Price List free; approval sheets sent.

J. W. PALMER, West Hoathly, Sussex.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX. **6D.**

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. *Post Free.*
Dept. G. 89, **Aldersgate St., London.**

THE NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES NOVEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

"I tell you, Watson, this time we have got a foeman who is worthy of our steel."—SHERLOCK HOLMES.

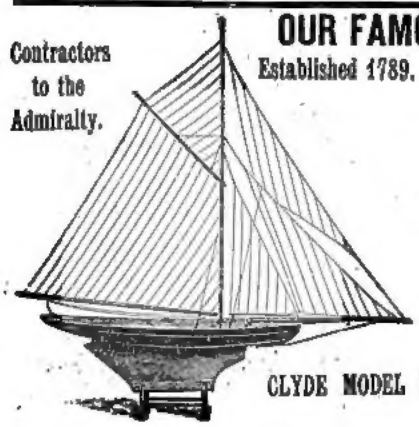
Illustrated by Sidney Paget. *Price* **6/-**

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., LONDON, W.C.

Contractors to the Admiralty.

Established 1789.

OUR FAMOUS CLYDE BUILT MODEL RACING YACHTS.



These Yachts are now too well known to need any recommendation. They are beautifully enamelled and well finished, carved from noted Lines ("Columbia," "Britannia," "Alice," &c. Models), completely rigged with Brass Fittings, &c. Sails made from our beautiful blue-striped Sailcloth. For Model Yacht Racing, none can compare with them Tested and guaranteed.

No.	Length.	Price.	No.	Length.	Price
1	16 in.	6/9 carriage free.	5	29½ in.	15/6 carriage free.
2	18 ,,	8/9 ,,	6	33 ,,	17/6 ,,
3	20 ,,	10/9 ,,	7	34 ,,	21/- ,,
4	21 ,,	12/6 ,,			

No. 1 size is Bermuda Rigged, the others are Cutter Rigged as per engraving, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 having beautiful polished Spars and Flying Jib extra.

New Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 800 splendid Engravings of above Yacht Fitting Sailcloth, Patent Steering Gear, Magnificent Locomotives; Launch, Horizontal, Gas, Hot Air, &c., Engines, Separate parts of Engines and Castings; Dynamos, Motors, and Castings of Ditto; Electric Scarf-Pins, Accumulators, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Scientific Toys, &c., &c., **post free, 4d.**

Special Illustrated Yacht List of above Model Ships' Fittings, Gun-Metal Cannons, containing over 100 Illustrations, free on receipt of postage, one stamp.

We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

Digitized by Google

NEW ALBUMS. . .
. NEW PRICE LIST. .
. NEW CATALOGUE.

Senf's Illustrated Postage Stamp Albums, New Edition for 1902, from 1s. 6d. to £7 10s. 0d. Write for full particulars.

The Universal Standard Catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World. **Third Edition for 1902,** with 2,554 illustrations. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 2s. 6d.

New Price List for 1902 now ready, consisting of 64 pages, with quotations for over 1,400 different packets and sets—a larger variety than is offered by any other firm. Sent free on receipt of penny stamp for postage.

Monthly List of Philatelic Novelties. 6d. per annum, post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

3d. SEND THREEPENCE 3d.

And we will send a Packet of 50 different Stamps, including **MALAY** Federated States (Tiger), Bulgaria (Head of Prince) Greece 1901, 5 United States (Battleship, Maine), Mexico 1864, New Zealand (Universal Penny Postage), **TASMANIA** (View of Hobart), New South Wales (Jubilee Issue), Holkar (Head of Rajah), Deccan, **NYASSA** (Giraffe), British Guiana, Argentine Republic, Philippine Islands, **CRETE,** Ceylon, &c., &c.

WE SHALL ALSO SEND FREE our 64-page **PRICE LIST,** full of Illustrations and Prices for thousands of Stamps. This is **THE** Stamp List of the year. **IF** you also request us to send you a selection on approval, we will include with the Packet, **GRATIS,**

A SET OF EIGHT MEXICO.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

N.B.—Have you seen an "Excelsior" Stamp Album yet? They are the best Albums published. We shall be pleased to send you an Illustrated Prospectus.

KING EDWARD'S COLONIES are well represented in our new grand "CORONATION PACKET," which includes **25 British Colonials,** obsolete and new issues, pictorials, &c., also new issues, used and unused, of Guatemala, Paraguay, Greece, China, &c., United States, Japan, Chili, Argentine Republic, &c. The complete packet contains 50 different stamps, and the price is **4d.,** post free. **We shall present to every purchaser** of the packet A SET OF SIX SWEDEN SERVICE, and to purchasers requesting a selection of stamps on approval we shall also present A SET OF THREE RARE CARTAGENA. We make this offer because we want you to see how cheap our stamps are; only one packet sold to each customer. PRICE LIST, post free; please write for it.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

The "CORICA." 3d.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS 50

INCLUDING

LABUAN 1900 (Gorilla),
NEWFOUNDLAND 1890 (Dog),
CHINESE IMPERIAL POST 1898 (Dragon),
STATE OF NORTH BORNEO 1897 (Stag),

Canada (Map of the World), Greece, 1902 (Postage Due), Barbados, Dutch Indies, Servia, U.S. America 1901 (Express Train), Portugal, Gama Celebration issue, Chili Telegraph, Mauritius, New Zealand (picturesque issue) U.S.A. 1893 (handsome Columbian envelope), Cuba, **Hyderabad Deccan, Jamaica (view of Llandovery Falls), Bolivia Republic 1894,** etc., etc.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.

In addition, every purchaser of the above packet applying for a selection of our **"Ideal" approval sheets** will receive a

SET OF 8 COSTA RICA, GRATIS.

Only one Packet supplied to each person.

New Price List Post Free and Gratis. 84 Pages, full of illustrations, including a **Guide to Stamp Collecting,** etc., etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London.

THE INVINCIBLE CORONATION PACKET, No. 135.

Worth 1s. Our Price 5d. This packet contains 25 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens, as follows: **Transvaal Head of King Edward VII., 1902, Perak Tiger's Head (obsolete),** Trinidad (old issue), Cuba 1900 Palm Tree, Guadeloupe, Old Austria 1867, Great Britain "I.R. Official," **East India Company 1865,** Hungary 20 kr., Iceland, Roumania, Wurtemberg "Service," **Zambezia, Sirmoor Elephant issue,** France 50c old issue, Lourenco Marques, Hong Kong (obsolete), **New Zealand Pictorial issue (Mount Cook),** Finland, Egypt Official, Costa Rica 1892 used (Arms), United States Envelope (Columbus issue), Java (numeral), **New Caledonia and Queensland One Shilling (Queen's Head).** Free to every Purchaser of the above Packet, a **SET OF 6 USED UNITED STATES (BATTLESHIP ISSUE), INCLUDING THE 1 DOLLAR.** Price 5d. Postage 1d. extra, (without which no orders can be sent.)

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (July), **6d.!** (Quote July when ordering.) **110** different, **6d.,** including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, New Malay, Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, Western Australia. Gratis Large List Sets, Sharp 4d Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and 3 Rare old Spain gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted. 500 different Stamps, 5s.; 1,000 for 15s. post free (abroad postage extra).—**A. C. McAUSLAN & CO., 95, Bath Street, Glasgow.**

USED BRITISH COLONIALS

Are the VERY BEST Stamps to Collect.

I HAVE been for several years buying immense quantities of **Used British Colonials,** and can now offer them at a price which defies all competition.

My JULY packet contains 30 specimens including:—**British Transvaal 1902, Head of King Edward VII., St. Helena, 1902, Head of King Edward VII.,** Trinidad (head issue), Leeward Islands (Queen Victoria), South Australia, Ceylon, set of five Cape, **Antigua Head of Queen Victoria, Montserrat Head of Queen Victoria,** British Levant, New Zealand, Canada, Victoria, and a very fine set of eight Jamaica, including two picture stamps, official stamp, scarce 2½d. head issue and rare 1883 issue.

Price **5d.,** postage **1d.** extra.

All letters answered by return post. Selections of used British Colonials sent on approval.

All stamps guaranteed genuine; **all stamps in packet exactly as described.**

FRANK MOORE, 4, Duke Street, Strand, W.C.

---

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post Free.—Comprising **B. Nigeria, F. Colonies, Newfoundland, Soudan** (camel), Java, Deccan, China, Ecuador, **Tasmania (view),** Venezuela, **G1. Britain I.R. Official (King's head),** etc. etc. **Purchasers** of above packet applying for an **Approval Sheet** will receive **gratis a set of three Shanghai. Approval Sheets and Books at 25 & 50 per cent. off marked prices.** Old Collections and loose lots bought.
PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.

BARGAINS.

Sets of 20 Portugal, including High values, **6d.**; 20 Ecuador, **1s.**; 5 Gibraltar, **3d.**; 25 Australians, including new issues, **6d.**; 4 Malta, **3d.**; 8 Ceylon, **3d.**; 12 India, including 1 and 2 Rupees, **6d.**; 6 new Holland, **2d.**
Packets of 1,000, all different, 1s.
Sheets sent on Approval, Good Discount.
SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 51 Chetwynd Road, London, N.W.

MATTHEW FOWLER, Retail Stamp Dealer,
42 Albemarle Crescent, Scarborough.
APPROVAL SHEETS A SPECIALITY.
AGENTS WANTED IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

---

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.
The NORTHERN STAMP Co., Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

SPECIAL CORONATION PACKET.

Contains 50 different British Colonials, including **Transvaal, King's Head, Unused; St. Helena, King's Head, Unused;** Mauritius, Malta, Cape of Good Hope, Straits Settlements, Canada, Jamaica, Western Australia, Gibraltar, &c.
Price 1s. post free.
R. PITTILO, Junr., KIRKGATE, BURNTISLAND.

SPECIAL VALUE IN LONG SETS.

28 Austria, all different, **6d.** 24 Belgium, all different, **6d.** 40 Germany, many old, **1s. 3d.** 12 Labuan, **1s.** 12 North Borneo, **1s.** 18 Peru (many surcharged) **1s. 6d.** 10 Transvaal, **9d.**
All stamps equally cheap. Inspection Invited.
THE IMPERIAL STAMP EXCHANGE, Ltd., 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

1000 MOUNTS and 50 DIFFERENT STAMPS given **FREE** to Applicants for our world-renowned approval sheets. Cheapest in the Trade. **6d.** in the **1/-** discount. Collections and Loose Stamps Bought. Agents wanted all over the World.
HARGREAVES & CO., 55 Norfolk St., Sheffield.

Digitized by Google

Modelling in Harbutt's Plasticine is the very thing to enliven the time on Wet days at the Seaside or under Canvas. Its interest never palls, it is ever fresh as well as ever plastic, and its capabilities for fun are enormous.

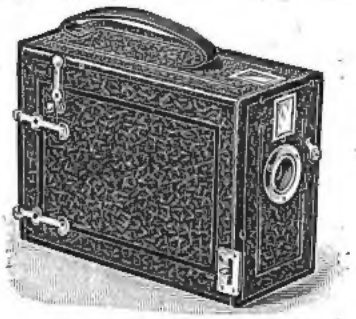
The Complete Modeller, 2/10.
The Student's Box, 1/3. *Post free.*

"How to use Plasticine as a Home Amusement." A well-illustrated Instruction Book, 6d.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., Bathampton.

J. LANCASTER & SON, Opticians, Birmingham.

This is an excellent Hand Camera, taking six plates or films 3¼ × 2¼ in., with achromatic lens, and time and instantaneous shutter.



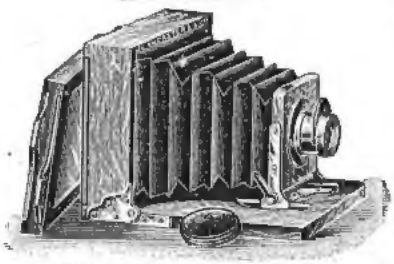
Complete Set of Chemicals, Plates, P.O.P., Printing Frame 5/6 extra.

Price **5/-**

THE "BOY'S OWN" HAND CAMERA.

Price **5/-**

Catalogues Free.



Catalogues Free.

Price, ¼ Plate, **10/6**

THE "BOY'S OWN" STAND CAMERA

Is a Mahogany Camera, with Kinnear Bellows, excellent Lens, and Double Slide.

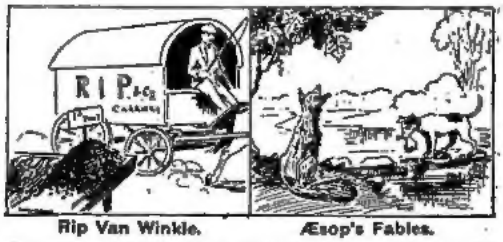
Price, ¼ Plate, **10/6**

SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN BOOKS COMPETITION

For MAY, 1902.

The Pioneers. Self Help.

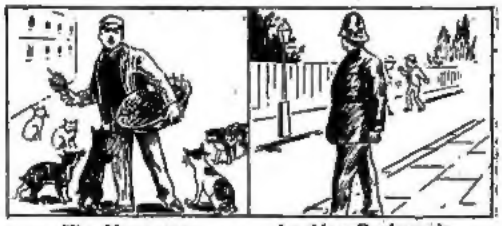
The Lamplighter. Night and Morning.



Rip Van Winkle. Æsop's Fables.

The White Company. Soldiers Three.

Shadow of a Crime. The Redskins.



The Manxman. Looking Backwards.

Digitized by Google

All Garment cut in latest style.

SPENCER BROS.

(Smartest House in the Trade)

FOR **FLANNEL SUITS**

We pay Carriage on Goods value 10/- and up.

Enormous variety of "Up-to-Date" Patterns, suitable for Business, Athletic, and Holiday Wear.

SUITS (comprising Jacket & Trousers),

14/- 18/6 21/- 25/- 30/-

JACKETS only from 8s. 6d.
TROUSERS „ „ 5s. 6d.

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS ...	5s. 6d.,	6s. 6d.,	7s. 6d.,	10s. 6d.
„ DRILL „ ...	5s. 6d.,	7s. 6d.	—	—
GENUINE PANAMAS, as Illustration	12s. 6d.,	15s. 6d.	—	—

ABSOLUTELY BEST VALUE OBTAINABLE.

Mention the "Captain."

103 FLEET STREET & 8 NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON.

Both Establishments are close to Ludgate Circus.

Patterns and measure forms free on application.

To Natural History Collectors, Students, and others.

JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of **BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.** A detailed Price List (fully illustrated) sent post free on application.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN."

In order to advertise our new Season's goods we will send, on receipt of **5/10**, our Complete Photographic Outfit, consisting of a magnificent Quarter-plate Hand Camera with Time and Instantaneous Shutter, View Finder, Half-dozen Dry Plates, 2 Bottles Developer, Toning and Fixing Solution, 2 Developing Dishes, Ruby Lamp, Printing Frame, P.O.P., Card Mounts, and Book of Directions. Nothing else to buy! Illustrated Catalogue of Cameras and Accessories free.—Clerkenwell Photographic Coy. (Dept. A.), 9 St. John's Lane, London, E.C.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?

Yes, you can. We teach *Electrical Engineering* at your home *by mail* at a cost within the reach of anyone. *No matter where you live*, if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our institute is *endorsed* by *Thomas A. Edison* and other prominent men of U.S. and Great Britain. We teach also *Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, X-Rays, Mathematics*, Etc., by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our *Free Illustrated Book*, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember a letter to the United States requires 5d. postage.—**The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction. Dept. 63. 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.**

TRIUMPH

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY

CYCLES

10 GUINEAS AND **15 GUINEAS** Or from a Guinea per month.

ART CATALOGUE GRATIS.

The Best Bicycle that British Workmanship can produce.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY,
4 & 5, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.
30, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

PETS

JAMES L. WILLSON,
Live Stock Provider,
At the Sign of the Chained Dog,

37 New Oxford Street, London, has Dogs of all breeds, especially Toys; also Whelps, Persian Kittens, Cavies, Rabbits, White Rats and Mice, Mongooses, Ferrets, Squirrels, Dormice, Waltzing Mice, Singing Canaries and Talking Parrots. Gold and other Fancy Fish. Harmless Snakes, Rare Frogs, Toads, Salamanders, Lizards, Silkworms, Mealworms, Ants Eggs, &c., &c. Aquaria and Vivaria: Pens, Cages, Cases, Goods, Foods and Appliances for all pet animals. List Two Stamps. Established 1872.

A MARVEL OF ENGLISH SKILL AND WORKMANSHIP.

1/6 *THE ECLIPSE FOUNTAIN PEN* 1/6

Made with Screw Section, handsomely Chased, Polished, and Mounted with Two Gilt Bands.

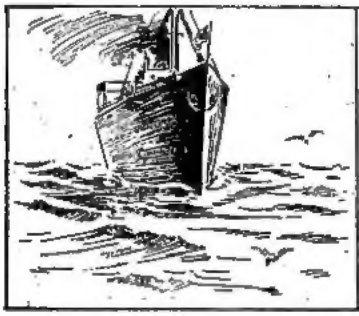
The Feed so regulates the supply of Ink as to make writing a pleasure. In Box complete with Filler, 1s. 6d. Post free.

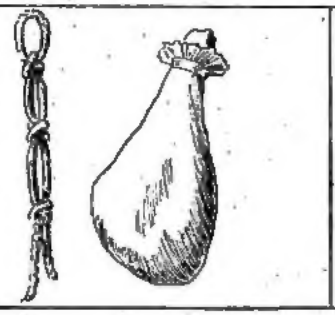
Dept. 17a. Sole Makers: **J. WALLER & CO., 98, Aldersgate St., E.C.**

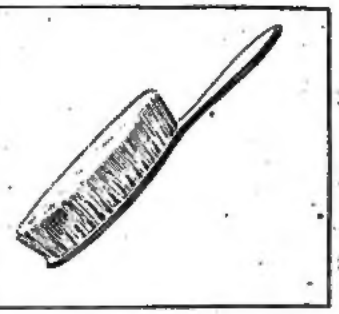
Digitized by Google

"HIDDEN TOWNS" COMPETITION.

SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY, PAGE 388.







1.—Hull. 2.—..... 3.—.....

1.2.4.8.16.

32.64.128

EDWARD'S

LUNG TONIC

4.— ..... 5.—..... 6.—.....

S

7.—..... 8.—..... 9.—.....

10.— ..... 11.—..... 12.—.....

Name..... Address.....

.....

Digitized by Google

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in

CRICKET, RACQUETS, LAWN TENNIS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c.

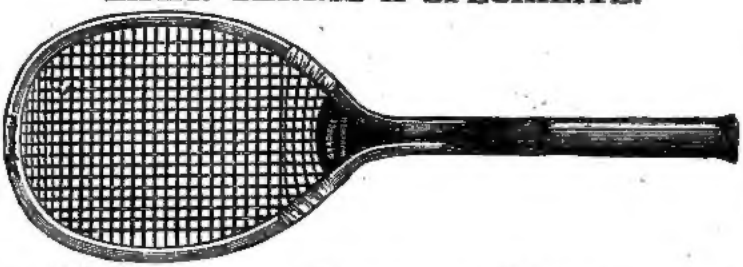
Patentees and Sole Makers of the "IMPERIAL DRIVER CRICKET BATS."

PATENT No. 27,536.

As used by A. C. MacLaren, Esq., C. McGahey, Esq., C. B. Fry, Esq., P. Perrin, Esq., A. J. Turner, Esq., K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq., J. T. Tyldesley, W. Brockwell, G. Baker, A. Lilley, V. Barton, A. Ward, and all the leading first-class players in County, University and Public School Cricket.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITE.

"THE GRADIDGE"
"EXTRA SPECIAL"
"CLOSE GROOVED"
"THE FISHTAIL"



"THE SPECIAL"
"THE CLUB"

Price Lists free on application.

Factory :—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

Raphael Tuck & Sons'

Post Cards.

THE **First £1000** **Prize Competition**

Having aroused so great an interest in Post Card collecting everywhere,

A **Second Competition** with

£2000

IN 300 PRIZES

Open Free to Collectors of

'Tuck's Post Cards'

HAS NOW COMMENCED!

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Lists & Rules at all Stationers, Booksellers, etc.

Press Opinions.

"Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons continue to issue various kinds of picture post-cards, all well done; . . . . in fact, they seem almost too good to send through the post."—*The Times.*

"Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Limited, have issued a series of exquisite post-cards."—*Morning Post.*

"Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have lately issued several new and exceedingly beautiful specimens of pictorial post-cards."—*Ladies' Field.*

"All Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' post-cards are up to their usual high standard."—*Gentlewoman.*

"The epidemic for post-card collecting has spread throughout the length and breadth of the country, and the chief credit for this undoubtedly belongs to Raphael Tuck & Sons. . . . . ."—*City Press.*

"It is a matter of common knowledge that Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have done more than any other firm in this country to cultivate and popularise the pictorial post-card hobby."—*Stationery World.*

"All Tuck's post-cards have artistic merits, and all of them should be popular with the growing class of collectors."—*Scotsman.*

"The latest development is Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' genius in organisation in the direction of picture post-cards; here, as elsewhere, their departure is taken upon a bold plan, and carried through on a large scale. Their new photographic and coloured cards are most marvellous in their resource and variety, while the art and the engraving are, each in its kind, admirable."—*School Board Chronicle.*

"Whether one competes for the prizes or not, they will still find a delight in collecting for their own amusement such beautiful little gems of art."—*Woman's Life.*

"Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, of whom Millais once said they were doing more than any other people in England to foster a love of the artistic among the people, are producing several series of post-cards decorated with exceedingly good photos or reproductions of water-colour sketches of the principal English seaside and inland towns and interesting places."—*The Art Record.*

"The picture post-card is really a wonderful invention. It practically dispenses with the service of a telegram of safe arrival, and includes a miniature art gallery."—*Home Notes.*

"In the great variety of the series of picture post-cards published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons all who use post-cards will find something to suit them."—*Belfast News Letter.*

"Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons need fear no comparison with their rivals."—*Yorkshire Herald.*

Digitized by Google

COMFORT AT LAST!

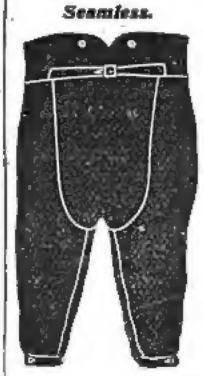
When using

Patent Seamless Seat Knickers

For

CYCLING, RIDING, and all Athletic purposes.

NEW STYLE.
Seamless.



OPINIONS OF PRESS EXPERTS.

"Scottish Cyclist,"
October 16th, says:
"This invention should prove a boon. We find the garment comfortable to wear."

"The Irish Wheelman,"
July 16th, says:
"The Patent Seamless Seat Knickers prevent chafing, and are the perfect acme of comfort. I can thoroughly recommend the new invention."

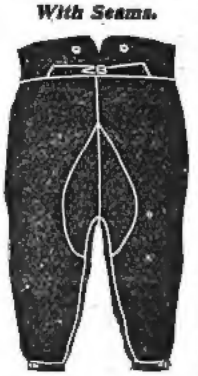
Each Garment bears this Label.

Seamless Seat Knicker & Trousers
J H
FORSYTH'S PATENT 9701
Regd. No. 307827.

"Cyclers' News," *July 30th, says:*
"A new cure for saddle soreness has been found in the Seamless Seat Knickers."

"Cycling," *May 18th, says:*
"Our experience with a pair of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers confirms our opinion that the cause of saddle soreness is not so much the saddle as the seams in knickers."

OLD STYLE.
With Seams.



SPECIMENS OF MANY TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED.

From a Bristol Cyclist, after 1,000 miles.

BROAD CLYST,
DEVON.
August 11th, 1900.

The Cycling Breeches are marvellously comfortable. I never would have believed the extraordinary difference in favour of these over the old-fashioned cut.

Have now done about 1,000 miles in them, and never felt so comfortable before.

From a North Devon Solicitor.

I am very pleased with the Seamless Seat Trousers. The idea is a splendid one, and the fit is perfect.

The Trousers are quite comfortable when sitting, and persons accustomed to Riding and Cycling will, I am sure, when once they experience the comfort of the Seamless Seat never wear the old kind again.

My own opinion is that the improvement will supersede the old style altogether.

In the event of your finding any difficulty in obtaining the Seamless Seat Knickers, write direct to us for the name of your nearest Outfitter or Tailor, who will supply you to measure.

JOHN HARDING, SON & CO., Ltd.

- Wholesale and Export Clothiers -

18 & 20, NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

Digitized by Google

BENETFINK & Co

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.

COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR RUNNING, CRICKET, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET BATS.

Boys', Half Cane, No. 4, 3/3; No. 5, 3/8; No. 6, 4/6
Boys', All Cane ... ... No. 5, 5/3; No. 6, 6/-
Boys', "Resilient," Selected ... ... No. 6, 8/3
Men's All Cane 6/-
Men's, ditto, Super 8/5
Men's, ditto, Selected 9/6
Clapshaw's "Resilient" 15/6
Warsop's "Conquerok," Improved ... 18/6
Wisden's "Crawford's Excelsior" 16/9, 20/-

Single Bat sent post free.

Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Clapshaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Wisden, G. G. Hearne, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.

CRICKET BALLS.

Duke's Super 5/3
Dark's Crown 5/-
Grasshopper 4/10
Benetfink's Practice, 3-seam .. 3/6
Ditto, B.C.B. (Warranted) . 4/6
Ditto, Ditto, Boys' . .. 3/1
Wisden's Special School Boys' ... 3/10
Ditto, Crown Match Ball .. 5/-

Per dozen, 57/-. *Post free.*

"Eclipse" Compo., 5¼ oz. 1/9
Composition ... ... 6d., 10d.

Postage, 2d.

RUNNING VESTS.

Plain White Gauze 1/-, 1/3
Plain White Merino Finish 1/6, 2/-
Coloured Gauze (plain colours) ... 1/-, 1/6
Silk (plain colours) 6/6

RUNNING DRAWERS.

Plain Sateen (plain colours) 1/-
Plain Super ditto 1/6
Plain Cashmere, all wool, ditto 2/6
Silk (plain colours) 6/6

Postage 2d. per Single Garment.

Patterns Post Free.

RUNNING SHOES. pair

Cordovan Hand-Sewn, with Spikes ... 3/11
Super, ditto 4/6
The "Professional," Best Calf in Black or Tan, Special Spikes 6/9

Sole London Agents for **Tucks' Celebrated Shoes, 10/6 pair.**

Postage, 3d. under 10/-

Grey Canvas, Corrugated Rubber Soles, 2/6 pair. *Postage, 4d.*

NEW JUMPING SHOE.

Cordovan Hand-Sewn, with Heel Spikes, 5/11 pair. *Postage, 3d.*

Leg Guards, Stumps, Cricket Nets, Wicket-Keeping Gloves, &c., &c.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

Please Mention "THE CAPTAIN."

Trousers, Shirts, Blazers, Belts, Caps, Boots, &c., &c.

PARALLEL BARS, HORIZONTAL BARS, TRAPEZE BARS, VAULTING HORSES, JUMPING STANDS, and every description of GYMNASTIC APPARATUS at Lowest Net Cash Prices.

SANDOW'S DEVELOPER.

12/6 each. *Carriage free.*

SANDOW'S NEW GRIP DUMB-BELL.

Polished Nickel-plated (Men's) .. 12/6 pair.
Girls' and Boys', ditto ... .. . 7/6 ,,
Ladies and Youths ... . 10/6 ,,
Enamelled Black (Gents') .. 7/6 ,,

Carriage free.

THE WHITELY EXERCISER.

Ladies' and Children's... ... . 4/6
Men's and Youths' 5/6
Athletes' 6/6

Postage free.

Large Stock of
FLAGS, FIRE BALLOONS,
and
JAPANESE LANTERNS.
List post free.

UNIVERSITY SWIMMING COSTUMES.

(Made to the Regulations of the A.S.A. to button on shoulder.)
When ordering send size round chest.

No. 1.—Navy or Black; as Fig., untrimmed ... . Net. 1/6
No. 2.—Superior Navy, Black or Cardinal; as Fig., untrimmed .. ..
No. 2A.—Ditto, trimmed, colours in stock, Navy and White, Navy and Sky, Navy and Red, Navy and Gold. Other colours to order 2/6
No. 4 Super Cashmere, with Navy or Black Silk Stitching. Styles as Fig.. 3/6
No. 5.—Best Cashmere, Navy or Black ...

Postage 1½d. By the Dozen, 2/- per dozen less.

Gents' Bathing Dresses, 2/11 to 5/6.
Swimming Drawers, 8d., 7½d., 9½d., 10½d. pair.

WATER POLO BALLS, 11/- net.
Carriage Paid.

Every requisite for Water Polo.

89, 90, 107 & 108, **CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

THE NEW & IMPROVED

VEEDER CYCLOMETER

TRIP OR REGULAR MODELS.

NOW READY.

OF ALL CYCLE DEALERS.

Descriptive Booklets from

. . . Sole Agents . . .

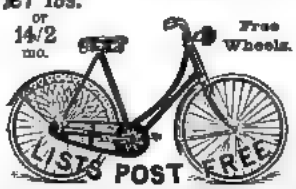
MARKT & CO.,

20 Chapel St., Milton St., LONDON, E.C.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

£7 15s. or 14/2 mo.



CARRIAGE PAID TO ALL PARTS.

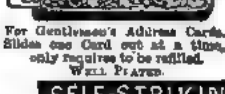
CASH OR 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

£7 15s.	or	14s. 2d. monthly.
£8 8s.	,,	15s. 0d. ,,
£9 10s.	,,	17s. 1d. ,,
£11 0s.	,,	20s. 0d. ,,
£12 0s.	,,	21s. 8d. ,,

Trip Cyclometers, 1s. 0d.; Acetylene Lamp, 3s. 9d.; Plated Pump, 9d. and 1s. 2d.; Rim Brake, 4s. 6d.; Scorcher Brake, 1s. Bowden Brake, 13s. 11d.; Luggage Carrier, 2s.; Celluloid Mud Guards, 3s. 9d.; Hatherley Stand, 2s. 6d.; Bell, 6d.; Toe Clips, 6d. per pair; Ball Pedals, 3s. per pair

Write at once for New Season's List (over 100 pages and 500 Illustrations) of JUNO Cycles and latest Cycling Accessories at lower prices than any other House, sent post free.—**Metropolitan Machinists' Co., Ltd.**, Cycle Dept., 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W

AUGUSTA CARD CASE (PATENT)



For Gentlemen's Address Cards. Slides one Card out at a time, only requires to be refilled. WELL PLATED.

THE KING'S KNIFE.

Pocket History of England giving dates of accession of British Rulers from Norman Conquest to present day. Handles of white unTarnishable metal, blades warranted hand forged from best steel.

Price 2/6 post free.

SELF-STRIKING MATCH BOX.

VERY STRONG AND BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED IN PURE NICKEL SILVER

1/6

The most perfect box in action on the market, 1/3 post free.

UTILITY & NOVELTY Co., 16, Theville Rd., Birmingham.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE, 1,000 ILLUSTRATED NOVELTIES. POST FREE.

YOU WANT A CAMERA.

But you have a difficulty in deciding which would be the most suitable kind to buy. You would naturally be glad of a little expert advice, but you do not know whom to ask. Send SEVENPENCE for Hobbies New Handbook on **HAND CAMERAS AND HOW TO USE THEM.** This will give you just the help you want. It will tell you how to choose a Camera, and how to take successful photographs when you have got it.

HAVE THE VERY BEST.

The **Hobbies Cameras** have gained a high reputation all over the world for excellence of workmanship, perfection of finish, and lowness of price. Send a stamp for our new Photographic Catalogue. Any of the **Hobbies Outfits** may, if desired, be paid for by Weekly Instalments.

HAND CAMERAS.

	Price. £ s. d.	Post free. £ s. d.
Hobbies No. 1 Hand Camera	5 6	5 9
Hobbies No. 2 Hand Camera, for 6 plates, 4¼ in. by 3¼ in.	12 6	13 0
Hobbies No. 3 Hand Camera, for 12 plates, 4¼ in. by 3¼ in.	1 1 0	1 1 6
Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera, for 12 plates, 4¼ in. by 3¼ in. A Wonderful Camera for the Money. We strongly recommend it.	1 10 0	1 10 6
Hobbies Folding Camera, for ¼-plates. With 2 Double Dark Slides and carrying case	1 17 6	1 18 0
Hobbies Folding Film Camera, for pictures 3¼ in. by 2¼ in. A special bargain. It is far superior to any other Camera at anything like the price	1 13 0	1 15 6

STAND CAMERAS

Royal Stand Camera and Outfit, includes: Double Extension Camera, D.D. Slide, Landscape Lens with Rotating Diaphragm, T. and I. Shutter, and Special Two-Fold Tripod.

	¼-Plate.	½-Plate.	1/1-Plate.
Prices ..	£1 16 0 ..	£2 10 0 ..	£4 0 0

Imperial Stand Camera and Outfit, includes: Double Extension Camera, D.D. Slide, R.R. Lens with Iris Diaphragm, Roller Blind T. and I. Shutter, Turntable, and Three-Fold Tripod.

	¼-Plate.	½-Plate.	1/1-Plate.
Prices ..	£2 12 6 ..	£3 10 0 ..	£5 10 0

Coronation Stand Camera and Outfit, includes: Very superior Camera, with all Modern Improvements, D.D. Slide, Lens with Iris Diaphragm, T. and I. Shutter Turntable, and Three-fold Tripod. The Camera is Brass bound and specially suitable for Hot Climates.

	½-Plate.	1/1-Plate.
Prices .	£4 10 0 ..	£6 10 0

Send Stamp for Photographic Catalogue.

NOTE.—Whatever may be your favourite hobby, you should ask your Newsagent for a copy of our Penny Weekly Paper, **HOBBIES.** The Paper deals in illustrated articles with all kinds of Hobbies—such as Fretwork, Carving, Bent-Iron Work, Photography, Electricity, Microscopy, Art Needlework, Horticulture, Live Stock Hobbies, etc. £800 worth of full-sized and original Designs for Fretwork, etc., are GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

HOBBIES LIMITED, 12a, Paternoster Sq., LONDON, E.C.

Also at the Hobbies Supply Stores:

168, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
153, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.
79, WALWORTH ROAD, S.E.
41, LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.
76, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM.
326, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW.
118, POWIS STREET, WOOLWICH.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for July, 1902.

		PAGE
THE SEVEN KING EDWARDS ... ... *Frontispiece* Drawn by E. F. Skinner.		
THE BOYHOOD OF KING EDWARD VII.	Mary Belloc-Lowndes	291
With Illustrations from Paintings and Engravings.		
TALES OF ELIZA'S. (IV.—A "Flannelled Fool.")	Fred Swainson	297
Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.		
OUR SCHOOL ARMY. ("Ashburton Day" at Bisley.)	A. E. Johnson	305
With Illustrations from Photographs.		
RANJI. II.	The Rev. Forbes E. Winslow	309
Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.		
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (The Stamps of Great Britain. III.)	E. J. Nankivell	314
With Illustrations.		
GENERAL NOIRTIER'S REVENGE	N. R. Martin	319
Illustrated by A. Webb.		
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (About Cricket Crowds.)	C. B. Fry	324
And Answers to Correspondents.		
THE JALASCO BRIG. (Conclusion.)	Louis Becke	330
Illustrated by George Hawley.		

(Further contents on next page.)

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.

JOHN GIBSON, M.A.
(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),
Late of Uppingham and Westminster, Educational Medallist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

QUEENSMORE · BROMLEY · KENT · FIRST OVER FIFTY

G. LOLY, B.A.
(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),
Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar," etc.
Spanish and German Examiner at the City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Queensmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1901 only, including several First places and Honours.

Prospectus and full particulars on application to
JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH
BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE.

Catalogue Post Free.
Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd.,
Coventry.

Specials—15 Guineas.
Standards—10 Guineas.

Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
TWENTY THOUSAND TONS AFLOAT Illustrated from Photographs.	J. A. Kay	337
TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE. (VII.—The Judge and the Post-Horn.) Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	H. Burrows	341
THE CORONATION OF THE KING With Illustrations by Walker Hodgson.	Herbert Gladstone	345
BRADSHAW'S LITTLE STORY Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	P. G. Wodehouse	347
CORONATION DAY. "What Captain Artists Hope to See and Do"		351
J. O. JONES. (Chaps. XVI.–XX.) Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.	R. S. Warren Bell	355
NOT CAUGHT YET From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.		370
THE CYCLING CORNER. (Cycle Picnics.)	Haydon Perry	371
HUNTERS AT GRASS From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.		374
A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. (II.—Under Square Sails: Clipper.) Illustrated by George Hawley.	J. E. Patterson	375
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		379
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		381
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY		383
RESULTS OF MAY COMPETITIONS		384

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

The Captain will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II., III., IV., V. & VI. may be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. each direct from the Office. **Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., & VI. are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d.**

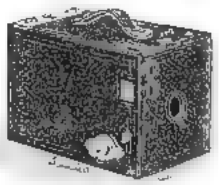
BROWNIE KODAKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

No. 1 Brownie.

THE No. 1 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 2½ins. by 2½ins.,
Price **5/-** only.

THE No. 2 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 3½ins. by 2½ins.,
Price **10/-** only.



No. 2 Brownie.

For Ladies, Cyclists, etc.

THE FOLDING POCKET KODAKS, from £2 2s. to £3 12s. 6d.

MASTERED IN A FEW MINUTES.

NO DARK ROOM NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

Of All Photographic Dealers, or of

KODAK, Limited, 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches:

96, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches:

59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.;
171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, West Strand, London, W.C.

CITY SALE & EXCHANGE GREAT CENTRAL SPORTS DEPOT

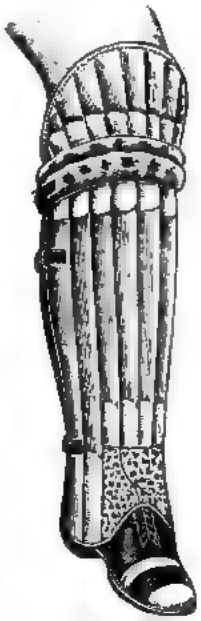
MEN'S ALL-CANE CRICKET BATS.

No. 1	4/11
No. 2	7/6
Exchange .. .	9/6
Ledgate Rubber Spliced Handle . ..	11/6

Youths'—

Sizes	4	5	6
Single Cane	2/6	2/11	3/6
All Cane ..	3/6	4/3	4/11

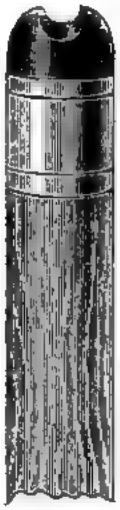
Postage under 10/-, Men's 6d.; Youths, 5d.



LEG GUARDS.

	Men's	Youths
White Twill, 3 straps	3/6	3/3
Buff Chamois do.	4/11	4/6
White Buck do.	5/11	5/6
Do. Superior do.	6/11	6/6

Do. Continuous Straps, 7/11.
Postage 4d.



STUMPS COMPLETE WITH BAILS.

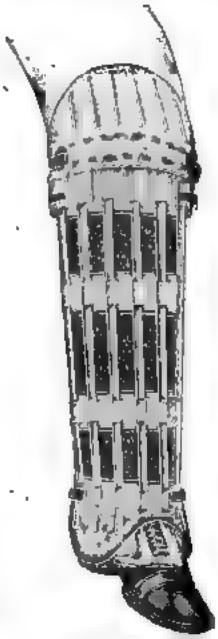
MEN'S—

Polished Ash	2/6
Do. Brass Ferrules ..	3/-
Do. Do. Steel Shoes ..	4/11
Solid Brass Do.	6/9

YOUTHS'—

Polished Ash ..	1/5, 1/11
Do. Brass Ferrules	2/4, 2/6
Do Steel Shod .	4/6

Postage—Men's 7d., Youths' 5d.



SKELETON LEG GUARDS.

Buff Chamois	6/3
White Buck	8/3
Gold Cape	8/9
Featherweight Superior White Buck .. .	9/11
Do. Gold Cape	10/6
[illegible]	
Superior White [illegible]	10/6

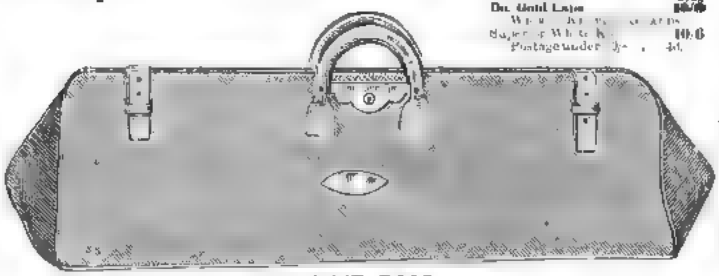
Postage under [illegible] 4d.

MEN'S CRICKET BATS.

Salex Driver, Cork and Rubber Spliced handle, 14/6

Fleet Selected Double Rubber Spliced Leather handle 16/6

Youths' Salex driver, 12/6 post free.



CRICKET BAGS.

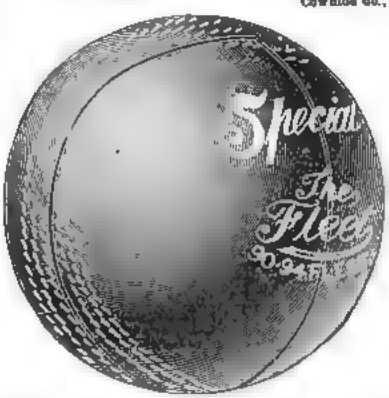
Carpet Bags, double handles, all colours, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11
do. single handles, 7 inch bottoms, 8/-, 10/-, 12/6
Cowhide do., 23/6

Carriage 6d. under 10/-

WICKET-KEEPING GAUNTLETS.

	Men's	Youths
Buff Chamois	2/11	2/6
Do. Ventilated	3/6	3/3
White Buck do.	4/6	4/3
Do. Superior do	5/6	5/3

Gold Cape and Rubber faced, 6/11.
Postage 3d.



CRICKET BALLS.

	Men's	Youths
Exchange Match	3/6	3/1
Salex 2-seamed Warranted	4/6	4/-
Fleet "Special"	5/-	
Eclipse Compo. Ball, Match Size	1/6	
Crescent Compo. Ball	10d.	

Postage 2d.

BATTING GLOVES.

White Buck Tubular Rubber, 4/-
White Buck Superior Rubber, 4/6, 4/11, 5/6, 5/9
Surrey Shields, 6/-
Postage 2d.

Write to Sports Department for Illustrated List and please mention "The Captain."

90, 91, 93, 94, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Choose the position you wish your son to fill then send him to

CLARK'S CIVIL SERVICE COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Thorough preparation for all Home and Colonial Posts (Government and Mercantile).

ALL CIVIL SERVICE EXAMS. ALL HIGHER COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS.

Including Commercial Law—Banking and Currency—Political Economy — Commercial History and Geography — Shorthand—Bookkeeping and Complete Machinery of Business.

CLARK'S COLLEGE, 1, 2, & 3, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM £10 10s. WITH FREE WHEEL.

ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES

Catalogue post free from the ENFIELD CYCLE CO., Ltd., REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

RELIABLE CYCLE HOUSES.

A Cycle Shed of a sensible size, made for one Bicycle, but will hold two.

Strongly made from good sound, bright, dry, match boarding. Span roof of weather boards, strong floor, door with lock and bundle

Complete, delivered anywhere in London district or on rail

29/-

Varnished tarred 3/- extra; Felt Roofed .. 3/- ,,

WOODMAN & Co.
92, ST. JOHN'S HILL,
CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.

Any other size made to order at similar prices. Crates made to order. Telegraphic Address: "Dotepalm, London."

NATURAL HISTORY.

WATKINS & DONCASTER
NATURALISTS,
36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (*Five Doors from Charing Cross,*)
keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of
BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.
Price List sent post free on application.

The ALL-ENGLAND SERIES

Handbooks of Athletic Games.

Illustrated, Small 8vo, Cloth, price 1s. each.

CRICKET. By Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton
CROQUET. By the Hon. Lieut.-Col. E. C. Needham.
LAWN TENNIS. By H. W. W. Wilberforce.
TENNIS, RACKETS, AND FIVES. By Julian Marshall, Lieut.-Col. J. Spens, and Rev. J. Argar Tait.
GOLF. By H. S. C. Everard. Double volume, 2s.
ROWING AND SCULLING. By W. B. Woodgate.
SAILING. By E. F. Knight. Double volume. 2s.
SWIMMING. By Martin and J. R. Cobbett
CANOEING. By Dr. J. D. Hayward. Double volume, 2s.
CAMPING OUT. By A. A. Macdonell. Double volume, 2s.
MOUNTAINEERING. By Dr. Claude Wilson. Double volume, 2s.
CYCLING. By H. H. Griffin | **BOXING.** By E. G. Allanson Wise.
CYCLE TOURING. By A. W. Rumney, M.A.
ATHLETICS. By H. H. Griffin | **BASEBALL.** By Newton Crane.
RIDING. By W. A. Kerr, V.C. Double volume, 2s.
LADIES' RIDING. By W. A. Kerr, V.C.

Full List of the Series on application.

London: GEORGE BELL & SONS, York Street, Covent Garden.

The Improved Dazzler Buttonhole Lamp.

Small Burner and Reflector only visible. The smallest Acetylene Lamp in existence. Nothing like it on earth. Burns with one charge for hours, producing a stream of light equal to electricity, which can be seen for miles distant. Fits easily in buttonhole of coat. Only 1s. 6d. each, post free.

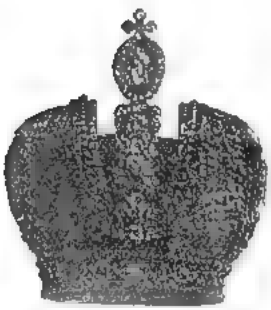
FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

THE "BULLDOG" VEST POCKET AIR PISTOL

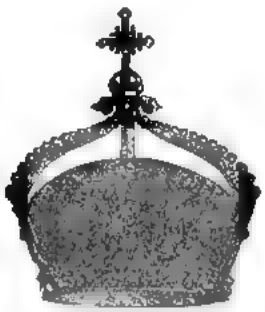
A perfect Air Pistol produced at last, guaranteed to be the lightest, smallest, most handsome and strongest shooting Air Pistol on earth. Made of solid Aluminium, beautifully polished and engraved; weighs only a few ounces, and can be put into vest pocket easily. Packed in neat box, together with a supply of Darts and Slugs. Postage 3d extra. Rush in your orders, first come, first served. Remember this is no spring pistol, and measures only 4in. in all. Entirely new system. Send for list. Largest variety of Guns and Pistols in the world. **FRANK CLARKE, Gun Manufacturer, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, BIRMINGHAM.**

CZARINA OF RUSSIA'S CROWN.

CROWN OF THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

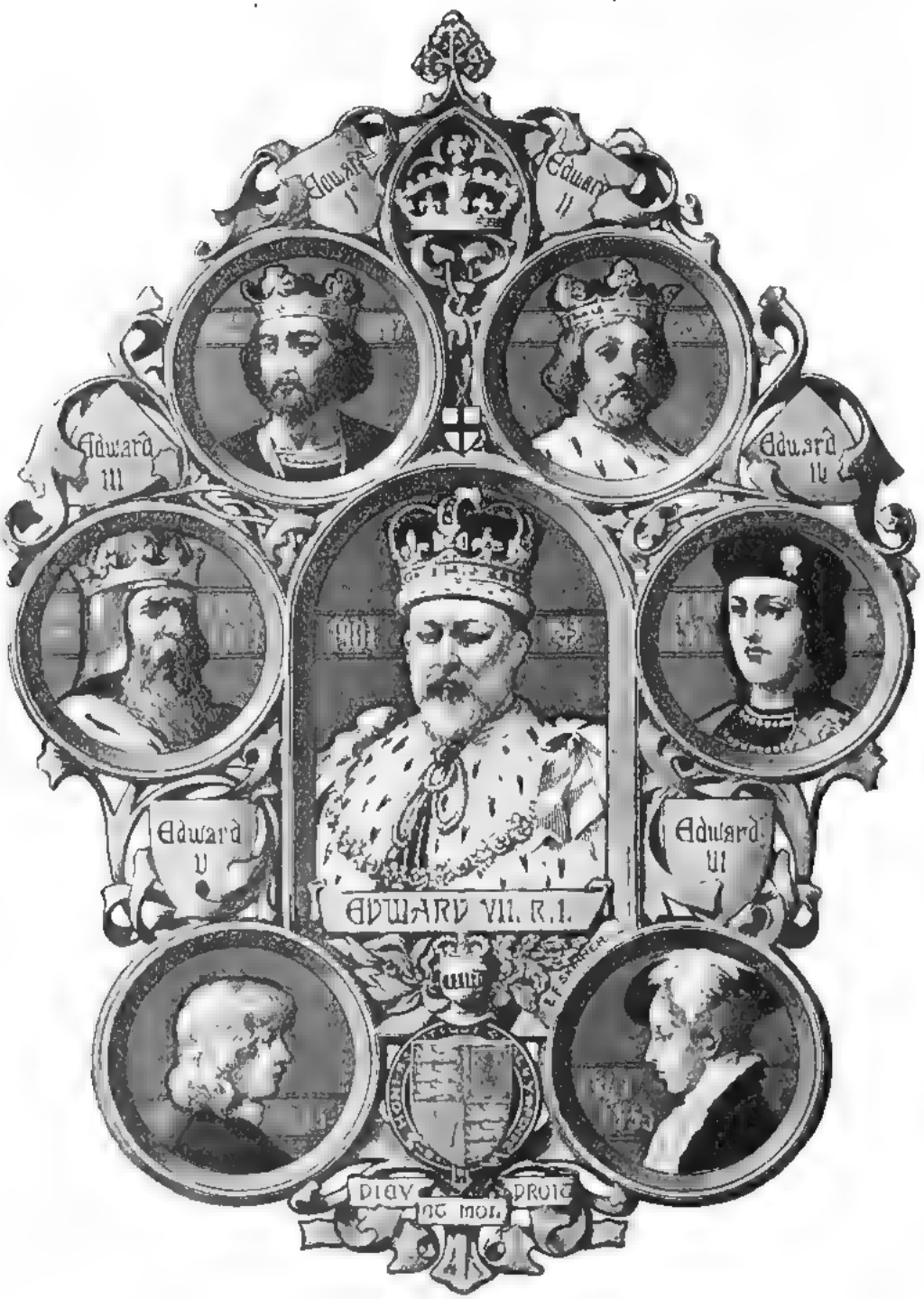


CZAR OF RUSSIA'S CROWN.



CORONET OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF GERMANY.

THE HUNGARIAN CROWN.



The Seven King Edwards.

From a painting executed specially for THE CAPTAIN *by E. F. Skinner.*

The Boyhood of King Edward VII

By Mary Belloc Lowndes.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS & ENGRAVINGS

NOWADAYS Princes, even those whose lot it may be to become the Sovereigns of great peoples, are brought up very much as are non-Royal lads. The Navy has become, not only in the case of Great Britain, but in many Continental countries, the training ground of heirs-apparent, and it would be hard to improve on a life which makes boys, whatever their rank, hardy, resourceful, and early acquainted with the great world beyond their home seas.

Edward VII. (and probably to this day he regrets that this was the case) had, as a boy, to contend with the old order of things. Not for him were the joys of public school life, or the free, happy existence led by the youthful Royal middies on a man-o'-war deck. Almost from the hour of his birth much thought and trouble were spent both by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and also by their responsible advisers, on the great question of the future Sovereign's education; indeed, he was only four months old when Baron Stockmar was asked by the Queen to draw up a long memorandum on what his education was to be. One very sensible suggestion of his was actually carried out, namely, that an English lady of rank should be appointed to supervise the Royal nurseries. The choice fell on Lady Lyttelton, who retained this privileged position till our Sovereign was ten years old.

The King's early childhood seems to have been uneventful. He was not allowed to appear much in public, and, unlike what has been done with Prince Edward of Wales, no steps were taken to train him for the more ceremonial side of his life; on the contrary, the Prince, his brothers, and sisters led a most retired existence. Very little was known of them by the outside world, and even to this day few are aware that at the age of eight his Majesty had a very bad fall from an iron-barred gate which it was feared at the time would disfigure him for life. Not even the most intimate friends of the Royal family were allowed to bestow costly toys on the occupants of Queen Victoria's nurseries. The Royal children were taught to take their pleasure in natural and simple ways. The Princes' great delight was in outdoor amusements, and when at Osborne they went in very actively for gardening, and the miniature tool-house, where they kept their little spades, and rakes, and wheel-barrows, has been carefully preserved. When at Windsor and in London the Prince of Wales was allowed to enjoy the pleasures usual to the other young people of that day; thus, Tom Thumb was received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and much amused the Princes and Princesses by his quaint ways. They also sometimes went to the circus, and even to the theatre.

H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, DRESSED IN THE GARB OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY IN 1854.

From the engraving by J. B. Hunt.

In one matter the future King was more fortunate than many of his contemporaries—he often accompanied his parents on pleasant journeys to Ireland, to Scotland, and even to

KING EDWARD VII. EQUIPPED IN HIS FIRST BOY'S SUIT AS AN ORDINARY SAILOR.

the Continent. He was only five years old when he paid his first visit to Cornwall. A year later saw the Royal family in Scotland, and this was significant owing to the fact that the Prince of Wales has among his titles that of Duke of Rothsay. When he was seven he came across the future Archbishop Benson, who thus described him:—"The Prince of Wales is a fair little lad, rather of slender make, with a good head and a remarkably quiet and thinking face, above his years and intelligence I should think." The Prince early became devoted to Scotland, Balmoral being an ideal home, and while there he had the joy of being constantly out with his father on the moors.

The Prince of Wales had scarcely attained what is known as the age of reason, that is, his seventh year, when the greatest public anxiety began to be manifested as to how his actual education was to be carried on, and the general feeling was voiced in an anonymous pamphlet entitled, "Who should educate the Prince of Wales?" After much discussion and much consultation, it was finally decided that the little Prince should be handed over to the tender mercies of the rather ominously-named tutor, Mr. Henry Birch, an ex-Etonian, who had been Captain of his famous school, and who had taken high honours at Cambridge. Mr. Birch proved the greatest success, his Royal pupil became warmly attached to him, and to the end of his life remained on the most affectionate terms with his old dominie. Of course, to Mr. Birch was left the task of grounding the future King in all the rudiments of ordinary knowledge, but the graces of life were not neglected, and before he was ten years old Edward VII. had received lessons in elocution from the famous actor, Mr. George Bartley, but not till many years later did he make, even in the smallest sense of the word, a public speech.

The first official appearance of the King among his future subjects took place when he was eight years old, when the then Prince of Wales represented the Queen at the opening of the Coal Exchange. The Prince and the Princess Royal, accompanied by their father, proceeded to the City in State, the Royal barge conveying them from Westminster. In order to amuse them, many very quaint and interesting city customs were revived, and the two Royal children were specially delighted with the swan barge.

So fled away the King's early childhood. He was thoroughly well grounded in all the "'ologies," and the outbreak of the Crimean War enabled him to see some history in the making, for on the occasion of his first appearance in the House of Lords the Addresses of the two Houses, in answer to the Queen's message concerning the outbreak of the war, were solemnly presented. During many months the whole kingdom was absorbed in

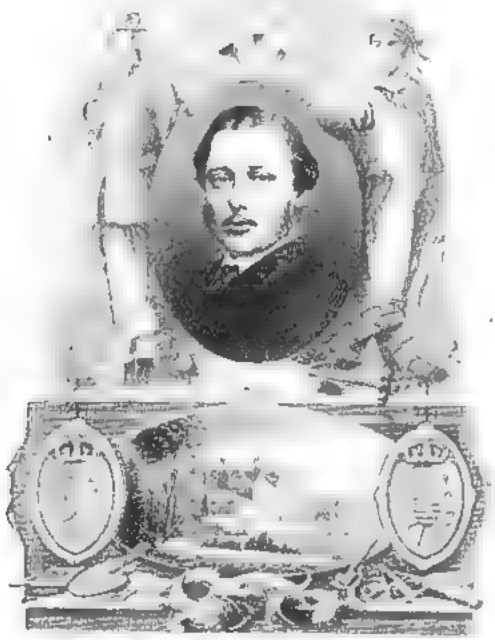
KING EDWARD VII. IN 1846.

KING EDWARD VII. IN HIS HIGHLAND DRESS.
From an engraving.

the progress of the contest. The Prince of Wales was deeply affected by the sad stories of privation, and by the splendid record of heroism which found its way home from the distant Crimea; and when an exhibition was held in aid of the Patriotic Fund, the Prince was represented by a very good drawing, which was sold for fifty-five guineas.

The Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal accompanied their parents to Paris, and are said to have greatly enjoyed the experience; indeed, the former felt so thoroughly at home among our Gallic neighbours that he begged the Empress Eugenie to ask him to stay on a little while after his parents had gone home. When she replied that his parents would surely feel being parted from him even for a few days, he exclaimed: "Not do without me? Don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they can do without me quite well for a little while." It need hardly be said, however, that the Prince duly returned home with his parents.

In those days far less attention was paid to athletic sports and to outdoor life than is now the case, but Prince Albert was far in advance of his times, and he realised how valuable to his young son would be an unconventional glimpse of rural England. Accordingly, the future King, at the age of fourteen, went for a delightful walking tour through the western counties. On this occasion he was accompanied by his then tutor, Mr. Gibbs, and by Colonel Cavendish, but of the adventures they had on the way no record remains. A short stay in Germany followed, and, in order that he might not be dull, a certain number of boys, sons of his parents' old friends, were sent out to be with him. But even when actually travelling from one historic spot to another, the young Prince's education was not neglected, and there began to be a feeling in the country that the Prince of Wales was really being over-educated, and would, if care was not taken, soon develop into something very like a prig. *Punch*, though most loyal, gave vent to the general impression by publishing some amusing verses entitled, "A Prince at High Pressure," and, in special reference to the discussion which was then going on as to where his Royal



A PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

Highness was to complete his education, the following verses may be cited:—

To the south from the north, from the shores of the Forth,
Where at hands Presbyterian pure science is quaffed,
The Prince, in a trice, is whipped to the Isis,
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæval on draught.

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (lest *that* prove a fixture),
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam.,
Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of cram.

KING EDWARD VII. IN HIS FIRST MILITARY UNIFORM.

Possibly, in deference to popular feeling, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert wisely decided that they would make a break in their son's arduous studies, and send him to represent them in one of those outlying portions of the British Empire which it was not then the fashion to call, as it is now, Greater Britain. During the course of the Crimean War, Canada had levied and equipped a regiment of infantry for service in the field, an action which was to be touchingly repeated almost exactly half a century later. The Sovereign was deeply touched at this manifestation of loyalty, and she promised that as soon as the Prince of Wales was grown up he should pay a visit to the Dominion. Accordingly, the future King had not celebrated his seventeenth birthday before the plan of his historic tour had been completed, the Prince Consort himself arranging every detail, and giving the most minute instructions to the Duke of Newcastle, who, it was arranged, should accompany the Prince and his suite as a sort of guide, philosopher, and friend. This memorable journey of the British heir-apparent to the great American Continent aroused the greatest enthusiasm, not only in Canada, but in the United States, whose President, Mr. Buchanan, warmly invited the Prince of Wales to Washington.

The first stopping place of the Royal party was St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland,

THE STATE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

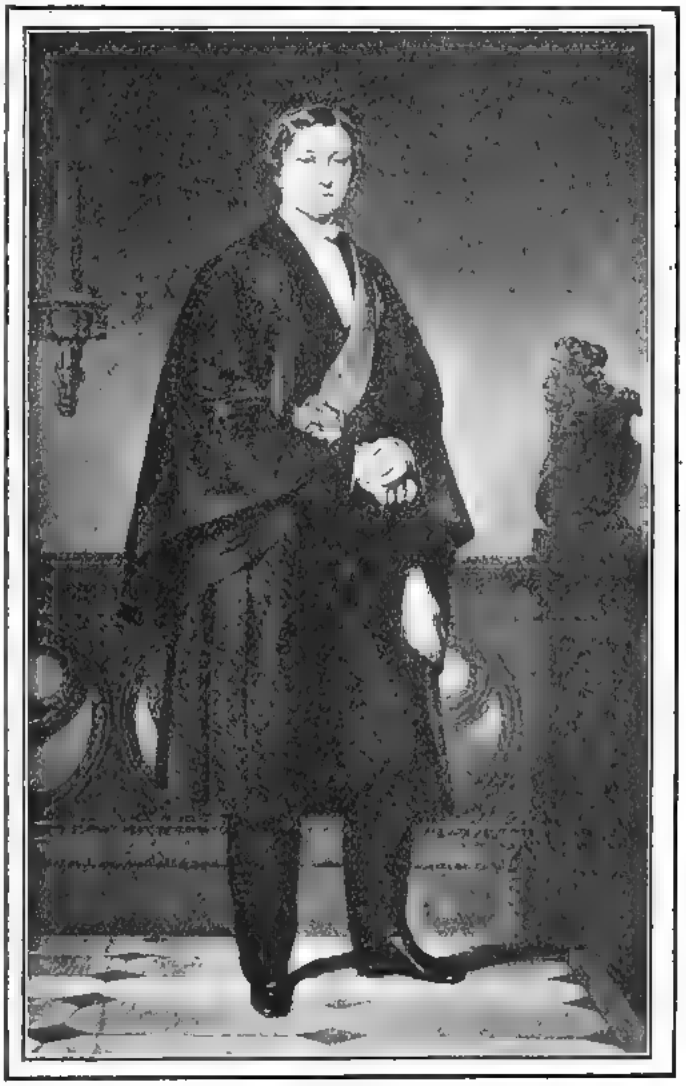
the oldest British Colony. There the Prince was received with rapture, and the fishermen and their wives, when welcoming him to their rough island home, exclaimed, much to their Royal guest's amusement. "God bless his pretty face and send him a good wife." Then followed the tour through Canada, the boy Prince winning golden opinions wherever he went, his popularity being much increased by one trifling incident, which, however, gave pleasant proof of the future Sovereign's kind-heartedness. Having had it brought to his notice that an old sailor, who had actually served with Nelson at Trafalgar, had just been court-martialled for a somewhat serious offence, the Prince earnestly begged that the

conviction might be quashed, and that the old tar might be restored to his rank in the Service.

While on Canadian soil, the Prince was naturally treated and greeted as heir-apparent, but when he crossed over to American territory it was arranged that he should simply be regarded as a private individual—"Lord Renfrew, travelling for his pleasure." It need hardly be said that the warm-hearted Americans had no notion of allowing this fact to be otherwise than formally recognised. Every city he went through was illuminated, thousands and thousands of people gathered to greet the Royal lad, and it was said with some amusement that nothing but the sight of George Washington come to life again would have aroused more interest and enthusiasm among the American people. On the last day of October, 1860, the Prince arrived at Washington to stay as the guest of the President at the White House. This brief visit was made especially notable by a memorable event—the visit of England's future King to the tomb of Washington. It was observed at the time that there was something grandly suggestive of historic retribution in the reverential awe of the great-grandson of George III. standing bare-headed at the foot of the coffin of Washington. For a few moments the Prince stood mute and motionless; then he proceeded to plant a chestnut by the side of the tomb.

In republican New York, enthusiasm burst all bounds. The Royal party were met by the Mayor, and driven through a line of half a million spectators to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the Prince's honour a splendid ball was given, and it was characteristic even of the thoroughness with which Americans do everything that a special service of china and glass was manufactured for the ball supper, the Prince's motto, *Ich Dien*, being emblazoned on every piece.

After the Prince's return home he began work again very seriously, and was entered as an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge. Charles Kingsley, to whose works the Prince was devoted ("Westward Ho!" being one of his special favourites) gave the future Sovereign a number of private lectures. He led the same life as did his fellow undergraduates, with the exception that he lived at Madingley, a village near the old University town. During the Long Vacation he went on military duty at the Curragh, being treated exactly as were all the other junior officers, and it was in Ireland that Prince Albert spent his last birthday in company with his eldest son. Perhaps because



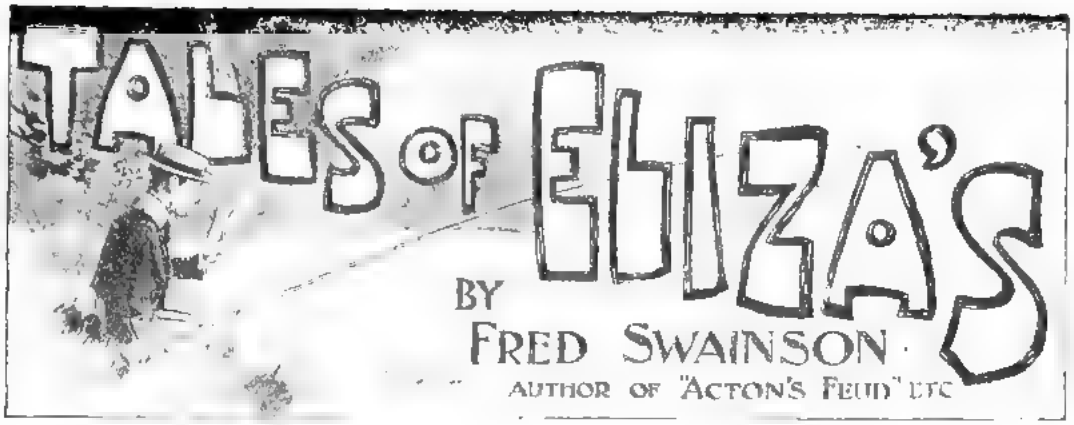
KING EDWARD VII. AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT OXFORD IN 1860.
From the painting in the Bodleian Library Gallery.
Copyright, C. Van Noorden.

it was felt that useless jealousies might be aroused, it was arranged that the Prince of Wales should spend a brief time at Christ Church, Oxford, and also at Edinburgh University.

Even when a hard-working student, the King always managed to find time to indulge in some of his favourite sports. He became a keen deer-stalker when still a child, indeed, his first deer-stalking expedition took place when he was only eight years old. When at Oxford he hunted regularly, and even during his American tour he put in a few days' shooting very shortly after he had entered the United States. Like most boys of less exalted rank, King Edward VII. was very fond of reading books of adventure and novels of action. From a very early age he read and re-read the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and when he was a boy he laughed and cried, as did the rest of the nation, over "David Copperfield" and other works from the pen of the immortal Dickens.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT WITH THEIR CHILDREN.
King Edward VII. is seen standing by his mother, on her right.
From a painting by Winterhalter.



No. IV.—A "FLANNELLED FOOL."

NOW I do think that, in the ideas Lanceham held so long regarding school life, there was more than a little sense. He changed them at the end a good deal, and this story deals with the reason why. But all the same, though I never held with all Lanceham's fierce contempt of athletes and athleticism, still, beneath his old scorn I think you will find some justification for feeling in the way he did.

Therefore, since he will never write on the subject in the way he once spoke, I myself will make a few observations. I do not count in the story one whit. I am merely like the chorus in a play, which explains things, and you mustn't think I've any animus to work off against athleticism in general. Nor have I any particular brief to speak for the silent, dumb scholars who go from school to college unwept and unsung, for I never was in their galley: I was better in the fields than at books, and my "better" was remarkably modest. Having cleared this much ground, so that you will understand my locus, I will begin.

I suppose every school is in essentials very much like every other school. I mean, the fellows are. There are the dullards, dense, denser, densest; the average, fair to good; and the smart set—clever, very clever, horribly clever. This applies both to games and books. The outsider rarely hears of the fellow who is top-sawyer in the schools, for this, somehow, is a matter which only concerns the fellow himself, his father, his mother, his cousins, his aunts—and his beaks. Jove! I mustn't forget them.

You'll never be able to forget the privilege of knowing a beak who has passed one of the smart set into Woolwich or Sandhurst, top or thereabouts. He crows everlastingly over it, but if, instead of spreading himself over one clever dog and getting him in who could get in himself, he would tune the mere average up to concert pitch, there'd be some sense in it. But *we* have all to go to the crammers. (This is a little private growl.)

But no fellow who was ever a trifle above average on the river, at the wickets, on the footer field, or who ever put on the gloves for his school, goes without his share of glory. There's "Wisden" waits with open arms for him, ready to enshrine his averages even to the decimals; you read that Frankie caught a crab for St. Catherine's Hall yesterday, and that Wren still buckets abominably at No. 4; you know what a terrible right Acton, the Amorian, had—the evening papers printed it; and how Bourne and Vercoe (the St. Amory's pair) romped home in the rackets final. As for footer, well, what's Charterhouse but a place where they manufacture internationals, and Merchiston a school, somewhere in the cold north, whence four or five of the fellows pass right into the Scottish fifteen? We all know to what schools the Christophersons, the Frys, the Jacksons, the MacLarens, the Don Wauchopes went, but can any of you tell me any fellows in any year who went to Oxford with a Balliol at his saddle bow? Your own school is barred, of course. You can't. Now I don't think that all the honour and glory of school life should go only to the fellows with the solid muscles and the clear eyes; some of it ought to settle on the fellows who can use their brains. Lanceham is the fellow who once held this view with me, and this story serves as the *apologia* for his reconsidered opinion.

I can remember Lanceham coming to Eliza's, though it is years ago now, as well as though it were yesterday. He was tall and thin, and anyone could gauge that his legs were about as thick as an ordinary fellow's arms, and his arms about as thick as cricket stumps. He seemed a trifle top-heavy, too—as Kipling says, "Over-engined for his beam"—his head being rather large, when you noticed closely. Nothing to strike one at a casual glance, however. He was not bad-looking either, but there was a kind of perky brightness or sharpness always somehow cock-a-hoop on his face, and this gave him a conceited air which was more than a trifle irritating to most fellows. He never lost this look until the last term he was in Eliza's.

TO WATCH HIM PLAY FOOTER WOULD HAVE MOVED THE GODS TO TEARS.

He belonged to the smart set; not to the clever nor the very clever, but to the horribly clever. There was never any doubt about this from the moment he came to us. What took us weeks to acquire he knew without teaching, nearly, and he had a memory for prose and verse which was almost uncanny. Take him for all in all, Eliza's never had quite his equal, and, when I've said that, I've said enough about his headpiece. For the rest, I never heard anyone had anything to say against Lanceham, definitely; the most you could get was that they didn't like him: he was too beastly cocky; but one or two of the slow team admitted that he was always good for a leg-up for the beaks if asked civilly, and one or two of the improvident said he was always "good for half-a-crown if you were short." And it could not be denied by any that Lanceham looked good form.

Given a fellow of his headpiece and calves, need I say that he was an utter fool at games?

To watch him play footer would have moved the gods to tears or laughter. I can see him now stepping gingerly over the muddy fields like a prim little girl. I can see him shutting his eyes when the ball came whizzing, wet and soggy, in his direction, and I can see him dancing round about, like a hen on a hot plate, just behind a mud-bespattered *melée* of juniors, praying that the ball would keep away from his quarter. And his cricket! Well, you didn't know whether jeering or cheering would meet the case better. He shied from his wrist and elbow *à la* Mary Ann—three shies for fifty yards on the *Times* instalment system; he started running when the ball came in his direction as though he were determined it shouldn't catch him up, and I'll swear he didn't make ten runs in his life. This was when he was a kid. From the moment he was in the Fifth and was free from compulsory games I'll also swear he never put his hand to a bat or his toes to a ball. And yet this curiosity could explain to you, and illustrate it with diagrams, the exact way the *retiarius* threw his net, and could have told you the names of the gladiators whom Nero favoured. He could just steer a boat, but couldn't swim across the Lodden to save his life—or anyone else's.

Jack Corser was a horse of another colour. He was one of the best all-round athletes Eliza's had, the sort of fellow you'd always choose third or fourth in any side you had to pick. He was not exactly of the Bignell nor Roberts type, which was a cut above him in most ways, but he rarely disappointed. He was tall and burly, had big hands and

big feet, and a large face on which health and honesty and very little else were written. The worst that could be said of Jack was that he was uninspiring. There were no shades about him.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him"

and certainly nothing more. In a word, Corser was a plain, matter-of-fact fellow, always good-tempered and serene, whose first thought at school was for games, and his next, perhaps, for a good dinner.

Robert Lanceham and John Corser were in the same house—Sharpe's—and you may safely guess that two such opposites would, in the ordinary course of affairs, have met so rarely that each would have been to the other barely a name. But they did meet, and the meeting was unfortunate.

It was just on account of a little stupidity of Corser's down at the Pool that bred the intense dislike that Lanceham cherished for years against his house fellow. Jack Corser, who, in his chuckle-headed days, did one or two idiotic things, never did a more idiotic piece of fooling then when he shied young Lanceham into the Pool. Lanceham, in his usual bread-and-butter style, was standing shivering on the brink, watching the fellows taking-off from the boards and going down into the cool waters rigid as lances with the soundless plunge which comes of long practice. I don't suppose Lanceham envied them their skill—he was a self-sufficing youth—but I expect he was jolly well wishing that he had got his compulsory, *pro forma* dip over, and were dressed, and going about his usual business. At this moment, Corser, like a fool, caught Lanceham in his brawny arms and swung him far out into the Pool. The splash and shriek were simultaneous—a shriek that sung in one's ears after the waters had choked the voice that uttered it. I have never seen such a scared face as came to the surface, either. Horror and uttermost fear were printed there as legibly as in a book, and we saw the hands shoot up and clutch convulsively at nothing. Of course at this Lanceham went under again, as though he had been pulled down. Then we saw that this had passed beyond a joke. Lanceham had lost his head and was drowning under our eyes. Corser saw this as soon as any of us, and, in a twinkling, he was in the Pool, shooting out for all he was worth to the place where the bubbling water told its tale. He went under, and came up with his hand gripping Lanceham by the neck. We helped him to pilot his burden to the bank, and then Lanceham was hauled up high and dry.

Five minutes afterwards he sat up, and—here is the funny part of it—sitting there, naked, in the warm June grass, he called Corser every stinging name he could put on his tongue, with a voice that simply tingled with hatred and fear. There was more concentrated venom poured out upon Jack's silly head in that few minutes than I imagine he'll ever be anointed with again.

He, strong and brawny, thewed and sinewed from his heels to his head, stood the flow of Lanceham's eloquence with uneasy blushes until he could stand it no more. He said:

"I'm sorry, Lanceham, really, but hang it, man, don't cough curses at me like that."

Then he turned on his heel and dropped again into the Lodden, as though to wash Lanceham's tingling diatribes out of his ears.

From that moment Lanceham loathed Corser. It sounds foolish that such a thing should be the cause of such a hate, but Lanceham had something shrewish or feminine in his nature, and a stupid thing like Corser's performance got on his nerves and stuck. He somehow couldn't forget.

The years went by: Lanceham went into the Sixth, and Corser got into the various elevens. Since that acrid meeting at the Pool they had not exchanged a dozen words. Then, when Lanceham was top-sawyer, by heaps, in the schools, and Corser had only managed to struggle out of the Fifth by a miracle, they met in conflict again—this time legitimately enough.

For some reason or other old Corser wanted Jack to gain the Seale Medal for History. I think this was because he had, in days gone by, secured it himself, and thought, in the way governors usually think, that Jack could do what he had done. Which, as we all know, is a lamentable *non sequitur*. Jack, of course, didn't look with any enthusiasm on the prospect, but he said he'd do his best. He carefully explained to his father that the opposition was terribly strong; that such fellows as Ranger, Ponsford and Lanceham were not in existence at Eliza's in the Sixties, and that Carver's private opinion was that there never had been any fellow to touch that thin, long-legged, sarcastic person, whom he had once shied into the Pool. Therefore, though he was to rest assured that the son would struggle manfully for the honour of the house of Corser, the head thereof was not to buoy himself up with hopes.

Of course, Lanceham had entered for the Seale; he jolly well entered for—and won—

every little scholastic honour that Eliza's had to offer. He glanced up and down the list of entrants pinned on the notice board, booked the date, and smiled superior. He didn't fear the opposition. A couple of hours' grind per night for a fortnight previous to the examination would, thanks to his prodigious memory, meet the case, and the verdict would be, as usual, Lanceham first—rest nowhere. Lanceham was rather glad, on the whole, that the subject was one he knew fairly decently already, for he was rather busy with some extra school work which took up time. He had become editor of the *Elizabethan*, and it was his ambition to make his first number a real stunner; the kind of thing which would hit the school in the eye and make it gasp. There was to be a brilliant little poem in mock-heroics on the "cock-house"—Bultitude's—which would make the rest of Eliza's weep with joy; he was going to sonnetise in subtle irony the horse pond's placid wave, and he had a scheme for a series of school epigrams. He would cut short footer accounts—he smiled to think of the gnashing this would cause—and, instead, would give a little more space to the school debating society. And so on. And, of course, all this forging of thunderbolts took time, and, if you add to this waste the hours that a little incursion into print—the local print—*re* a short history of St. Elizabeth's School—absorbed, you will see that Robert Lanceham had not many minutes left for strictly private work. Yet Lanceham had no misgivings about the Seale.

Far otherwise with Corser. He loyally fulfilled his promise to Corser, senior, and, after the usual afternoon footer or run, he sported his oak. This was not nearly so pleasant as those jolly evenings of last term, when, tea over, he, with one or two of his chums, had fleeted the time carelessly with the gloves in the gym or in intellectual conversation (athletics) round a decent fire in his den. He wished, when the friendly knocks sounded on the door, his father had not had that little ambitious itch, and he wished many times that the eventful day were over.

A week before it came Jack received from home a copy of the questions his father had to answer in the days gone by, and a little paternal advice on the subject of "looking them up." Jack benignantly complied, smiling to think how fussy people get in middle age, and at the idea of *his* keeping any examination papers for thirty years. "I'm sorry for Pater, though. I wish he were not so keen on it, when I don't stand an outside chance."

What I'm about to write now is, I know, the kind of thing that you'll say doesn't happen in the twentieth century, but it is a fact all the same. When the day came, of the ten questions half were practically identical with those which the father had passed on to the son, and the rest were more or less nearly connected with the letter of advice. Jack, even in the sobering atmosphere of the examination room, gasped with astonishment. Why, he was primed to the gullet with all that appertained to every question. Couldn't he sketch out fully the policy of Pericles, didn't he understand all about the supremacy of Athens, the why and the wherefores and the why nots? And the general survey of Xerxes' campaign and the true inwardness of Marathon and Salamis! Oh! clover! He ran his eyes again, after he had rubbed them, over those beautiful ten, and then clutched his pen and paper. He wrote feverishly for three hours, and just didn't finish the last when Carver moved off the dais to collect the papers.

"Anyhow," murmured Corser, as he pinned his budget of Athenian reflections together. "I've done enough for glory, if I haven't laid Lanceham low. I suppose, though, he'll have finished number ten and given old Pericles' laws in the original Greek, just to show he knows rather more than there is to be known about them. I was too busy to look his way. Wish I had."

If he had, Corser might justifiably have been surprised. Lanceham didn't write feverishly at all, but had occasionally to put his pen down and consider, and occasionally, also, to give the little impatient scrape with the foot which betokens a mind not quite at ease. Nor was Lanceham at ease either. As a matter of fact, he had cut down his reading for the Seale to one hour instead of doing a steady two-grind, the *Elizabethan*, with the epigrams, the sonnets, the parody of a popular novelist, etc., etc., *plus* the concluding chapters for the local print, having poached upon what should have been the Seale preserve. Now he paid the penalty in an indifferent paper. Why hadn't he thrown the unnecessary aside? Well, Lanceham had run over in his mind's eye the names of the entrants for the medal, and then, with his haughty consciousness of his superior abilities, had decided that one hour would be enough. And now he wished he'd stuck to his original scheme; he had not satisfied himself.

He went out of the room rather gloomily, and, as he was putting his foot into the street, a heavy hand smote him resoundingly on the shoulder. Lanceham spun round angrily. "Can't you keep those little attentions for your friends, man?" he said, acidly.

"Meaning you aren't one, eh?" said Corser, with a laugh. "Sorry, really. How did you like the papers, though? That is what I wanted to ask you!"

"What is that to you?" said Lanceham, shrilly, like an angry girl.

"A vast deal, old cock, for, 'pon honour, I believe I did well. Ranger did six, and he says they were only so-so, and Ponsford's thrown up the sponge. The rest don't count."

"Thanks," said Lanceham, moving on.

"I mean," said Corser, good-humouredly, stepping alongside, "the rest, bar you. Hanged if it isn't you or me for it."

Lanceham stopped dead, and ran his eye over the burly, heavy fellow by his side with a glance of contempt. The intellectual pride mounted to his head as he looked at Corser's ruddy, open, healthy, uninspired face. This heavy lout, with a hand like a butcher's, beat *him*. That couldn't be possible. He said with a sneer, "Then *you're* all right. Good-day."

"Surly beast," muttered Corser, "hanged if he doesn't think he's in the Pool now. Well, all the same, he's put in a lot if he's beaten my performance. Pater's tips would set up any mortal crammer."

Two days after the examination for the Seale Medal, Corser and Lanceham met again. In the Debating Society Corser had been put up to speak for the motion: "That the prominence of athleticism in public schools is a desirable thing." Lanceham had gladly consented to speak against the motion.

Corser's was the usual oration. He expatiated on the great advantage to Britain of her athletic sons, showed how favourably we "lined up" against Frenchmen and "the lesser breeds without the law," brought in Wellington's "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, sir," showed how cricket and football, etc., helped study, emphasised

"CAN'T YOU KEEP THOSE LITTLE ATTENTIONS FOR YOUR FRIENDS?"

how games promoted healthy rivalry and good fellowship, and how a fellow learned to take a hiding gracefully and a victory decently, and how it was necessary for every one to learn the lesson that you can't play a lone hand in this world, but must work for the common good, a lesson which every fellow learned who ever played games. Since athleticism did all this and more, it deserved the prominence it had, and he jolly well hoped it would never have less.

Corser struggled through his facts and figures in his usual good-tempered style; he hardly took the trouble to get up much steam; weren't the advantages of athleticism patent to everyone?

Then Lanceham got up, and the minute he was on his feet you realised that here was a fellow who had a view on a matter which interested him more than a little. As he stood up, and you looked at his pale, clever face, eager with the elation of battle, and heard his arguments, you saw that the fellow had a grievance. We realised how his unpopularity generally had cut him to the quick—we never knew this before—how the scholar thirsted for the honour of his craft, and how in his mind there was a genuine scorn of all this worshipping of bone and muscle. I can't give you his speech *verbatim*, but its outline was something like this: No sensible man could deny that athleticism was overdone in England at the present day. Could any fellow in that room tell him who was head of Winchester? Not one! But he would guarantee there were twenty who knew the best bat. (Agreed.) Now, as reasonable beings, he asked them to decide whether a higher quality went to the making of runs or the making of a scholar. Yet the worthier goes unrecorded. He took Corser at his word; how *did* we "line up" against foreign nations? He had heard that the German officer was a particularly well educated man, and that some of ours knew more of the points of polo ponies than of tactics. (Various cries.) He threw sarcastic doubts on the Wellington story (more cries), and denied *in toto* that after a heavy game of cricket or footer a fellow felt better inclined for study. Had any of the eleven done a stroke of work the night after they licked the Carthusians? (Laughter.) He denied that participation in games was even healthy. (Rot.) Every noted athlete died young, but perhaps this was because the gods loved them. (No, no.) Oh! the gods did not love them, then. (They don't die young). They do. (Here Lanceham reeled off about a dozen names, and as the fellows listened to the deadly register they had not the heart to jeer. The list was too true.) And the brotherly love which athletes had for each other—he had heard other tales! (Name.) (Lanceham complied.) Look at the time they gave to games—pretty well a quarter of their school life. ("You don't," and various cries.) Did they come to Eliza's only to do 100 in 10 2-5 and to clear 5.10? Why, there were fellows who would rather beat Bignell's drive than win a Balliol! And the fags to a man (loud laughter) would rather be kicked by an eleven's man than picked up by—anyone else. And then the printing of athleticism. Let them consider that for a momont. The head of a great college at Oxford had just died, and he found in the morning's paper exactly four lines about him in small type. And on another page—a column and a half—was a description of the Ping-Pong Final. (Lanceham laughed the real bitter laugh that comes from the heart, and we—well, *this* went home. His ending was rather sensible.) "I don't say that games should not be played. I believe in moderation. They ought, say, to have about half the time now given to them. They are vastly overdone, vastly over-honoured, and printed to death. I beg to give an unhesitating NO to the proposition before this meeting."

As I said before, this is not *verbatim*, but you can gain a general idea of Lanceham's drift. We all thought it clever, but—but—but—tinged too much with that superior, acid sarcasm which was Lanceham's bane. It did not increase his popularity.

On the morrow Elizabethans received a shock which made them tingle with surprise and satisfaction.

For the Seale Medal, Corser (John) had beaten Lanceham (Robert) by 89 marks.

The most miserable fellow that night in Eliza's was Lanceham. In his rage he consigned the *Elisabethan*, the parodies, the sonnets, and the local paper to all the furies. He, beaten by that chuckle-headed idiot Corser! This was gall and wormwood indeed, and yet seemed champagne to the poisoned draughts the fellows poured out for him. Doesn't the mere average like to see the biter bit?

Burke sang across the street to Lanceham, "What do you think of the eleven's men now?"

"Jove! he's been cheating, Lanceham. Probe it to the bottom, do."

"I say, Lanceham, full reports of this in our rag. Roman type, and all the trimmings."

"Couldn't you throw this into a sonnet? It would please Jack."

The whole school metaphorically stood over his carcase and crowed. It only wanted Corser to come and condole with him to make his anguish complete.

"Jove! Lanceham, I never dreamt that I'd lift this, but I'll tell you how it was. The Pater——" Jack was going on in his good-natured heavy way when Lanceham cut across his words with icy politeness.

"I congratulate you, Corser; you're a better man than I—by eighty-nine marks. I think that's all—eighty-nine marks. Good-night."

On the morrow the school went home for the Easter holidays.

HE WAS CRASHING THROUGH THE BRUSHWOOD FOR DEAR LIFE.

That humiliating reverse of last term had taken a little of the edge off Lanceham's conceit; he was as proud as Lucifer still, but not quite so aggressive. Some cousins of his had come to live near Hornby, and whenever they paid him a visit the school had the privilege of observing its greatest gun in the schools pointing out the great guns in the cricket eleven to them. It was very rarely we had ever seen Lanceham taking the air and the sunshine on the benches before. He looked rather more the every-day-young-man when he did so, and I noticed that the proud, superior look vanished when he strolled round with people who evidently knew and liked him. Finally, I began to believe that Lanceham was human after all when I met him piloting a little maid, aged twelve or thereabouts, out of the cricket field and into Moon's for strawberries and cream. After that I saw them often, most Saturdays, in fact, sometimes on the river, sometimes watching the cricket. As he talked to the little girl, answering her questions, he did not seem the same fellow. You could hardly recognise the cold, superior Lanceham.

It had been a fearfully hot day in July; one of those days when no one need envy the eleven fielding out in the fierce glare, but such an one when we give thanks for the coolth of the elms and for Moon and his ices. After tea there was a general exodus to the river, and Upson had not a single boat left in the stables after six. Corser had gone late and drawn blank, so he started for a lazy stroll up the river. Then he cut into a shady backwater near the Rodden Wood, and lay on his back, watching the swallows wheeling in the sky. Beyond the little eyot, which separated the Rodden backwater from the Lodden, he could hear the jolly beat of sculls, and the clear whistling of water under the keels as the school boats went up and down, and occasionally a boat nosed its way curiously through the backwater. Finally, towards dusk, he heard an unorthodox splashing at the top outlet, and the strains of a music-hall chorus trolled out vociferously; then the Elizabethan knew by the symptoms that a party of the Hurlstone gentry was disporting itself in the usual fashion. Corser grunted with disgust as he watched three unmitigated cads tearing their boat through the reedy backwater. No one was steering, and their course was as drunkenly crooked as themselves. They bucketed along, now and again nearly lifting themselves into the water as their sculls

caught a bank. "If they don't go in themselves, hang it, they'll have someone else in," murmured Corser, as he watched them tearing for the lower outlet.

As Corser prophesied, so it happened. A boat, stealing cautiously into the backwater, was caught broadside-on by the nose of the down-coming craft, and the next moment Corser saw it turn turtle and shell out three people into the water.

Corser sprang up as though he had been stung; then in a moment he was crashing through the brushwood for dear life. He saw the cads who had done the mischief pull furiously down stream in the gathering dusk, and leave the people in the water to their fate. Corser ran that hundred yards in record time, and when he came opposite the place all he could see was a fellow struggling desperately. This was Lanceham, who, clinging to the stern of the upset boat, was fighting frantically to free himself from the entangling rudder lines.

Corser yelled, "Are the others in the water?"

"Yes; for heaven's sake, save them."

Corser was in the water in a moment, and as he went in he caught sight of a little drowning girl, who came bubbling to the surface. He seized her by the dress and then, holding her out before him as a dog does a stick, he swam for all he was worth to the bank. He thrust her well into the willows, and, almost before she had time to cough, he was in the water again, swimming like the leviathan to a troubled patch of water far out—it seemed very far to Corser.

Saving the girl had been mere child's play to what Corser now had in hand. The lady had lost her head, and clung madly to poor Jack, who, when he felt her frenzied grasp, thought they would go to the bottom together. It was a long and bitter struggle, and Corser has told me since that, when he finally landed her, he could not for his life have gone another yard. Then for five minutes he lay on his back with his head buzzing like a swarm of bees. It was above an hour before a wet, nerve-shaken, but thankful quartette walked back to Eliza's.

Had Lanceham not been caught in the lines he would assuredly have gone to the bottom. It takes decent swimming to go through slimy, clinging reeds, and Lanceham couldn't swim ten yards at the best of times.

There was no pride about Robert Lanceham as he came into Jack Corser's den before breakfast on Sunday morning to say some things he'd thought of during a sleepless night. He had black rings under his eyes, his face was white as paper, and for the life of him he couldn't keep his under lip still. The warm, deadly waters of the Lodden had washed away the sarcasm and the sneer of pride from his mouth well and thoroughly, and his eyes, as they looked upon the blushing Corser had a vastly different glint from the usual contemptuous glance. He didn't get on very far with his *Miserere*, for Corser simply won't stand sentiment.

"Jove! Lanceham, one might think I'd done something wonderful. Please shut up. And what the deuce have you to beg my pardon about? How is Dorothy and her Mater? They're all right, eh? Then say no more, but have some breakfast, and let us be friends."

They were. If you come to Eliza's any Saturday in summer you'll see Lanceham reserving a corner of a seat for a friend who is engaged piling on the runs for the old place, and when he comes you'll see a small girl lifted up between them. Dorothy doesn't know which she admires the more. If Corser's head is among the stars—she thinks so—it is quite certain that Lanceham will aways walk among the lilies of this world.

Robert Lanceham's views on the prominence of athleticism are not quite what they were. My opinion is, though, that there was more than a grain of sense in his old outlook. What do you say?

THE PORTUGUESE CROWN

IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY

THE CROWN OF THE "GREAT ASSASSIN"

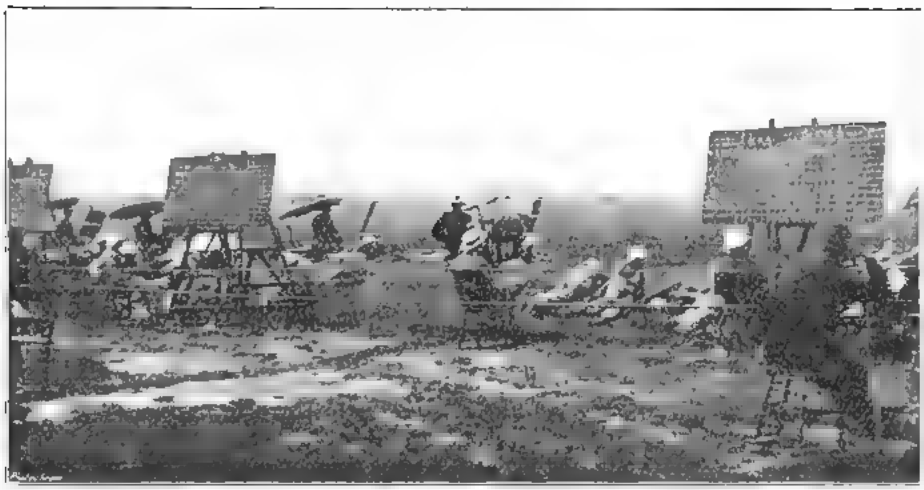
THE SHAH'S CROWN

KING OF EMPERAT'S CROWN

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S CROWN.

OUR SCHOOL ARMY.

By A. E. JOHNSON.



THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.
The Marlborough and Harrow scoring boards at the 600 yards range.

"ASHBURTON DAY" AT BISLEY.

VERY different, save in its main features, was the scene at Wimbledon forty-two years ago, when Eton, Harrow, and Rugby met to shoot for the first time for the Ashburton Shield, from that which is now to be witnessed every July on "Ashburton Day" in Bisley Camp. Then a small knot of interested or distinguished onlookers gathered round the solitary three competing teams—which at that time numbered eleven instead of eight members—watching the laborious effort with which they charged their awkward muzzle-loaders, and cheering when a successful marksman hit the target—much more difficult a feat than at the present time. To-day, a row of between twenty and thirty big scoring boards stretches its cumbrous length down the firing point opposite the well-known "Ninety Butt" at Bisley: the various school eights, in uniforms of scarlet, blue, black, and grey, with here and there a tartan kilt, are busily engaged in getting through the allotted number of rounds with due expedition, the individual members firing together in pairs, letting off alternate shots; while outside the ropes which mark off the enclosures reserved for range officers and privileged spectators, a throng of visitors, representing almost every public school of note in the country, and including a fair sprinkling of ladies, whose presence is usually missed on other days at Bisley, promenade up and down, or disperse, as the competition draws near its end, and the issue becomes a question of moment, into excited groups round the scoring boards of those schools which have yet a chance of success.

The story of the annual struggle for the Ashburton Shield is not a little illustrative of the development of the Volunteer movement in the public schools. Given in the second year of the National Rifle Association's existence, 1861, to wit, by the third Baron Ashburton, the Shield is open for

DISCUSSING CHANCES AT THE ETON SCORING BOARD.

THE SPENCER CUP.
The Solitary Marksman.

competition to all *bonâ fide* public school volunteer corps. In the first year, as has already been stated, only three schools, Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, were represented. The records of the match, in the light of modern experience, read curiously enough. Eton and Harrow finished firing some little time ahead of Rugby, Harrow having the better score. With nine shots to go, Rugby had tied the Harrow score. But of the next six shots, not one hit the target: a significant illustration of the value of the old muzzle-loader as an accurate weapon! The seventh shot, however, was successful, and Rugby thus became the first winners of the Shield. For several years the entry of schools remained small, and the trophy was most frequently carried off by Harrow. Gradually, however, with the formation of other school corps, the number of competing schools increased, and now the long line of black-boards, described above, is a familiar feature of "Ashburton Day." And with the extraordinary increase in the strength of our school army since the outbreak of the South African war, we may expect to see in the near future—when the recruits shall have gained some experience in the marksman's difficult art—a still larger entry at Bisley.

With the evolution of the modern breech-loading rifle from the old Hay muzzle-loader, the conditions governing the competition for the Ashburton Shield, as for all rifle shooting, have changed considerably. The ranges, however, two in number, have always remained the same, and competitors still have to shoot at both 200 and 500 yards. Originally the teams included eleven members, who each fired five shots at either range. In 1870 the number of shots was raised to seven, and in 1877 the teams were reduced to eight members. The Hay muzzle-loader was used for two years only, being replaced in turn by the Long Enfield and the Navy 5-groove, breech-loaders coming in with the Snider in 1871, followed by the Martini, which has been succeeded by the modern Lee-Metford or Lee-Enfield. Recently important changes have been made in the position. Up to 1899, shooting took place kneeling at 200 yards, and prone at 500. In 1900, new regulations enforced the standing position at 200 and the kneeling at 500; while last year further alterations were made, by which the dimensions of the target were reduced, and the prone position ordered for both ranges.

Ashburton Day at Bisley is fraught with the utmost interest to the public school man of whatever ilk, for it is one of the few occasions upon which the leading public schools meet in rivalry upon common ground. To the man learned in public school lore, the event is a never-failing source of entertainment, since it affords him delightful oppor-

THE ASHBURTON SHIELD
The long line of scoring boards at the 200 yards range.

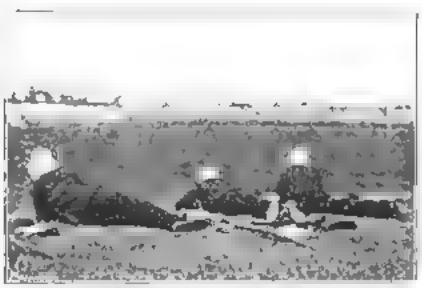
AN EXCITING FINISH.

Firing off the tie-shots in the Spencer Cup Competition of 1900. Sergt. E. V. Carpmael (Dulwich) is seen about to let off the winning shot.

tunities of comparing the little idiosyncrasies which serve as hall-marks, one might say, of the different schools, in the motley throng of competitors. To the casual visitor also the proceedings are picturesque enough; the different uniforms, relieved by the dazzling white of the ubiquitous "Bisley hats," blending with the colours of the ladies' dresses, and producing a singularly vivid scene of gaiety.

The day used formerly to open with a parade of the competing teams, who were inspected by the Camp Commandant, and then marched down to the firing point of the 200 yards range. But this interesting and attractive function has recently been dispensed with, to the sorrow of the visitor with an eye to the picturesque, but much to the joy of the competitors, who felt such a performance immediately before the commencement of the shooting to be an unfair tax upon their powers. Thus it comes about that the various members of the various teams nowadays saunter casually to their allotted stations, independent of time so long as they reach the firing point in readiness for the "Commence fire." For a little over an hour the shooting continues, pair after pair from each team going down and getting through the statutory seven rounds. Meanwhile, the growing scores are chalked up on the black-boards, the latter being often decorated by shields bearing the emblazoned arms of the school, with possibly a knotted ribbon of the school colours. Sometimes the luckless competitor would gladly dispense with the publicity thus given to the progress of his fortunes. One can imagine the feelings of one miserable wight who last year, in shooting for the Ashburton at the second range, missed with his sighting shot, and followed up this initial effort with a string of six misses and—a bull!

As the limit of 80 minutes is approached the firing becomes more and more desultory, until all the schools have finished. Anxious comparisons are made, and the leading five or six teams make their way canteen-wards for lunch with hopes so high that in an ecstasy of self-denial they confine their midday refreshment to a cup of Bovril. Meanwhile, the pairs who have been shooting, just beyond the long line of teams engaged over the Ashburton Shield, for the Cadets' Trophy—a junior event, as it were, governed by much the same conditions as the Ashburton, which serves, as a rule, to absorb the energies of the two reserve men who have just failed to get into their school eight—are likewise



A CLIFTON TRIO.

At the 200 yards range.

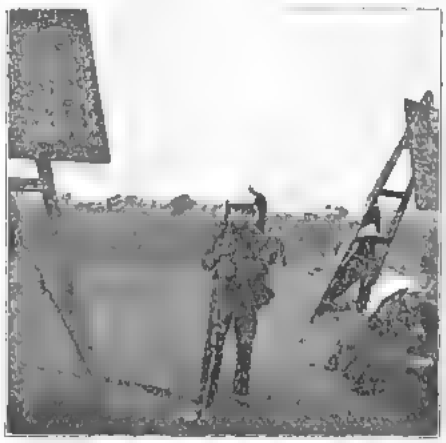
wending their way back to the Camp, comparing scores, and discussing with animation the same old topics of "verniers," "windage," "mirage," and what not, so beloved of marksmen of every age and size, even though they be diminutive as Bandsman Hyde, whose stature can be calculated from the statement that his rifle, seen in the portrait we reproduce, was, at the time the picture was taken, one inch less than its owner, after having been shortened in the stock by two inches.

The scene in the Camp after lunch is a very bright one, and the expert in such things may spend a very pleasurable half-hour identifying for the benefit of his friends the numerous uniforms that are everywhere to be seen. There swaggers a Blair Lodge Highlander in the kilt and scarlet tunic of the famous Black Watch; here stalks a Malvernian resplendent in the uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery. The grey and light blue of Eton follow close upon the grey and dark blue of Harrow. Scarlet men, bue men, "invisible green" men, and grey men: there is every shade of colour known to military tailors in the passing throng, in the midst of which steps a stalwart figure in the notable kilt and dark grey tunic of Glenalmond.

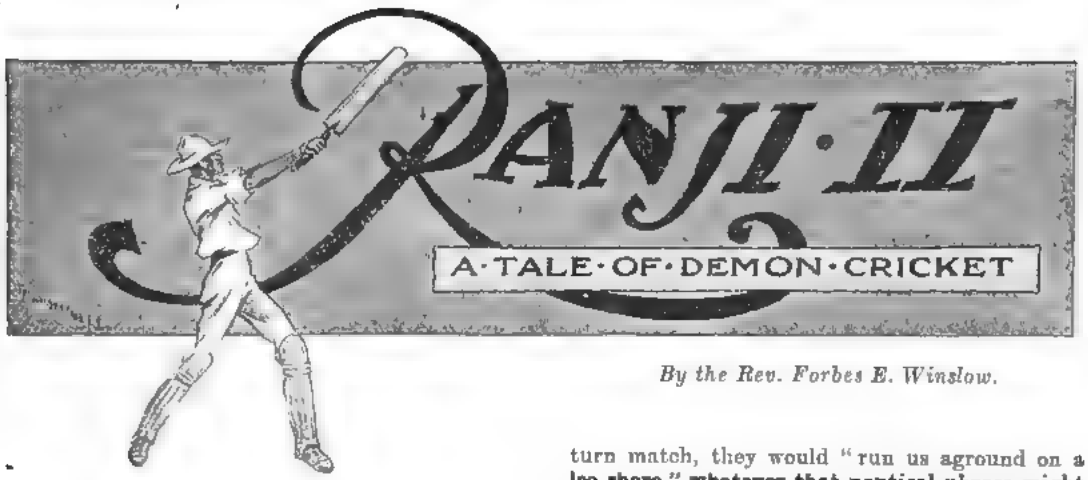
Lunch over, the general rendezvous is the firing point of the 500 yards range. Firing begins promptly, and proceeds as in the morning, save that there is more excitement in the air now. Visitors arrive in increasing numbers, and famous "Old Boy" colours are to be seen on every straw hat. A very pleasant afternoon it is, until the division of the crowd of spectators into two cumbrous clumps gives warning that the competition is drawing to a close, and that the issue lies between two schools. There is a brief interval, and then a sudden burst of cheering announces that the home of the Ashburton Shield for the next twelve months has been decided upon.

With very little delay, the shooting for the Spencer Cup begins. This is competed for by one man from each team, nominated before the commencement of the Ashburton Competition. The conditions are seven shots, prone, at 500 yards. Thirty-five is thus the "possible" score, and, the competitors being picked men, it is seldom that a total of less than 33 has any chance. Not infrequently a tie for first place results, in which case three "tie shots" are fired to decide the matter. A notable instance of this occurred in 1900, when Sergt. E. V. Carpmael, of Dulwich, Corpl. C. S. Mears, of Uppingham, and Lieut. Little, of Charterhouse, each made 33. As the result of the tie shots, Carpmael won with two bulls and a "mag." Our illustration called "An Exciting Finish" depicts the event, the furthermost figure being that of Carpmael about to fire the winning shot. It should be noted that the kneeling position was required by the conditions in force in 1900.

It is always difficult to follow the rapid progress of the shooting for the Spencer Cup, and as a general rule there are contradictory reports as to the actual winner. Eventually, however, a definite announcement is made, and the Cadets' Trophy having also by this time been lost and won, the Present make room for the Past, in the persons of the teams of five "Old Boys" from the various schools, who have been waiting their turn to shoot for the Public Schools' Veterans' Trophy. But few visitors stay to watch this competition. The majority, content to learn from to-morrow's paper how the Old Boys fare, hasten away from Bisley's sun-baked heath, and on the way home discuss with much noise but little knowledge the ethics of magpies, rikkers, backsights, and barley corns.



BANDSMAN HYDE, OF RUGBY.
The smallest boy who has ever shot at Bisley.



By the Rev. Forbes E. Winslow.

WE, the 203rd King's Own Royal Inexpressibles, were stationed, until such time as orders came for going forward to the North-West Indian Frontier, at that delightful spot which is called Chum-Chum, on the East Coast of the Malay Peninsula.

It has a small white Settlement, and is populated, moreover, by Chinamen, coolies, Malays, Burmese, and an assortment of interesting, if not wholly innocuous, vagabonds, from all the far-off quarters of the globe. For Chum-Chum is a seaport, doing a tidy trade in Eastern commodities, and therefore frequented by Mercantile Jack; it is a coaling station, and is often visited by a cruiser or despatch-boat of His Britannic Majesty's navy.

We had just finished mess, and were sitting somewhat lazily in our verandah that overlooks the bay, enjoying our pegs and our cheroots, and the deliciously cool breeze that was tempering the somewhat oppressive heat of the day, when our adjutant, who had the proverbial eyes of the lynx, suddenly shouted out, "By Jove! there she is; out there in the offing."

We looked in the direction to which he was pointing, and presently we saw a stately cruiser. As she steamed swiftly in, we now recognised her as our old friend and occasional sporting antagonist, the *Rattler*. She was returning from a cruise in the Indian seas, and was evidently making for our harbour.

Between the *Rattler* and ourselves there had been for some time past a good deal of friendly rivalry. As representing the two arms of His Majesty's Service we had tried conclusions one with the other. We had scored well at polo, for sailor-men are not the best horsemen in the world, while they had beaten us badly at boxing and miscellaneous athletics. About two months since we had given the tars a good day's leather-hunting at cricket, and the Rattlers had left us vowing that, when the opportunity came for a return match, they would "run us aground on a lee shore," whatever that nautical phrase might imply. The very sight of the ship stirred up the spirit of sport that was ever latent within us, and scarcely had the *Rattler* settled down to her moorings than our Junior Subaltern was on board, presenting the Colonel's compliments, and asking for a return match at cricket at the Captain's convenience. The answer came back that the match must come off next day, as the ship was under orders to sail for Hong-Kong as soon as she had provisioned, which would probably be about sundown on the morrow. A little impudent imp of a midshipman who brought the answer further told us that the captain had empowered him to make arrangements for the inclusion of an Indian cricketer in the *Rattler's* team, which on this occasion would consist of twelve men, the Rattlers on their part conceding to us the right of adding a civilian from the Settlement to our number. As one of the leading merchants was an old Blue, and a most useful bowler, as well as a first-class bat, this proposition suited our book, and we arranged to begin as early in the day as possible, so as to have a good long spell of it.

At the time appointed, the two teams entered the field. A large contingent from the ship was present, for the captain had given a liberty day ashore to as many of the crew as he could spare, and the jolly sea dogs were full of fun and prospective triumph, for their band played them on to the ground to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Considering our climatic difficulties, we had secured a very good pitch; news of the event was sent round the Settlement, and the enclosure from an early hour was filled with Europeans and natives. We won the toss, and, out of compliment to our sailor friends, we put them in first.

Ranji II., as we found the Hindoo gentleman was called, and the chief boatswain, a sturdy tar hailing from Portsmouth Hard, made their way

to the wickets, the band of the Inexpressibles striking up a tune that was very popular at the time with us.

"Oh! Polly, keep your hair on, your hair on, your hair on,
And don't go nagging so."

Ranji II. was a fine swarthy specimen of a typical Hindoo, wiry, well set up, and feline in his movements. It was whispered about the ground that he was a Rajah *incognito*, and had rendered the captain of the *Rattler* a special service when that gallant sailor had been out tiger-hunting in the Punjaub, and so Ranji for the time being was a guest of the ship. Ranji, on getting to his wicket, took a good steady look round, and swung his arms about a bit, as if he had been a little cramped on board ship; he was very particular, we afterwards heard, about making his block-hole, and formed a curious kind of double triangle with one of the bails before he was quite satisfied. I was in the tent scoring, for I had recently been troubled with a sharp attack of dysentery which had weakened me somewhat, so I was obliged to be but a spectator of the fray.

And now the fun began. MacGregor, the old 'Varsity Blue, was bowling at the upper end to Ranji. The very first ball the Hindoo hit for a clean six right over the bowler's head. "Look out for squalls yonder," shouted the Rattlers from their tent, and look out accordingly we did, for we realised even thus early that we had got a handful. The second ball went for four to square leg, then followed another sixer, this time a drive to the on, a cut for four, and a leg-bye for two, and the over was finished, with 22 up on the scoring-board, the Rattlers dancing hornpipes and rolling about with convulsive laughter, our men correspondingly grim, dignified, and silent.

The boatswain, by name Mike Cassidy, now opened his shoulders and hit three fours in succession, carefully blocking the other two balls of the over so as to get breath, for the pace had been fast and furious. And now it was Ranji's turn again. He went in now for a couple of extraordinary, not to say uncanny hits, for twice running he hit the ball straight up into the air over long field's head; each time it went right out of sight, and of course "lost ball" was called; at last, after what seemed an interminable age, a little black speck was seen in the blue heaven, and with a rush and a whizz the ball came down with such power that on the second occasion it sank into the ground some six inches, and had to be dug out with a stump. I can vouch for this, for the whole incident was so singular that we rushed *en masse* from the tents to see what had taken place. The Rattlers were in raptures. "Why don't you sojers put a man up aloft?" they shouted. "How's that for high, my hearties?"

A little later on the wily Hindoo hit a ball well to square-leg, and simultaneously all the fielders put up their hands and covered the ground hard by to where they were standing, just as if the ball had been hit to them. They varied this ridiculous performance by all rushing together for Ranji's next hit, tearing in from all parts of the field to mid on, where they collided, and lay kicking and struggling on the ground in one compact mass, like to a scrimmage at football. The Major, who was keeping wicket, was choleric at all times, but this fairly roused him, "What the unquenchable Prince of Darkness," he shouted, "are you chaps doing? Have you got sunstroke, or are you playing the fool? Are we a set of lunatics, or are we playing sober cricket?" The Inexpressibles, rubbing their heads and their shins, limped sadly back to their respective posts, being able to say nothing by way of justification, save that they had all been possessed of a sudden ardent desire to field that ball at all hazards. To give further emphasis to the situation, the *Rattler's* band, ever ready for a chance of striking in, enlivened the proceedings with the tune of "'E dunno where 'e are."

Truly Ranji II., who had now become, from his sheer devilry, a universal favourite with everyone, save the team of luckless, perspiring soldiers out in the field, was a marvel. It mattered not who bowled (and all our men went on in turn) he treated them all alike, and by the time the bell rang for lunch had made 176, the boatswain keeping up his wicket to the healthy tune of 83

To our intense disappointment, Ranji did not join us at lunch. We were told that he was a high caste Brahman, and as such was not allowed to sit down to a promiscuous meal. Of course, we cross-examined the Rattlers as to the antecedents of their treasure, but they all said that it was a point of honour with them not to betray the confidence of their guest, who desired to be *incognito*. It was evident, however, that they were brimming over with some private information that gave them the most intense amusement.

When lunch was over, our men took the field again. The Indian Rajah, who had been refreshing himself in some mysterious way in a distant part of the ground, changed his tactics, and instead of keeping religiously within the crease, stepped out boldly to every ball, and treated our bowling, which I must admit was now getting very ragged, with the utmost contempt; the boatswain followed suit, and a nice game they had of tip and run. To cut a long story short, the innings was declared "closed," Ranji carrying out his bat for 296, the boatswain, likewise not

out, with 125 to his credit; the total, with the addition of a few wides and byes and no balls, amounting to the formidable aggregate of 444.

Our men, from playing so long in the tropical sun, were in sooth dead beat, and were heartily glad to get back to the shelter of the tents, and the genial neighbourhood of iced drinks.

After the usual interval, it was our turn to face the music, and go in. It was universally decided that the stone-wall game—the sort of thing Yorkshire delighted Brighton with last year—wouldn't be a bit of good. The day was waning, and hard slogging was our only chance. So we sent in our two big hitters, the Major and Corporal Johnny Dobbs, a gigantic Dalesman, the biggest man of his day in the British Army. Ranji went on to bowl at the pavilion end, and the Major, earnestly intent on his revenge, stood up to receive the first ball.

TEARING IN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE FIELD.

Considering what our openly pronounced tactics were, it seemed to us that the Rattlers were standing in far too near, in fact, in dangerous proximity to the batsmen. Little did we know what was in store for us. The first ball that Ranji bowled sped like a missile from a gun; in the twinkling of an eye the Major's middle stump was not only taken clean out of the ground, but shattered into fragments. MacGregor went in next, and Ranji tossed him up a yorker, which bowled him. Three other wickets went down consecutively to the remaining balls of the over, and the record on the scoring board was five wickets for no runs. Ranji seemed to have absolute control of the ball, which in his hands seemed a thing possessed of intelligent life. For instance, he would bowl wide to leg, and the ball broke back and took the off stump; he would next bowl wide to the off, and the ball would break back and make matters uncomfortable for the leg stump; he pitched a ball into the air after the manner of a lob, and it described curves and parabolas just like a boomerang; then it suddenly swooped down and took off the bails. Mike Cassidy, at the other end, was likewise in good fettle, for he secured two wickets, a regular "rot" by this time setting in, and but two runs were made off him. Ranji went on again, and with three successive shooters did the "hat trick," and the innings finally closed with all out for six runs!

"Cricket, sir!" said the wrathful Major to one of Ours, "I don't call this cricket, but pure, unmitigated skittles. There's some devilment about the whole affair—why, the ball is bewitched!"

"I say, why the dickens did you leave your

Google

wicket; you weren't out, you know?" said our senior Captain, who had but lately come into the enclosure with a number of the First Battalion who had been "up country."

"Not out! By the powers, we just were. Why, man alive, we were all clane bowled, and what's more, we couldn't get a hit in edgeways," said Tim O'Sullivan, one of our team.

"But we did not see anything of all this, did we, boys?" answered the Captain, turning to his comrades, who all expressed their agreement.

"Then all I can say is that we are all bally candidates for Colney Hatch together," said the Major; "you men must have had sunstroke like the rest of us. Not out, indeed! Do you think that I would have come so tamely from the wicket after such a spell of leather-hunting, unless I jolly well knew that it was a case of 'his funeral's to-morrow'? That Indian beggar smashed my middle stump into smithereens—and the rest—oh, they were in such a blue funk, poor kiddies, a babe in arms could have settled their hash. Ask the umpires."

Of course we had to follow on, and as our first two batsmen went to the wickets the Rattlers cried out, "Oh! give the poor sojers a chance." The band struck up "Slap bang! here we are again," and the sailors shouted out the chorus. The point was taken, and ever after, until we sailed happily for India, we were called "The Slap-Bangs." Although we were in no mood for asking favours, I must confess we were considerably relieved to see that Ranji was not going on to bowl. Instead whereof, he had a kind of roving commission in long field over the bowler's head. A chubby little middy, scarcely higher than the stumps, was put on to bowl lobs for the first over, and a corresponding little middy, equally chubby and impudent, was awaiting his turn as a lob bowler at the other end. It was evident that the poor sojers were to have a chance. The field stood somewhat close to the wicket, but Ranji prowled about outside, as the Major growled, "seeking whom he might devour." The Indian ran like a hare, or a "millennium of hares," as Tim O'Sullivan said. He seemed to have an intuitive perception of where every ball was going to be hit, and he was there before the ball. As to getting balls past him, it was a sheer impossibility; and if a ball went up into the air, as balls have a lamentable tendency to do, he was bound to catch it. Four of us he caught out by what seemed almost impossible, not to say incredible, catches. Then he returned the ball when fielded with such lightning rapidity, and such deadly accuracy of aim, that he ran two of us out. The middies bowled out two more, and we had then made some eighteen runs all told.

When the eighth wicket fell, the boom of a gun was heard, and the cruiser hoisted a signal, "All on board."

Oh! how we rejoiced, for now the match would be drawn. "We'll have time for just one more over," said the senior lieutenant, who was captaining his side, "Ranji, will you please go on."

Ranji went on. Again he did the blessed hat trick!

So we were beaten, badly beaten, by—well, I have not time or patience to tot up the humiliating figures.

Off went the Rattlers to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," Ranji, as the hero of the day, high hoisted in their midst, and crowned with garlands of tropical flowers after the custom of his own land.

An hour later there was only a faint cloud of smoke in the offing to awaken recollections of this awful match.

* * * * *

Some months after, we were at Peshawur, on our way to the Frontier; we had just come out of the bazaar, when we saw a crowd in the distance, and were told on inquiry that a famous Indian juggler and conjurer, Shere Ali by name, was giving a performance. The Major and I, and a few more of Ours, strolled forward to see what was going on.

"Why, surely, I've seen that beggar before, only he was then in flannels," said the Major. "Yes, he's the twin brother of our old friend Ranji, but then these blessed Hindoos are all as like as two peas; see one, see all," he added.

Shere Ali went through the usual conventional tricks, such as the growth of the mango tree, and the basket trick, with all its gruesome details. Then he did something we had never seen done before, although we had heard of it. He took a coil of rope and threw it up into the air; one end rested on the ground, the other was hitched up to something of which we had no knowledge. His assistant, a spruce young Hindoo, went hand over hand up the rope, and disappeared out of sight. Arming himself with a very formidable Pathan knife, Shere Ali went up next, likewise vanishing from our gaze. Presently most horrible, heartrending cries were heard, and to our horror the freshly dissevered and bleeding members of a full-grown man were thrown down limb by limb; first the legs, then the arms, then the trunk, and finally a ghastly head, which we recognised as belonging a few moments ago to the conjurer's assistant. While we were gazing in horror upon the hideous spectacle, Shere Ali, in the most ordinary and calm manner, sauntered up from the rear of the crowd, and, looking at the bleeding and still quivering limbs before him, uttered an ejaculation in Hindustani. He waved us aside, and then collected the members of the poor murdered man together

and covered them reverently with a shawl that he had on his arm. He then sat down, put his hands together as if in prayer, and to our utter astonishment we saw the shawl begin to move; stepping forward, Shere Ali now lifted the shawl, and there was his assistant restored to perfect soundness of limb; not a vestige of any mark could be found upon him. While we discussed this, Shere Ali waved a wand that he had in his hand, and the air around us was filled with legions upon legions of white butterflies; another wave of the wand, and a cohort of blue butterflies came up with the wind, and finally many thousands of a most beautiful ruby colour. They filled all the air around us, and covered us from head to foot, suddenly vanishing as swiftly as they had come, actually passing out of sight and mind as our fingers sought to clutch them We turned round to interview Shere Ali, but he had gone, and no one knew where. Possibly ere this he was hundreds of miles away, for he was a Yoga, and had all kinds of strange, uncanny faculties, dematerialisation being, by common report, one of them.

Later on, I happened to meet a member of the Staff Corps, likewise *en route* for the front. "Shere Ali?" said he, as I told him of our recent experience. "Oh, yes, I know him well. He stands at the head of his special cult. His vaunted powers, however, I think, are largely mesmeric. I have taken photographs, snap shots, from time to time of his various performances, and have never been able to fix the most wonderful of them, so that I am convinced they are but illusions."

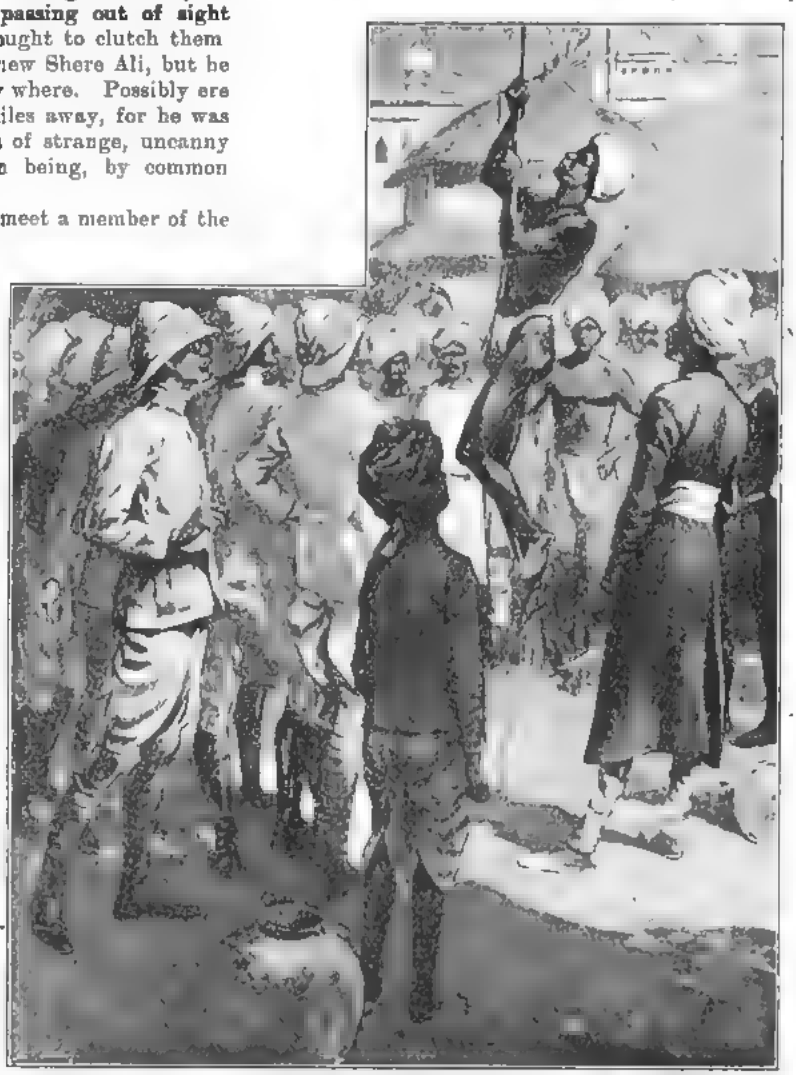
"But," said I, "is it possible for one man to mesmerise many hundreds of spectators, most of them absolute strangers to him?"

"Nothing is easier, my dear fellow, if you only know how to do it. Depend upon it that all you saw to-day was nothing else but pure, unmitigated hypnotism. You were made to believe by the simple force of that man's will. By the way," he continued, "if he would go to London and get them to give him *carte blanche* at Lord's or the Oval, he would astonish the *quidnuncs*, for he is an adept at hypnotic cricket.

"Hypnotic cricket!" said I.

"Yes, he can do anything on a cricket field. He makes believe all the time, and can produce the illusion of an exciting match and its various details from beginning to end. Every one upon the ground comes under his influence, and is mesmerised into a firm faith in the game's actuality. I have seen his performance; in fact, at Calcutta he goes by the name of 'Ranji the Second.'"

"Oh," said I to myself, "you wicked, unscrupulous, traitorous Rattler!"



HIS ASSISTANT WENT HAND OVER HAND UP THE ROPE AND DISAPPEARED OUT OF SIGHT.

The Jubilee Year (1887) Series.

NOTE.—The first twelve stamps, form the series issued in the Jubilee year. The high values on the page, which were then in use, were retained as part of the set.

The Stamps of Great Britain.

(*Concluded from page 243.*)

1880-3.—In this series a new watermark, a large crown, or, as it is also called, an Imperial crown, was introduced. The 2½d. value was changed from lilac rose to blue, the 3d. from rose to carmine, and the only two surcharges that have ever been placed on English stamps for home use form part of the

IMPERIAL CROWN.

series, viz., the 3d. printed in lilac, and overprinted "3d." in carmine, as illustrated, and the 6d. also printed in lilac and then overprinted in similar type, "6d." in carmine.

SAME TYPES. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
2½d., blue	3	0	0	1
3d., rose	5	0	1	9
3d., in carmine on 3d. lilac	3	6	1	0
4d., grey brown	5	0	0	6
6d., grey	4	0	1	6
6d., in carmine on 6d. lilac	4	0	1	3
1s., orange brown	7	6	1	3

1880.—Five stamps, ½d., 1d., 1½d., 2d., and 5d., all of new design. All watermarked Imperial crown. The ½d., 1d., 1½d., and 2d. superseded the grand old Perkins stamps of those values which for so many years had been printed by hand from steel plates. The new stamps were coarsely engraved for rapid surface printing.

NEW DESIGNS. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d., green	0	6	0	1
1d., Venetian red	0	4	0	1
1½d., Venetian red	2	6	0	2
2d., rose	3	0	0	2
5d., deep indigo	7	6	0	6

1881.—In this year it was arranged that instead of having one set of stamps for postal and another set for fiscal purposes, one penny stamp should serve for both postal and revenue requirements. Accordingly, a new penny stamp was prepared and issued, inscribed "postal and inland revenue." Specialists note a variety, one having 14 dots or pearls in each angle of the frame, and the other the permanent design, 15 pearls. The 14 dot variety is catalogued at 4s. to 5s. for unused, and 3d. used.

NEW DESIGN. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

1d., purple ... Unused, 2d. Used, 1d.

1883-4.—High values. 2s. 6d. a new value and 5s., 10s., and £1 of new designs. All with coloured letters in the angles, and all (except the £1) watermarked with an anchor. As they are all still to be had at the Post Office, I need not quote price for unused, but the price for used will be of interest, and as they will all be superseded almost directly by the King's Head issue, readers of THE CAPTAIN will be wise to secure nice used copies while they are to be had cheaply. The illustrations of these stamps are included in the full page of the Jubilee issue.

NEW DESIGNS. COLOURED CORNER LETTERS WMK. ANCHOR.

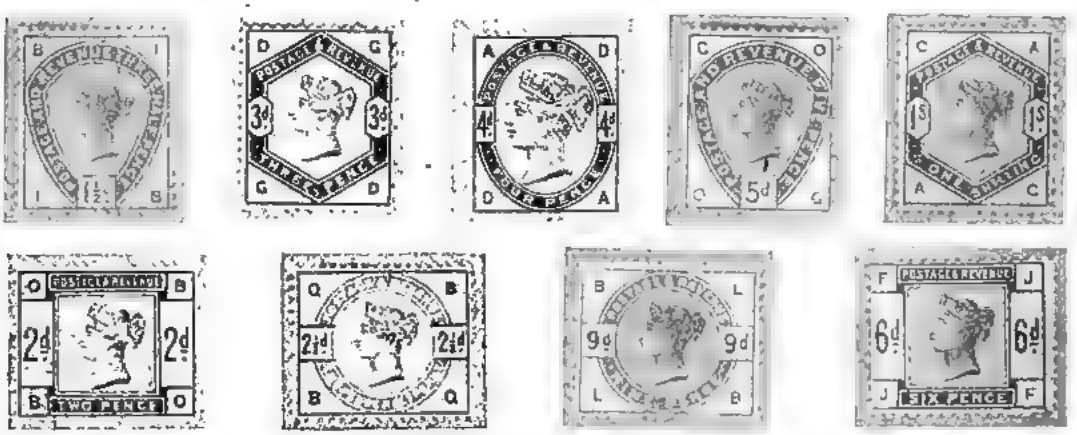
	Used. s.	d.
2s. 6d., lilac	0	4
5s., crimson	0	6
10s., ultramarine	2	0
£1, brown lilac, wmk. 3 Imperial crowns .	15	0
£1, brown lilac, wmk. 3 orbs	17	6

1883-4.—This series is known as the unified series, i.e., all inscribed for postage and revenue. The 1d. lilac was retained unchanged, but all the other values are of new designs as illustrated.

NEW DESIGNS. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d., slate blue	0	4	0	2
1½d., lilac	2	6	0	3
2d., lilac	3	6	0	6
2½d., lilac	1	6	0	2
3d., lilac	3	0	0	4
4d., dull green	5	0	0	9
5d., dull green	2	6	0	5
6d., dull green	2	6	0	4
9d., dull green	5	6	4	0
1s., dull green	8	6	1	0

1887.—Jubilee issues. Of this series I need say very little. It inaugurated the printing of stamps in two colours. The double printing, being more expensive, was, however, confined to those stamps for which there was the smallest demand. The new process yielded very effective stamps in the case of the 4½d., 9d., and 10d. The letters in the corners were discontinued. All the stamps are inscribed "Postage and Revenue." All but the ½d. are new and special designs purposely issued in the first month of the year of her late Majesty's Jubilee. They are now being superseded by the King's Head issue, and as being recently current I need not append any catalogue prices. In 1900 the ½d. was changed to Postal Union green, and the 1s. from green to green and scarlet. The rarity of the series is, and will be, the 3d. printed on orange-coloured paper instead of the usual lemon yellow. Only a small supply seems to have been printed on this paper. It is left unpriced in the catalogues. The series is fully illustrated in



THE UNIFIED SERIES OF 1883-4.

The King's Head Coronation Series (1902).

NOTE.—The ½d. and 6d. are of same design as the 1d. The 4½d. and £5 are discontinued, and the 10d., which will be included in the King's Head series, is not yet ready for issue.

the full page under the head of "The Jubilee Year Series."

NEW DESIGNS. WMK. LARGE CROWN.

½d., vermilion.
1½d., purple and green.
2d., green and red.
2½d., purple on blue.
3d., purple on yellow.
3d., purple on orange.
4d., green and brown.
4½d., green and scarlet (1892).
5d., lilac and blue.
6d., purple on rose red.
9d., purple and blue.
10d., purple and scarlet.
1s., green.
£1, green.

1900. SAME TYPE AND WMK. COLOURS CHANGED.

½d., blue green.
1s., green and scarlet.

1902.—Coronation or King's Head issue. This issue is mainly confined to the simple substitution of the King's Head for the late Queen's Head, without otherwise materially changing the designs. A small central crown surmounts the head. The high values, more especially the £1, have undergone slight changes of design. The whole series, except the 10d., which is not yet printed, is illustrated in the full page of the Coronation series. The ½d., 1d., 2½d., and 6d. have undergone a change of colours.

NEW DESIGNS. SAME WMK.

½d., green.
1d., carmine.
1½d., purple and green.
2d., green and red.
2½d., blue.
3d., purple on yellow.
4d., green and brown.
5d., lilac and blue.
6d., purple.
9d., purple and blue.
1s., scarlet and green.
2s. 6d., lilac.
5s., carmine.
10s., blue.
£1, green.

For most of the stamps used to illustrate the foregoing description of issues I am indebted to Mr. J. W. Jones, who very kindly placed his fine unused stock at my service.

A King's Head Album.

I have several times been asked by readers of THE CAPTAIN if I knew of any album for King's Head Stamps, and I have had to reply in the negative. But Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., now announce that they are about to publish a "King's Own Postage Stamp Album," of which full particulars will no doubt duly appear in our advertisement pages when the album is ready for publication. I understand that it will be very neatly got up, and will be sold at a reasonable price.

Notable New Issues.

There are promises of interesting new issues in course of preparation. For a long time the King's Heads will be gradually coming out in the various British Colonies. As yet, we have had only a few. But after the summer holidays, when the stamp pages are resumed, there is certain to be a big batch to illustrate and chronicle. Meanwhile, it may be noted that Brazil has ordered a new set from Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., and Denmark has offered prizes for the best designs for a new series. The King's Head supplies have gone out to the Gold Coast and Grenada. The Crown overprint on the Cook Islands stamps, which was issued on the 1d. brown, has been abandoned. It was a failure. Very few were issued, and there are to be no more. But Queen Makea's portrait can hardly be retained now that the islands have been annexed to New Zealand. As dealers experience considerable difficulty in getting supplies of Southern Nigeria and Northern Nigeria stamps, readers of THE CAPTAIN will do well to complete their sets of these colonies before they are superseded by the King's Head series.

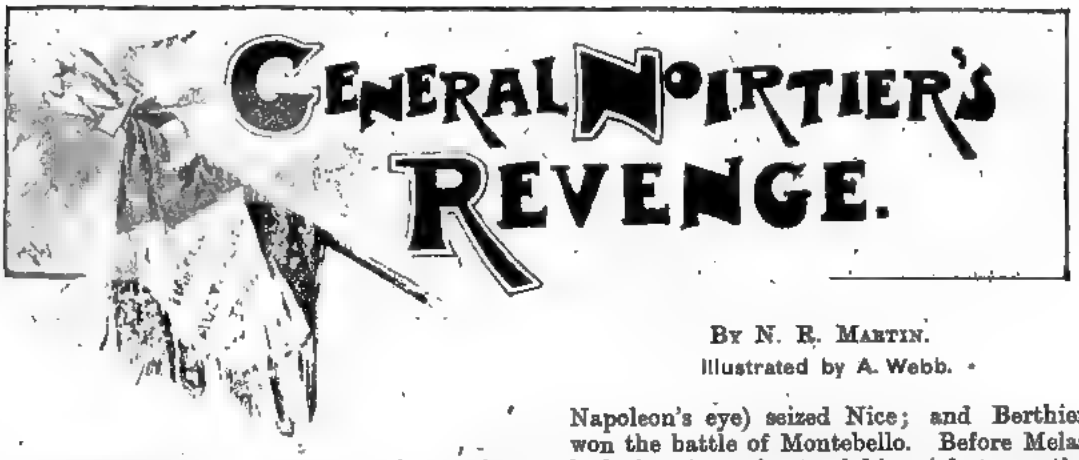
Bechuanaland Protectorate.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. inform us that the English Queen's Head ½d. green has been overprinted "Bechuanaland Protectorate."

Cape of Good Hope.—The design of the 3d. has been changed to the standing figure of Hope, as on the current 1d.; colour, carmine rose; wmk., anchor; perf. 14.

Cook Islands.—The ½d. has been changed in colour to pale green, and the 1d. to carmine, the Postal Union colours.

Cayman Islands.—Here is an illustration

of the new King's Head series for this colony, of which the 2½d. blue, 6d. brown, and 1s. orange have been issued. This type is apparently to be the key type for the smaller colonies, whose stamps are supplied by Messrs. De la Rue, the only alteration required being the name at the top. It is the same design as the Queen's Head ½d and 1d. previously issued for the colony, with the King's Head in place of the Queen's. Wmk. C.A., perf. 14.



General Noirtier's Revenge.

By N. R. Martin.

Illustrated by A. Webb.

PERHAPS you wonder that after fifteen years' service—after fighting at Marengo, at Austerlitz, and at Jena—after the wild warfare of the Peninsula and the terrible retreat from Moscow—I am merely a broken captain. Others who fought for the same master are marshals and ambassadors, one even is a king—but they betrayed him in the days of his evil fortune. I had served the Great Emperor; not for promotion or pay would I condescend to serve the Bourbons. Their emissaries told me: "You have served fifteen years without promotion; every beardless boy has been preferred before you; now the King will give you the colonelcy and the Cross of Honour."

"It is too late," I answered; "at my time of life one cannot change masters."

Many, however, who are still loyal to the great memory, have wondered at my ill-treatment, so for their reading I will set down the story of my two meetings with the Emperor, and the dastardly revenge of General Noirtier.

I first served under the Great Emperor—but he was not Emperor then, his glories were all before him—in the Italian campaign of 1800. Every schoolboy knows how our army crossed the Alps, how we scaled precipices which the Austrian General had pronounced inaccessible; how we drew our artillery by night wrapped in tow beneath the guns of the enemy's forts. It was an awakening for the imbecile Austrian General Melas when he found that sixty thousand French troops were pouring into Italy. Before he apprehended danger we had seized the impregnable fort of Bardo—but was anything impregnable to that army of ours! Then Murat, that bold cavalry leader, made a successful dash on Milan; Suchet (a good soldier under Napoleon's eye) seized Nice; and Berthier won the battle of Montebello. Before Melas had time to understand his misfortunes the net was closing round him. He moved this way and that, for an Austrian is always anxious about his retreat, but found that he would have to fight. So, like a brave man—for brave he was though stupid—he took up his position on the little hills that border the plains of Marengo. If we could have waited we should have starved him out, for our flanking movement was nearly complete; but our commissariat had not yet crossed the Alps, we were short of ammunition, and most of our troops were living on the country. These things did not trouble us; we were all young, from the General downwards, and we were only too pleased to see the enemy stand.

I shall never forget the day before the battle, for it was on that day Desaix, having eluded the English cruisers, returned from Egypt and joined the army. I overheard one of my men, a raw recruit, say that evening, "Desaix's arrival is worth five regiments to us."

"Fool," said my sergeant, "as if we needed more regiments."

There was a shout of laughter at the reply, but it is worth repeating, for it showed the spirit of the army of Italy.

Next morning the fight began early. As soon as it was light the Austrians crossed the little river Bormida and attacked us. We had not expected this; it had been our intention to have attacked them. They came on in three columns, calm and resolute. Lannes and Victor's corps had to bear the brunt of the attack. For two hours the enemy attacked our infantry. They had the advantage in numbers, we in discipline. The fight was very stern, but till ten o'clock all went well. We, of the heavy cavalry, waited for the enemy to break, for we could not attack unbroken infantry amongst the vineyards. Soon

after ten we heard two loud explosions in the rear of our infantry. We looked at one another gloomily, for the destruction of those two ammunition waggons by a chance shot might imperil the centre of our army. Then in another hour we began to see an unusual thing. Men began to straggle to the rear, first by twos or threes, then in groups, then in entire companies. They shouted wildly for ammunition; some of them, when they found that there was none to be had, returned to the fight, determined to use the bayonet only. Still the heavy Austrian columns pressed on, our line was broken in several places, whole regiments seemed to waver, and then the front of our battle crumpled up like a piece of paper and our infantry retreated from Marengo. General Bonaparte sat his horse unmoved. He occasionally looked through his glass at the other side of the plain, but the spectacle of the retreating troops below did not seem to interest him. He had a terribly calm bearing in battle. Our General of the Cavalry Brigade, Kellerman, spoke to him several times, but the only answer he got was a contemptuous shake of the head. Evidently the time for our work had not come yet. Our infantry re-formed in the village of San Giuliano, and a strong column of Hungarian Grenadiers rushed from Marengo to attack our new position. They were ten thousand strong, and came on most determinedly. As the Hungarians emerged from the cover of the vineyards, General Bonaparte turned to Kellerman and nodded. The heavy cavalry only numbered a thousand on that eventful day; most of our cavalry were at Milan with Murat, but we had a great commander in Kellerman. He was no tactician, but if you showed him the enemy that was enough. He had no belief in bloodless victories, and was happiest in a fight against heavy odds. That day the odds were heavy enough, heaven knows, so Kellerman laughed as he ordered the trumpeter to sound the charge. He rode at the head of the brigade, a big stout German-looking man, as we galloped down the hillside towards the Hungarians. They were brave men, those Grenadiers; as we neared them they fixed bayonets, closed their ranks, and waited coolly for our charge. Ah! that was a shock—like a wave breaking over the enemy's column the impetus of our charge carried us completely through them. There was little chance to use the sabre as we crushed our way through the mass. Then we turned, and the real work began. Kellerman was in the thick of it, shouting like a schoolboy. We charged again and again, but the Hungarians, though broken, were stubborn. If we had accounted for a couple of thousand, still, we had lost half our numbers, and our horses were tiring. Things were looking grave to everybody but Kellerman, when we heard heavy firing on the enemy's flank, and knew that Desaix's division had arrived. Kellerman rose in his saddle and shouted, "One charge more and we have them." There was a hasty scattering volley, and then, as our infantry took them in the rear, the Hungarians broke and ran. We raised a great shout when we knew that the victory was ours, and the young officers dashed in to secure the enemy's colours. I was lucky enough to be near the standard of the Royal Hungarian Regiment. A young ensign was hurrying it out of the battle. I tried to ride him down, but he turned and shot me in the shoulder, so I cut him down and tore the colours from the staff. My shoulder was bleeding badly, so I drew out of the pursuit. and found General Kellerman seated on a wall wiping his forehead.

"Pah!" he said, "we always fight on a hot day. Why, you're hurt, youngster. Take your standard to the General, and say we shall account for all of them. There will be seven or eight thousand prisoners. Then get away to the surgeons."

I saluted and rode back half a mile to the place where I saw the bright uniforms of the staff. As I rode up to them I saw General Bonaparte walking impatiently up and down in a frenzy of rage.

"Desaix," he shouted, "was late, was late! Two hours late in the flanking movement. I will have him court-martialled, dismissed."

"General Desaix was shot through the heart at the commencement of the movement," said Berthier.

"Ah!" said Napoleon, reflectively, "then he will not have to be court-martialled."

That was Napoleon Bonaparte's way; he was as hard as stone, indifferent to the death of any man; but a wonderful general.

He then turned to me and said, "And what have you to say, my boy?"

The bad temper had vanished, and the General was in his easy familiar mood.

"General Kellerman desires me to report, sir, that the enemy are utterly broken, and that he expects to have seven or eight thousand prisoners. He sends you the standard of the Royal Hungarian Regiment."

"Did you capture it, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are wounded, *captain*. See to

your wound. Berthier, take his name and regiment for promotion."

Overjoyed, I saluted the General. I was indeed lucky to be promoted by my General on my first battlefield.

However, I took no more part in that campaign. The bullet had carried some cloth from my uniform into my wound, and blood poisoning set in. For six months I was an invalid, and when I recovered peace had been made.

HE TURNED AND SHOT ME IN THE SHOULDER.

For two years the peace lasted, to our great disgust; but Napoleon required peace till he had settled the internal affairs of France and made his position as Emperor secure. Then he threw off the mask, and war was declared against England. If we had held control of the seas for twenty-four hours England would have been doomed; but the British ships lined the Channel, and at last the Emperor in despair said that he would conquer England in Germany. We marched at the beginning of October. To my disgust, just as we reached the German frontier I was detached to bring two squadrons of recruits from Marseilles. I protested to my colonel, but it was useless. Some one had to go, and I was the youngest captain. I had a dreary journey of more than a week to Marseilles, and when I reached that town was in a thoroughly bad temper. I had missed the first part of the campaign for the sake of those wretched recruits. When I arrived at Marseilles I found that though my men were ready their horses were not, and I had to wait impatiently till enough heavy troop horses were procured. One evening as I was sauntering on the Canebiere, I noticed some cavalry officers seated in a wineshop. I knew one or two slightly, so I joined them. They were talking on the usual topic of cavalry officers—the relative advantages of light and heavy cavalry. I did not take any part in the conversation myself until an officer said, "Where are your heavy cavalry leaders? Have you a man fit to wipe Murat's shoes?"

"General Kellerman," I interposed.

"Pah! Kellerman! a drunken hound!" he answered.

Now, though I had never known General Kellerman to go to bed sober, yet it was not the place of light cavalry upstarts to criticise him.

"You are mistaken, sir," I replied.

"Do you give me the lie, sir!"

"If you persist in your slander of a brave General, I do."

After this there was of course nothing for it but a duel. We adjourned to the garden behind the wine shop, and in five minutes I had run my young friend through the left arm.

"Who is he?" I asked one of my acquaintances, as they were taking the youth away to the hospital.

"Lieutenant Noirtier, son of the General of the garrison."

"Ah!" I said, "the General can scarcely court-martial me for duelling, or people will say that it is because I had wounded his son."

"Rest assured," said my friend, "General Noirtier dare not punish you for this."

However, the next morning directly I rose I received a message that General Noirtier required my attendance at his quarters. It was the 23rd of October—I shall never forget that date—and as I went up to the fort I noticed that the semaphores, by which communication was kept up along the coast, were working briskly. I thought casually that there must be important news from Spain that morning.

General Noirtier received me politely, and asked me to be seated. He was a long, lean man with a perpetual smile playing over his thin lips.

He said to me, "I hear, Captain Godoy, that you have transgressed the edict against duelling. Under the circumstances, I can take no notice of your action, but I do not intend to allow a man of your quarrelsome disposition to remain in Marseilles. You must set out for Austria at once."

"But, sir, my troop will not be ready for a week."

"I take on myself the responsibility of your troop. Good and important news has arrived from Spain, and you must start at once with my despatches for the Emperor. Your horse is waiting outside, so without a moment's delay you must start."

As I listened to that old General, with his bland smile and pleasant manner, I thought that he only wished to get rid of a firebrand like myself, and that that was the reason he gave me the despatches. If I had known the truth, general or no general, I would have run him through the body as he sat smiling there.

"There are your despatches, Captain Godoy. Remember, you must deliver them into the Emperor's own hands. Take care you lose no time on the road."

I cannot describe my joy as I found myself riding towards the Italian frontier. I laughed as I thought that as a punishment General Noirtier had given me my heart's desire—orders to join the Grand Army. I reflected that if he had known my impatience to go he would have taken steps to keep me in Marseilles, and I rejoiced that I had come so well out of an awkward scrape.

I might, if I chose, describe my adventurous ride through Turin and Milan, and thence through the passes of the Tyrol to Austria. I could tell how many horses I wore out—how every traveller gave way to me—how at the magic words "Despatches for the Emperor" the surliest innkeeper furnished me with his best steed. At last, tired and saddlesore, I reached Vienna on the morning of November 18th. There I heard that the Emperor was at Allensteig, a small town forty miles to the north. Though I could scarcely keep my saddle I remounted, and reached Allensteig in the grey of the evening. When I rode up to the Emperor's quarters I was informed that he was dining. I sent a message to General Berthier that I had important despatches for the Emperor's own hand, and in a moment I was admitted.

The Emperor sat laughing at the table with Davoust and Murat.

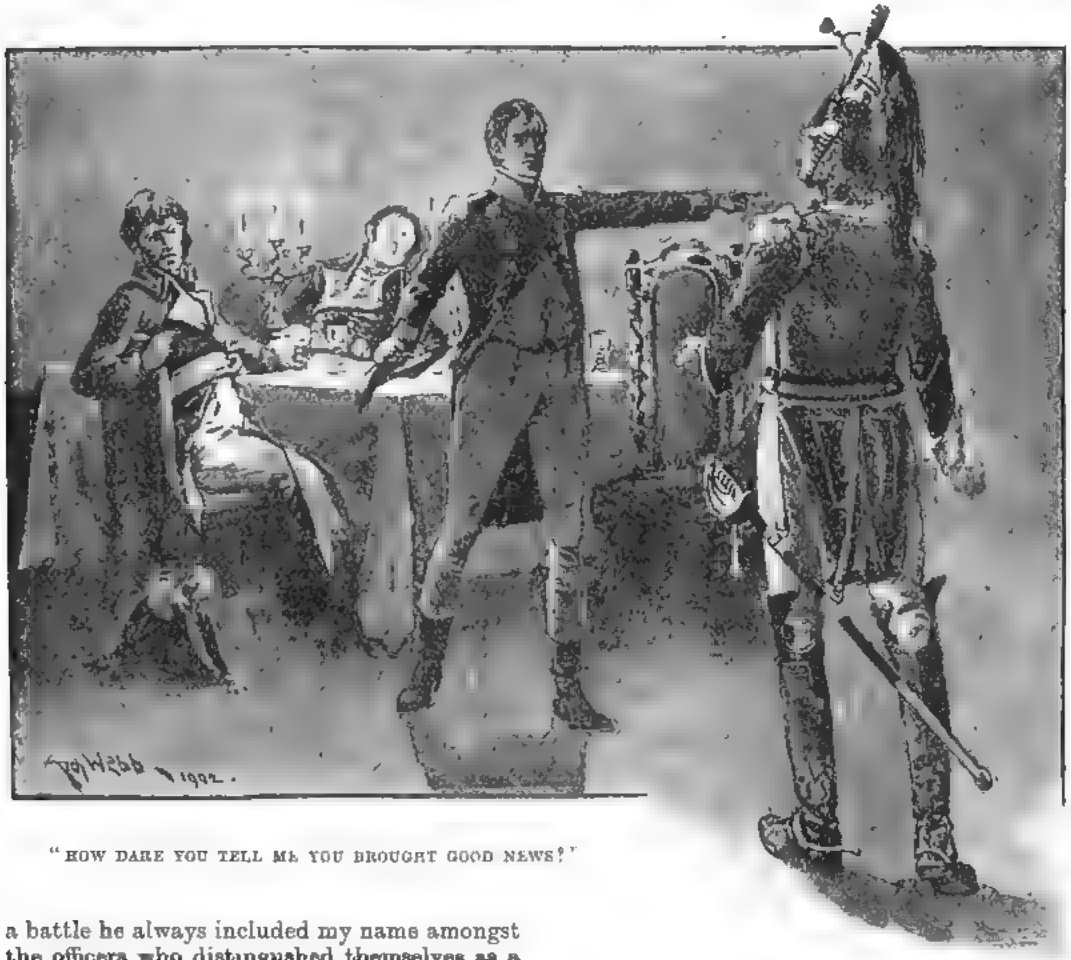
"Ah!" he said, as I entered, "whom have we here? One of my Marengo boys! Is it good news you bring, Captain Godoy?"

The great Emperor never forgot a name or a face.

"Yes, sire," I answered, saluting as I presented the despatches. I was then intending to retire, but the Emperor said genially: "Wait—wait, Captain."

He tore open the despatches and read them. As he did so his face grew darker and darker. At last he threw the despatches on the table, swore a horrible Italian oath, and shrieked to Murat: "Can I be everywhere at once? That scoundrel of a Villeneuve has sold my fleet to the English—not a ship left, Spanish or French! Oh! I will hang him to his own topmast. And you, sir" (turning to me), "how dare you tell me you brought good news? Not a word! Away! out of my sight, or I will have you flogged through the camp."

I left the house a broken, ruined man. I saw now how I had been trapped. General Noirtier knew that the Emperor never forgave the bearers of bad news, and I had borne the news of the greatest naval disaster France had ever known. I knew that my military career was ruined, for the Emperor never forgot. At Austerlitz my squadron took four guns, my lieutenant was promoted, but the Emperor crossed my name off the list. So year after year it went on—my juniors became colonels, brigadiers, marshals—I remained a simple captain. I was mentioned in despatches again and again, for when a man sets no value on his life it is easy to be brave. General Ney did me the honour to say to me that when he made his report of



"HOW DARE YOU TELL ME YOU BROUGHT GOOD NEWS?"

a battle he always included my name amongst the officers who distinguished themselves as a matter of form. "I know you, Godoy," he said.

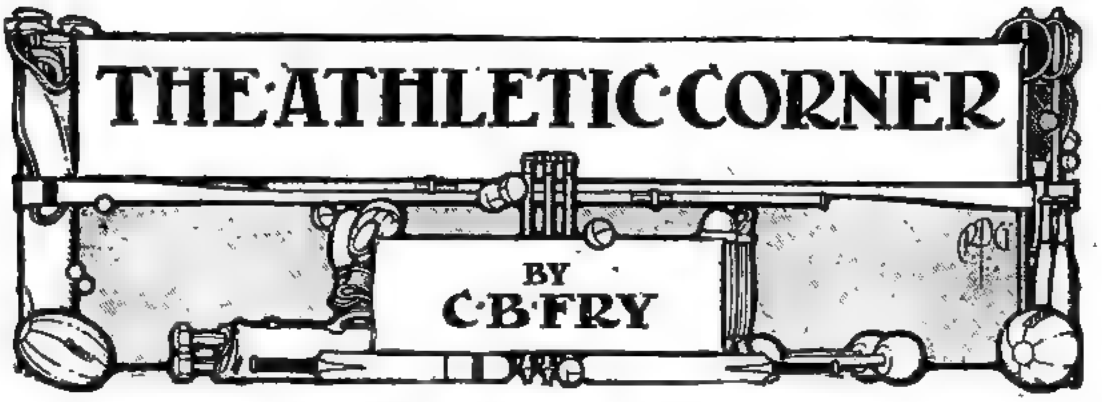
Through the weary years I fought on. One episode only enlivened my life, for I met young Noirtier, now a colonel. Of course, we quarrelled again, and I had the felicity of ending his career by a thrust in tierce. Would that his father had been a younger man!

I fought through nearly all the campaigns. I saw the dreary retreat from Moscow, when General Ney and myself formed the rearguard of the Grand Army; I saw the magnificent manœuvres by which the Emperor fought tenfold numbers in 1814, and I was one of the last to ride away from the fatal field of Waterloo. Yet never did the Emperor show that he knew of my existence. But later, when he was a prisoner in a far-off desolate island, he must have thought of me, for one of the last clauses in his will reads, "I bequeath to Captain Godoy, of the Dragoons, my gold-mounted sabre."

That is all I received for fifteen years' service, but I was well paid. I like to think that when he was a lonely prisoner his thoughts turned to one who, in spite of injustice and ingratitude, was always loyal, whilst others, whom he had loaded with benefits and honours, betrayed him. He thought of the others in his hours of success, he turned to me in the hour of his failure.

This is a typical cricket crowd in front of the Pavilion at the Kennington Oval after a Test Match

Photo by E. Hawkins and Company



ABOUT CRICKET CROWDS.

SOME first-class cricketers of my acquaintance affect to take no notice whatever of the crowd; for them, in theory, crowds no more exist than newspapers. All the same, crowds (and, in parenthesis, newspapers) have a decided effect on cricket. One effect is none other than that of making first-class cricket as now played possible; for the county club nowadays requires a big income to carry on with, and the source of the income is the crowd. Talking of the expenses of county cricket, I am at the present time away in Yorkshire and Lancashire for a week with the Sussex team, and have just received from the Sussex secretary a little cheque for £120—no, dear reader, I am not paid for playing for Sussex; the cheque represents one week's wages to the professionals of our team. So the game comes expensive, and the crowd pays the piper.

But that is the mere business side of the question, a side of the question that the old-world cricketer who writes letters to the papers about the decadence of the modern game, and the evil results of gate-money, does not take into consideration at all.

The crowd also has a distinct influence upon the actual play in the field it encircles. A keen crowd makes a keen game and an apathetic crowd has a demoralising effect upon the play. I hate an apathetic crowd; it creates an atmosphere of don't care. Give me either an enthusiastically well-disposed crowd, or else one that is bitterly hostile. A crowd that cheers you to the echo if you play a ball back to the bowler for no runs puts you in favour with your bat at once. You feel a thrill of enthusiasm, and forthwith produce your best efforts. If a crowd is hostile and lets you know it, then the antagonism in your nature is roused, and you feel bound to fight every ball bowled. Either way, there is some zest in the air.

Of course the temper of a crowd depends a great deal upon the run of the game. When the game shapes into a dramatic crisis, then the crowd works itself up into sympathy. It was a remarkable experience for all present when some years ago Australia for the first time beat England. It was at the Oval. England had a small score to get to win in the fourth innings. Wicket after wicket went down before Spofforth's demon arm. When, towards the end, the issue hung in the balance of a couple of boundary hits, the silence was absolute. Not a whisper. And when the last English batsman was out with seven runs still wanting, for some seconds so still was the crowd that every man might have been of stone. Then suddenly the crowd burst into a tremendous cheer that must have been heard miles away. It was wonderful hearing, that cheer after the silence.

The ordinary crowd at a county match is for the most part fairly impartial in awarding its praise. If you are on the visiting side you generally get a bit of acclamation if you make a good stroke. But the home batsmen are cheered for any stroke whatsoever, so it brings runs to the home side. Fluky snicks between the slips or between your legs and the wickets are as much appreciated on your own ground as your best off-drive.

The crowd, however, has a different attitude towards the real good stroke and the lucky snick. The good stroke is loudly and solemnly applauded—it is a good sound piece of cricket, and is accepted as a serious piece of workmanship. But the lucky snick for two between your legs and the wicket, that is a pungent joy to the crowd; the crowd roars with laughter, not because you had

no idea whatever how you played the ball or how it went where it did, but because the crowd thinks you have done something very artful, and have very neatly taken a point off the bowler.

At the Oval Robert Abel is a tremendous favourite. But the Surrey crowd loves not so much his real fine stroke as any little half hit for one run, any little touch that steers the ball clear of a fielder. The fine stroke is cheered and clapped, but the "ikey" little stroke is received with frenzied delight. Part of the crowd whistles loudly through its fingers and shouts "Bob—eye," with the accent on the "eye." Sometimes when Bobby is going rather slow, and perhaps is not quite at his best, then the crowd may want to know all about it. "What's the matter with yer, A—bel?" comes from the back row. But as a rule the Surrey crowd is kind, and not over-critical. Tom Richardson is a tremendous favourite at the Oval as a batsman. He is invariably received with cheers when he comes out last man in. The crowd expects some fun, and gets it if Tom survives a couple of overs. It does not much matter whether Tom hits the ball or not; what the Oval crowd likes is to see him swing his bat. Indeed, though in many respects a very cricket-loving crowd, there is a vein of frivolity at the Oval. Consequently, Mr. Craig, the Surrey poet, who boasts that though there are others, Tennyson and Longfellow, who can write better poetry than himself, no one can sell poetry as freely, finds plenty of scope for his wit and his wares at the Oval. "Bravo, Surrey, the county of my birth; bravo, Yorkshire, my adopted home," never fails to hit the mark at the Oval.

Now, at Sheffield or Old Trafford, Mr. Craig would not find such a ready audience. The Lancashire and Yorkshire spectators go to see cricket in a serious frame of mind; they want cricket and no frillings. The poet's jokes would appear to them singularly untimely and out of place. The average spectator in the north of England undoubtedly knows more about the game than his counterpart in the south. He goes to the ground for the express and clearly understood purpose of seeing cricket; the southerner sometimes strikes one as having been passing the gate and having just dropped in by chance to see what sort of a game cricket might be. In Lancashire and Yorkshire the crowd cares nothing for reputations. If you play well they take you for a good player; if you play badly you get full credit for it. Your name, whatever it may be, is of no particular value to you. On the other hand, the form and merits of all the home team are known by heart, and every man on the side is expected to make runs, get wickets, and catch catches. The crowd has no particular favourite in either the Lancashire or Yorkshire team—every man is popular and highly commended.

The Yorkshire and Lancashire spectators are by no means lacking in humour. At one period of the match between England and Australia at Old Trafford, in 1899, the Australian batting was very, very slow, and the crowd became very bored. The whole of one huge stand started whistling the Dead March in *Saul*. Can you imagine this tune whistled by about two thousand people with a joker beating time with a rolled-up newspaper? The effect was most curious.

I was fielding on the ropes once at Old Trafford while the Lancashire batsmen were performing badly. "What d'ye think of 'em, Fry?" enquired a Manchester operative. "Well," said I, "they're not doing very well just now." "No," said he, "our lads don't get int' form for three months, and then t' blooming season's over."

Towards the end of his career for Sussex, Walter Humphreys, the lob bowler, had quite grey hair. He turned up at Bramall Lane one day carrying his carpet bag. At the gate he wanted, as a player, to be allowed in gratis, but the man at the gate would not let him in; he did not believe in old men of sixty, he said, playing even for Sussex. So Walter had to shell out for the time being. When he went on to bowl he created much amusement; he did not happen to get wickets, and the crowd shouted: "Tak' t' old man off; put on his gran'son."

In the south of England one rarely comes across an amusing crowd, except sometimes at the Oval. But occasionally funny incidents occur. At Bristol, one Bank Holiday, E. M. Grace was batting. For some reason or other an individual in the crowd was displeased with E. M.'s play, and signified the same in the usual manner. After standing the abuse for about an over and a half, E. M.'s patience was exhausted. "Hold my bat a minute," he said to the wicket-keeper, and made a bee-line for the objectionable point. The abusive man did not wait; he struggled out of the throng and set off for the gates at full speed. E. M. could not get through the ring, so hunter and hunted ran parallel with each other, the one inside, the other outside, the ring. Just as E. M. got through a narrow outlet near the gates he

saw his quarry's heels diving over the turnstiles, so he gave up and returned to the wicket to continue his innings.

There is no doubt that what most delights the crowd everywhere is high, hard hitting. Probably cricket would be nearly half as popular again as it is were six runs allowed for hits over the ropes, and batsmen thus encouraged to go in for high driving. When G. L. Jessop goes in, the crowd, be it ever so apathetic, wakes up into a buzz of anticipation. At each great hit a tremendous shout of approval follows the ball. And if the flashing hitter gets out, you can distinctly feel the crowd subside into itself and disappointment. The Gloucestershire captain is, I think, the batsman above all others that the crowd delights to see. Ranjitsinhji is, of course, followed with peculiar zest. He is so interesting and surprising. But the crowd cannot see what he is doing so well as they can see Jessop's outright driving. The crowd suspects Ranji of intense cunning, and greets his simplest stroke with sympathetic laughter.

At Lord's, when Albert Trott goes in, there is a hum of excitement like that which welcomes Jessop. It is a standing tradition that Trott will try to hit over the pavilion, and everyone expects him to live up to this. He certainly does his best, though he takes in with him a bat weighing about 4lb., because, he says, the extra lb. keeps him steady.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. Orchard.—There is no reason whatever why you should not get up at six o'clock and have a practice at the nets till 8.30 before going to business. But half-an-hour is quite long enough at the nets at a time. If you take exercise like that before breakfast you ought to have some light food before you start. Nothing that I know of is better for this purpose than a cup of Plasmon Cocoa with two or three Plasmon biscuits.

A. Needham.—It is rather difficult for me to offer you advice. If your doctor tells you you must not play cricket, I suppose you must not. I do not see why cricket should be worse for you than any other outdoor exercise. You might try golf and tennis. A goalkeeper has to trust to his own judgment whether to run out or not. Generally speaking, it is better for him to run out and try to stop the forward shooting than to stand still and be shot at. But, of course, it is impossible to give general advice on the point. If a goalkeeper runs out and clears successfully, he is much praised; if his effort does not come off, he is severely blamed. Of course, if you run out you must choose exactly the right moment, and make up your mind to get hold of the ball at all costs. Anything is better than hesitation; if you feel inclined to run out, do so, but do so at once.

P.W.P.F.C.—I wish you every success in your project of forming a football club. You might find some of the information you require in the Badminton volume on Football, but I am not sure. It seems to me that if you have a clear conception of the object of your club, there should be no difficulty in drafting a few simple rules. Elaborate club rules, unless absolutely necessary, are a mistake. You might, perhaps, get some useful advice by writing to the Secretary of any successful club you know of. I am sorry I cannot be of much use to you.

J. Theron.—The colour of the Worcestershire County Cricket Club is plain dark green. The monogram of the Club is, I think, worked on it in yellow. If I were you I would have dark green with a very narrow stripe of yellow about a quarter-of-an-inch broad. Yellow stripes should be about three inches apart. The stripes on the cap might be about one and a-half inches apart, and should run round, not up and down.

G.O.—No one ought to smoke until he is fully grown. And then only moderately. Cigarette smoking of the cheap kind is pure idiocy. The best way to improve your pace is to practise short full speed dashes of about 30 yards. But for football you need activity in turning and dodging as well as mere sprinting power.

Douglas Lewis.—One guinea for six lessons is certainly not out of the way for instruction in boxing, provided the instructor is a capable man. Personally, I prefer light dumb-bells to the exercising appliances now so much advertised. Between the various elastic exercises there is little to choose. Your measurements seem pretty fair.

C. W. Campbell.—I am not quite sure what is the best course to pursue when you get the stitch in a paperchase. Stitch is, I believe, usually simply slight cramp of the inter-costal muscles, that is to say, of the muscles which expand and contract your chest as you breathe. You ask whether it is better to persist or to stop until the stitch disappears. I do not think it is a good thing to persist at the same pressure under which the cramp came on. You should ease down a bit, breathing very gently and carefully for a few hundred yards. Of course, the very fact that you get the stitch proves that you are running without being properly trained. If the respiratory muscles have been gradually developed by previous running over shorter distances, you do not get cramp in them. You will find in many of the books on training now published various exercises described to improve your breathing capacity. These are very useful, and you should pay attention to them.

H.R.W.B.—I am very much obliged for your interesting letter about the Cup ties. My "spot" team, as you call it, has not got into the final after all, but as I spotted it before Christmas, and it got into the semi-final, I do not consider I was a bad prophet. I am glad to hear you appreciated Needham's play. Thickett is a heavy and powerful tackler, and is specially effective, I think, on a muddy ground. Perhaps he was not at his best when you saw him; usually he is a fine kick. The referee you mention is, I agree with you, rather too particular about the minutiæ of the law, and often stops the game when he need not; still, he is very correct. The referee in your school match was wrong, according to the letter of the law. If he penalised a player for tripping anywhere inside the 12 yards line, he was bound to give a penalty kick. Personally, I think the referee ought to be allowed to use his discretion in such a case, as, in fact, your referee did; but at present the law does not allow this.

Augusta Binston and Others.—Please accept my thanks for your good wishes for my birthday. I did not know I had so many friends.

Black Heathen.—I have already answered you as an old lady, an old gentleman, a Japanese, a little girl, and a Frenchman. Perhaps you will explain your protean characters? I twigged right away.

A Future W. Robinson.—Is it J. W. you mean? Him you may well take as your model. I cannot give you very precise instructions about exercises to keep a goalkeeper in form. The only way to become an expert goalkeeper is to get as much practice in goal as possible, with plenty of friends shooting at you. Of course, a goalkeeper needs to be very active and muscular. You might very well, therefore, go in for light dumbbells, gymnastics, jumping, skipping, etc; in fact, all exercises that will make you quick and active. I fear I do not know the names of any secretaries of junior clubs, but surely you can find one in your own district to suit you. Have a look round: and if you cannot find a club, why, found one.

D. Campbell (1) sends an interesting account of the final of the Football Championship of France. Perhaps my readers do not know that there is a French Football Cup? There is. The final was between the Racing Club de France and the Racing Club de Roubaix. It lasted two hours and a half. The latter club won by four goals to three, their centre half shooting a goal from 60 yards on the point of time. (2) I cannot publish the record of your school hockey matches, but it is very interesting to hear that French schools have taken so vigorously to games. I think it is fairly well known over here now that games are going ahead in France. I daresay if you write to the Editor of THE CAPTAIN, he might like an account of the way boys in France have taken to games, of the great difficulties they have experienced, and how they have surmounted them. Especially if you have good photographs to illustrate it. Write to the Editor about it. Thank you very much for the newspaper "Tous les Sports." I had no idea such a paper was published in Paris. I wish English sporting papers were half as well written. How is this for an episode, mes braves? "Peu après, un choc violent autant qu' involuntaire se produit entre la nuque du même Matthey (who just above had trompé les arrières roubaisiens et marqué le premier but pour le R C F) et l'arcade sourcilière d'Ernest Lesur qui est fendue et saigne abondamment." The R C F seems to have lost owing to its excès de confiance and too much "jeu pour la galerie." But the match reads a fine one.

C. E. L. Ward.—Your bat ought to weigh, I should say, just under 2lbs. The proper height of a bat for anyone is such that the top of the bat comes just up to the wrist when he is standing full height with his arm hanging beside him. If you write to any of the makers who advertise in THE CAPTAIN, mentioning the height of the bat you require, you will probably get what you want. Shaw and Shrewsbury's address is Victoria-square, Nottingham. Their bats are excellent.

Oxtab-Pantonian, whatever that may be. No, I did not lose the boot-lace of my boot before the Cup Tie final, but apparently the boot-lace lost its virtue. That boot-lace was only a slight quip. I never said I preferred knickerbockers to skirts for girls to play games in. I merely voted for knickers as against under-petticoats. But, anyway, the right kind of knickerbockers, such as I have seen in Paris, as a matter of fact, look exactly like short skirts; they are full and flowing. But, mind you, I don't fancy myself as an authority on ladies' dress. French girls manage to look very nice in those clothes. It is very difficult to say who are the best batsmen and the best bowlers in England. I think Ranjitsinhji is the best batsman, but then he plays for Sussex. There are various kinds of bowlers, and you really cannot compare one of one kind with one of another. Rhodes and Hirst of Yorkshire were the most successful last season. If I can get you the autographs I will, but it is rather doubtful.

Sports.—Many thanks for your commiserations about the Cup. It is impossible to get satisfactory public school records for athletic sports. The conditions are so various; some of the sports are held on grass, and others on cinder tracks, and so on. The records of your school are very good indeed. But 10 2-5th seconds for the 100 yards appears to me a trifle too good to be true. I certainly think that you ought to have gone on with your jumping after 5 feet 8 inches as an under-fifteener. I am very much in favour of inter-school athletic meetings, if they can be satisfactorily organised. I also think that athletic sports ought to be organised at schools as nearly as possible on the same lines as cricket and football. Forms and Houses ought to compete against one another just as they do in games; and boys ought to be taught how to run and jump.

C. H. Regan.—I have handed on your postcard to the Stamp Editor. When I saw your question, "Are British colonials good for investing?" I thought you had mistaken me for the City Editor of THE CAPTAIN: a functionary as yet unappointed.

Too Fat.—No, sir, taking everything into consideration, I do not think you are too heavy.

W. C. Parkinson.—Do I think that intoxicating liquors in any form aid the performance of any physical exertions or retard them? Well, my opinion is that for success in athletics it is best to eschew all forms of alcohol. But there is no doubt that wine is useful as a medicine if a man is stale or jaded. If you do take wine, and you had far better not, only take it with your food.

Corinthian (HONG KONG).—Yes, I think Mr. Burnup was Captain of the Association Team at Cambridge, but I am not quite sure. He has not played for some time now, consequently Mr Corbett, who plays regularly, must at the present time be considered the better player. I have complied with your request about the autograph.

H. Scholfield.—The team that you have chosen to represent the British Isles would certainly give a good account of itself. But there are so many good players nowadays that a couple more teams might be picked likely enough to beat the one you have chosen. I have never seen Meredith play, but I have often been told by good judges that he is the best outside right of the day. Yes, I can play left back just as well as right; in fact, I rather prefer it.

C. G. S.—Thank you for your information. Yes, the book I was thinking of is "With Bat and Ball; or, Twenty-five Years of Australian and Anglo-Australian Cricket," by George Giffen. It is published by Ward, Lock and Co.

Chum.—I do not know why it is that both the Corinthians and Queen's Park are just at present weaker than they used to be. They certainly are, but I see no reason why they should not regain their pristine vigour. Both matches between Southampton and Sheffield United for the Cup were very close and even. Although Sheffield won by 2 goals to 1 in the second match, Southampton had just as much of the game. When a team loses, the critics look

for its faults in order to explain the loss; when a team wins the critics look for its good points in order to explain the win. That is why you see such different accounts of a team in the newspapers when it loses from when it wins.

E. Gray.—No. Yes: both. Yes. It depends. No. Yes. No. No. There you are: and I have answered you also by post.

H. L. Dobrée.—The Bussey "Demon Driver" is all right if you pick the right one. I had one once that turned out a clinker; it was the first bat I used up at Oxford. I do not know anything about the compo. ball Bussey makes. As a rule, compo. balls spoil bats; but this may be a new sort. You should always begin a new bat on an old leathern ball. I well remember being caught by Wrathall on the boundary at Bristol, and a first-rate silly stroke it was.

N. de P. Orcae.—I am indeed surprised to hear the O.F. has not answered you. Persevere with him: he is an old man and needs reminding of things. Don't be "raggy" with him. I do not play hockey, and I do not consider it equal to football. No, I do not consider skill in batting is advanced by playing on a field so crowded with games that you have to look all ways at once. Worn turf makes batting difficult but gives good practice in defence.

F. E. B.—Sorry you did not look me up at Taunton. Rather, I remember the ride Sammy Woods and I enjoyed with you at Grahamstown. On the contrary, I think you are very wise to take in THE CAPTAIN.

K. M. Holman.—1. Enquire present price of "Book of Cricket" from Geo. Newnes, Ltd. 2. I know of no book giving the hockey clubs. You might find out by writing to the Editor of *The Field*. 3. "Demon" rackets are good: so are Feltham's: it is a mere matter of which you prefer. Good luck to your love of games!

D. M. B.—You are evidently out of training; try walking as much as possible, and a short run daily, increasing the distance as you find you can. I should try and play both hockey and cricket, if I were you; both good games. I do not think they ought to make anyone ill; they never did me. I never edited THE CAPTAIN. The O.F. has been editor from No. 1. Yes, I am very fond of riding, but have not time for much.

Scot.—What very bad luck, my boy. But never mind, make the best of it. Much of the finest work in the world has been done by fellows who would have had no chance of passing the medical exam. for the Army. It is most disappointing being cut off games, if you are fond of them. Still, there are other pursuits that may interest you. Perhaps you will get better of your ill-health. Live as much as possible out of doors. You are a bit light for your height, but that does not matter much. Look me up if you come to Brighton again: I shall be glad to see you.

F. Carpenter.—No game requires more brains than cricket. But in football quick wits are valuable. I should say judgment is equally valuable in both games.

Carlow.—Your method of training is first-rate. Milk is splendid for you if it suits you; some people cannot take it. Do not eat too much meat; it is a mistake. Have you tried Plasmon? I find it excellent. This is late for you, so I answered you by post.

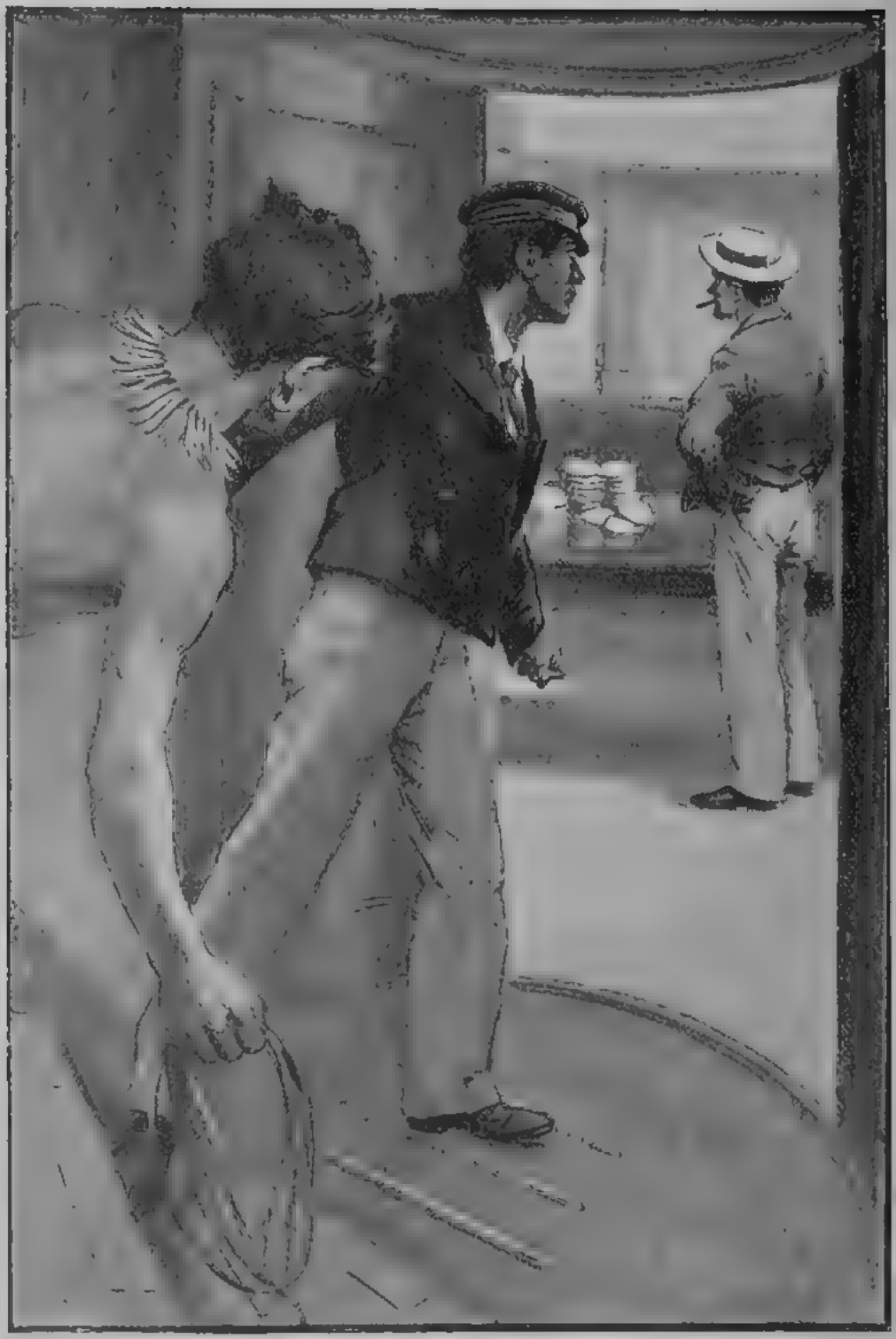
Inquisitive.—1. The qualification rule in county cricket is the same for amateurs and professionals. 2. Five minutes skipping is ample time. 3. Your proportions are good, though you are on the small side. It is kind of you to wish me success: I will try.

W. Stamforth.—The only way to handicap satisfactorily for the long jump is to find out the best previous performance of each competitor, and adjust the allowances accordingly. You might try six inches a year, but I doubt whether this would work well. For boys of 11 to 15 a cricket pitch of 20 yards with a small ball. Each boy should have a bat to suit him. Stumps need not be reduced in size.

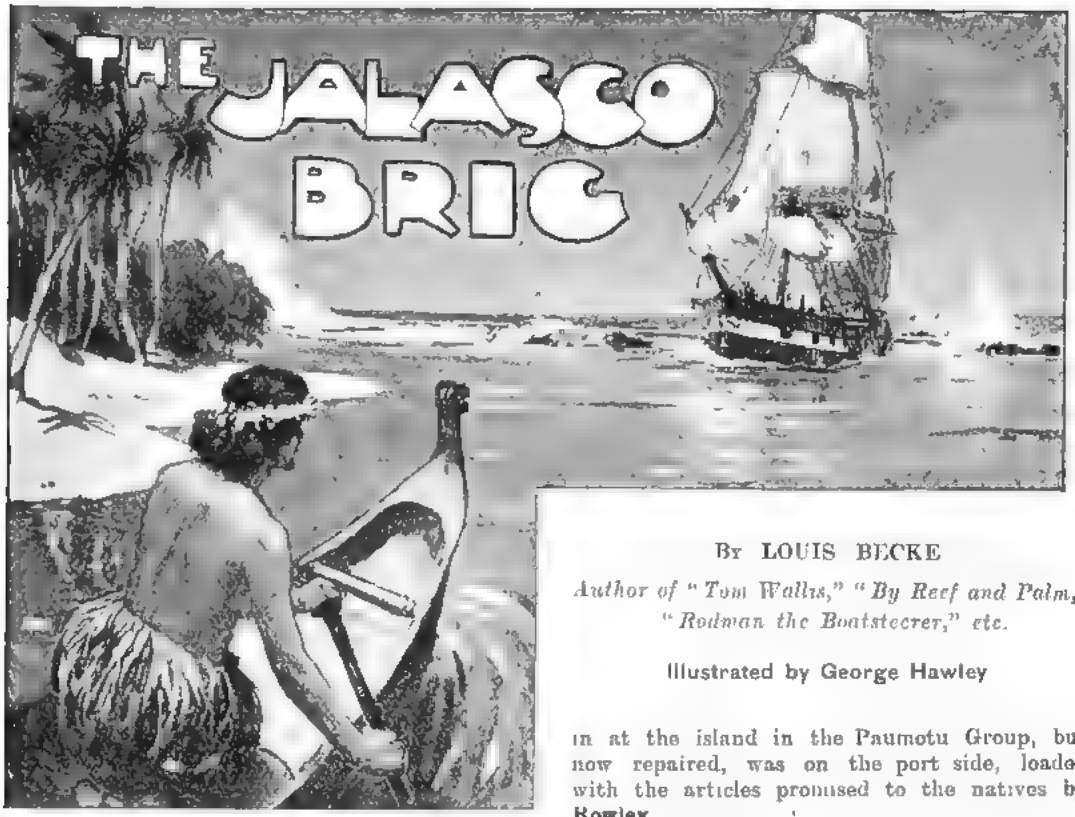
C. B. Fry

MOORED TO THE BOTTOM.

ABSENT-MINDED BROWNIE: "I wonder why I can't get this punt to move!"



MERRILL WAS STANDING NEAR THE TABLE. (See page 333)



By LOUIS BECKE

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm," "Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley

KINGSTON, a skipper in the employ of Forestier, a wealthy Valparaiso shipowner, is promised the command of a fine brig, the *Jalasco*, which Forestier has recently purchased. Unfortunately, however, before taking over his new command, Kingston asks Forestier for the hand of his pretty daughter, Rosa. Enraged by what he considers the young skipper's presumption, Forestier dismisses Kingston from his service. A little later Kingston is rather mysteriously engaged to act as second mate on the brig *Blossom* (Captain Rowley). Kingston has not been aboard long when certain circumstances lead him to suspect that there has been foul play on the ship, and subsequently he learns from the black boatswain, Worcester, that the *Blossom* is really the *Jalasco*, but has been "pirated" by Rowley and his first mate, Merrill, and some scoundrels in their pay. Thereupon he determines to recapture the brig as soon as opportunity offers. Before many days have passed Worcester is assassinated by the crew, so Kingston has to make his effort alone. The *Jalasco* puts in to the island of Nukufetau for repairs, and Kingston promises to give the natives many handsome presents if they will assist him. They agree to his terms, and he explains his plans to them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOISTING OF THE COLOURS.

THE *Jalasco* was ready for sea again. All her guns, stores, and water were aboard; the hides, closely steeved in the lower hold, made on their upper layer a surface as smooth as a board; and aloft she was as spick and span as a new pin.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the captain's boat was alongside, ready to take him on shore. A second boat, that which had been stove in at the island in the Paumotu Group, but now repaired, was on the port side, loaded with the articles promised to the natives by Rowley.

From the shore came the clamour of many voices. Natives could be seen hurrying to and fro among the houses of the main village, and carrying baskets of food to the *fale kaupule*, or council house, where the captain was to be entertained, and every now and then a conch shell would sound a deep, weirdly resonant note.

On the deck of the brig everything was in order, and Merrill, who was awaiting the captain's appearance, kept glancing up aloft with a sailor's pride—and he was a born sailor-man—at the trim spars, with the neatly furled sails tapering gracefully from their carefully smoothed and rounded bunts to each slender yard-arm end.

Kingston, his heart beating high with expectation of what the next hour or two would bring forth, but outwardly calm and indifferent, was on the poop, studiously sewing at a new fore-topgallant staysail. Rowley had pressed him to come ashore, but he had declined, saying—what was absolutely true—that he had plenty of work to do on board before the brig lifted her anchor again.

Soon after ten, Rowley came on deck. He was dressed with some degree of care, and his always florid face was more florid than usual; it was very evident that he was highly elated.

"I'm sorry you won't come ashore with me,"

he said to Kingston, "you'll miss a lot of fun. There will be a big dance of about three hundred young men and women, and I've promised the chief that after all the junketing is over on shore, as many people as we have room for can come aboard, and we'll fire the guns for 'em. Get everything ready, Mr. Merrill; give each gun a double blank charge, rammed well home, and have the muzzles well greased—Portugee nigger fashion—to make a big noise."

"You'll find such a lot of people on the decks a great nuisance," said Kingston, with apparent indifference, "as it is, a lot of canoes are sure to be coming off, crowded with natives, bringing their farewell presents of food and other gear, while you are ashore."

"Oh, well, we must try and put up with 'em," remarked Rowley, "it won't do to offend 'em at the last moment."

AS THEY CAME PADDLING TOWARDS THE SHIP THEY SANG MELODIOUSLY TOGETHER.

"No, I suppose we'll have to put up with them," said Kingston, in a tone of discontent, "but our decks will be in a pretty mess after we get clear of them."

This remark freed Merrill's mind of the very last vestige of doubt concerning Kingston. He was now certain that he was as eager as Rowley and himself to leave the island, and at any moment was likely to come to them and announce his determination to "stand in" with them.

Rowley stepped into his own boat, which was manned by four hands, and, accompanied by the other, containing his presents for the natives, pulled ashore, leaving on board his two officers and seven men. Of these seven, only the sentry on the topgallant fo'c'sle was armed with a carbine and cutlass, although the rest carried their knives in their belts. The mate, as Kingston knew, habitually carried a pistol; and aft, on the poop-deck, where the natives were never allowed in greater numbers than half-a-dozen at a time, there were always kept a dozen carbines, loaded and capped, and ready for instant use, except that they were concealed from view by a couple of hammocks spread over them in case of rain, and to prevent the heavy night dews from rusting them. Every morning these carbines were carefully examined by Merrill, who had several times fired and reloaded them since they had been placed there; and Kingston could not but admire the man's continuous caution, even when there appeared to be not the slightest necessity for it. Rowley had twice suggested that these arms should be taken below, or put entirely out of sight, as their presence implied a distrust of the natives, and was likely to be a cause of offence, if not resentment, but Merrill had protested strongly, and appealed to Kingston for his opinion, and the latter, for reasons of his own, of course, sided with the mate and said it would be as well to leave them where they were.

"Just so," said Merrill, "guess we should look pretty sick if a muss did occur, and we were cut off from access to the poop. The men can't work about the deck carrying guns, but they know where to get them if they did want them."

An hour after Rowley had gone ashore, Kingston was still sewing at the staysail; Merrill was engaged with two or three of the men in re-stowing a few small articles in the lazarette, and the rest of the crew were at various tasks on deck. Suddenly the sound of a chorus of many voices came from the shore, and, rising to his feet, the second officer saw a long procession of natives of both sexes marching down from the village to the boats.

"Tell Señor Merrill he's wanted on deck," he said to one of the men, "one of the boats is coming off with a lot of canoes."

Merrill came on deck, and looked at the approaching boat, which was crowded with natives and was accompanied by eight or ten canoes. He could see that there were a number of women in both canoes and boat, and as they came paddling towards the ship, they sang melodiously together.

Kingston went below with leisurely step. Once inside his cabin, he put on his coat, thrust a loaded pistol in the breast pocket, then returned to the poop, and, with the unsuspecting Merrill, awaited the arrival of their visitors.

The boat came alongside first. She was deeply laden with baskets of cooked food—such as fish, pork, bread-fruit, and taro—all of which were passed up on deck. Then the occupants of the boat, some twenty or more of native men and

women, followed. The boat was then veered astern, and the canoes, each of which was manned by four or five stalwart men, and contained live pigs and fowls, came to the side, and the natives clambered on deck, laughing and singing and apparently bent on enjoying themselves.

In a few minutes they were fraternising with the crew, two of them, with several young girls, going up on the topgallant foc'sc'le to the armed sentry, and placing a basket of young drinking cocoanuts at his feet. Fonu, who was in charge of the party, came aft with another native and ascended to the poop, where he engaged in conversation with the two officers.

"When is the captain coming off?" asked Merrill.

"Very soon," replied the native, who, nonchalantly filling his pipe, was eagerly awaiting an opportunity to whisper a word to Kingston. It soon came.

"I daresay the women would like some biscuits, Fonu," said Merrill, "I'll tell the steward."

The moment he was out of sight, Fonu turned to Kingston.

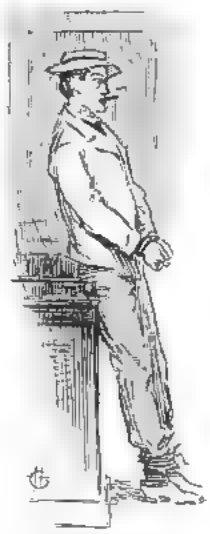
"We are ready. See, close beside every sailor are two or three of our men. When *you* are ready I need but call."

"Then be prepared. As soon as I fling my arms around the mate, you know what to do; first *saisai le gutu*" (gag him) "and then tie his hands behind his back. Here is cord," and he handed him some spun yarn. "Now, follow me."

He turned and descended into the cabin. Merrill was standing near the table, watching the steward putting out piles of biscuits.

He was about to move aside to let his subordinate pass, when Kingston suddenly threw his arms around him in a vice-like grip.

"You are my prisoner, Mr. Merrill!"



MERRILL PUFFED CONTENTEDLY.

Ere the astonished officer could utter a word, Fonu had gagged him effectually with a strip of soft, beaten bark; and the terrified steward was seized by the throat by a second native, who held a knife to his heart. He submitted to be gagged without a murmur.

"Attempt to move, and you are dead men," said Kingston to the prisoners as they were marched along to the end of the main cabin, "this man," and he pointed to the grim, nude figure of the warrior who had seized the steward, "will kill you the moment you make the slightest noise."

He stooped and examined the lashings on their hands, then, going to his cabin, returned with a carpenter's broad axe—a fearful-looking weapon—which he placed in the hand of the native with a significant gesture, and muttering something to him in his own tongue.

"I don't want to hurt you, Merrill," he said earnestly, "but I implore you, if you value your life, not to let this man think you meditate freeing yourself. I have told him to cut you down without mercy, if you move. In five minutes I will take that brutal gag off."

In another instant he was gone, with faithful Fonu at his heels. The moment they gained the poop, the laughter and sounds of merriment on the main deck seemed to cease as if by magic, and the crew looked up in wonder. Then Fonu, stepping to the break of the poop, clapped his hands.

In a moment a score of natives threw themselves upon the seamen, who, without even a cry, were overpowered and bound.

"Down into the hold with them," cried Kingston, as he tore off the hammocks from the carbines on the poop, and passed them to a dozen natives, who followed the prisoners below with instructions to fell the first man that made any effort to free himself.

Then he darted to the signal locker, took out the brig's colours, and hoisted them at the gaff. It was the signal he had agreed upon with Potiri to announce the recapture of the ship. A loud sonorous shout from five hundred throats answered it, and he knew that Rowley and his men were being made prisoners.

Then, again attended by Fonu and some of the natives, he re-entered the cabin, and went into Merrill's state room, from which he took a dozen pairs of handcuffs—all that were on board. Throwing ten pairs on the table, he came up to the mate, cut the lashings which bound his hands, and took off the gag.

"All the crew who are on board are prisoners; so, by this time, are Captain Rowley and those with him. The ship is in my hands. I am sorry I had to gag you, but it could not be helped. Now I shall have to put these on."

Merrill quietly held out his wrists for the handcuffs. "You've done the thing smartly, I must say. But you needn't ornament me with these bracelets. I give in."

Kingston shook his head. "I believe you—but I must be careful. Rowley will be here to

keep you company presently; and, until I get clear of you both, you must wear these things."

"Just so," said the imperturbable American, without the slightest anger in his voice or manner, "but I'd like to think out, over a cigar, why I was such a blazing idiot. There's a pile on my table."

Kingston brought him a couple of cigars, and Merrill, raising his manacled hands, lit one from a match held by his captor, and puffed it contentedly.

"You needn't put the matches in your pocket on my account," he drawled, "I'm not big enough fool to try to do any mischief with them. Reckon Rowley won't like this turn-up any more than I do. Are you going to leave anyone here to minister to my wants in the way of liquid refreshment during these interesting proceedings?"

Kingston laughed, and helped him to a drink. Then he went on deck, just as the captain's boat, now manned by natives, came alongside, with Rowley and the four seamen who had gone ashore with him, securely bound.

They were at once brought on board, and something like pity came into Kingston's heart when he saw Rowley's face, and met his glance. For the moment he did not speak to him, but motioned to Fonu to cut the thin lashing of cinnet which confined his hands and feet.

"I have no choice but to put handcuffs on you, Captain Rowley," he said, "the ship is mine now, and the mate and all the crew are prisoners. I am taking her back to Valparaiso."

Rowley made no answer. He seemed half-dazed, for he had made a desperate resistance, and it had taken half a dozen men to overpower him when old Potiri had given the signal for him to be seized. However, he went quietly below, and was placed beside Merrill. A number of natives stood guard over them.

Then, presently, moved by a not unnatural sentiment of pity, Kingston had them both taken into the cuddy, where they could not see and hear what was to follow—i.e., the rewarding of old Potiri and the head men.

Kingston scrupulously fulfilled his promises to the natives, and, soon after noon, old Potiri and a number of natives, after bidding him a warm farewell, left the brig in half a dozen deeply laden canoes.

Another hour passed, during which time the two prisoners in the cuddy heard the sound of much preparation going on on deck, and then suddenly Rowley said gaspingly to Merrill:

"By heavens, I believe he's getting under weigh. I hear the windlass."

Merrill nodded, but made no answer, and Rowley, bending his head upon his chest, gave himself up to his own bitter reflections. Then they heard Kingston come into the cabin, where he remained for some time, evidently very busy.

Presently the cuddy door was opened, and Kingston entered, followed by Fonu and some of the islanders. Without speaking, he went up to Rowley and unlocked his handcuffs.

"Come into the cabin," he said quietly but firmly.

CHAPTER XII.

TOWARDS THE RISING SUN.

ONE brief glance at the throng of armed natives, who all but filled the main cabin, showed the captain that resistance meant death.

"Sit down, please," said Kingston, trying not to speak with unnecessary harshness, for he really pitied Rowley when he looked at him—the man seemed to have aged suddenly.

They sat down and waited for their captor to speak.

"As I told you, I am taking this brig to Valparaiso, and, by God's help, I hope to re-establish my name as an honest man. If I did my full duty, I should keep you both—and the crew as well—in irons until we reached there, when I could hand you all over to the proper authorities. But I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of keeping anyone in irons on such a long voyage as is before me. Neither could I liberate you. I shall have to beat against the south-east trades for at least a thousand miles before I get a slant that will enable me to reach the coast of South America. I have no one on board but natives to work the ship. And you know, as well as I do, what it would mean to you if I did take you back."

Neither of them answered, though Rowley heaved a quick, gasping sigh.

"Now, this is what I have decided to do," resumed Kingston; "I have fitted out the long-boat in such a manner that she will easily carry you and all the crew anywhere under a thousand miles. She is provided with a month's provisions and water, and I am giving you a sextant, chart, and the best boat compass on board. Neither of you are navigators?"

Rowley shook his head.

"Well, that doesn't matter. Ninety miles south-west from this island is Funafuti. It is a big island, and you can't possibly miss it. There are one or two white men living there, and the place is well-known to the American whaling-fleet. Ships touch there pretty frequently. What you do after you get there

doesn't matter to me. I daresay you can spin as likely a yarn as you spun me in Arica."

"Go ahead with your discourse," said Merrill, "but cut it as short as you can."

Kingston nodded. "I'll make it as short as I can, I assure you, for the sooner we are clear of each other, the better I'll like it."

Then he pointed to a pile of articles on the cabin table.

"I've gone through both of your cabins, and have had all your private effects taken out. In your cabin, Captain Rowley, I found some money which I suppose belongs to you—about three thousand dollars?"

"It's mine," said Rowley sullenly.

"Well, there it is. And with it is the five hundred dollars you advanced me in Arica; that sum I took out of the sixty thousand dollars belonging to Moreno Brothers. Whether I am doing wrong or not, I have not the time to consider, but, anyway, there is your money. All your gear, Merrill, is there also—money, papers, and clothing."

"You are a right good sort of Britisher," said the American, "and I wish you luck."

Unheeding the interruption, Kingston resumed.

"I am giving you six carbines and plenty of ammunition, in case you might need arms; you will find the powder and ball headed up in a water breaker. The boat is so fitted and so well found that you could keep to sea for a couple of months if you had to do so. But if you steer S.W., you'll be in Funafuti Lagoon in forty-eight hours after you leave here. You have a good compass—the best I can spare. That is all. You can get your gear together and start in ten minutes. The boat is alongside, all ready."

A quarter of an hour later, Rowley, Merrill, and the crew of the *Jalasco* descended into the boat and pushed off. Merrill alone made a sign of farewell to Kingston, who answered it with a wave of his hand. In half an hour they were outside the reef, and, hoisting the fore and aft mainsail and jib, stood away for Funafuti.

Long afterwards Kingston learned that they reached the island safely, and from there went to Japan in a New Bedford whaler. What became of them eventually he never heard.

* * * * *

Long ere the boat was out of sight there was renewed activity on board the *Jalasco*, for her new crew of wild, excited islanders, aided by scores of their countrymen, had hove short her cable, and now, with her topsails hoisted and sheeted home, she strained gently at her anchor, buried deep in the coral forest below, as if anxious to be once more slapping the swelling seas aside with her sharp outwater.

ROWLEY, MERRILL AND THE CREW OF THE JALASCO DESCENDED INTO THE BOAT.

Kingston, pacing to and fro on the poop, watched the last of the shore-going natives descend into their canoes. All round the ship were scores of other canoes, filled with people who had come to say good-bye to Fonu and the new crew.

When the farewells were over, Kingston cried out sharply:

"Heave away, boys."

And with a wild cry, which was taken up by the people in the canoes surrounding the brig,

the waiting crew sprang to the windlass, and as the anchor lifted, the *Jalasco* canted off to starboard, and under topsails and staysails only, began to slip over the smooth waters of the lagoon towards the passage through the reef, Fonu and three or four of his countrymen working like tigers to get the anchor aboard and secured in seamanlike fashion.

Once outside the passage, Kingston hauled to the wind, and let the brig run close along the roaring line of leaping surf on the barrier reef till he was abreast of the village, for the islet of Teanamu, on which it stood, was so narrow that the houses could be seen from either the inside of the lagoon, or from the ocean on the western side.

As the brig backed her main yard and lay gracefully dipping her sharp bows into the ocean swell just beyond the white line of surf, the whole population of the atoll gathered together under the line of waving palms fringing the shore, and a mighty shout came from nearly a thousand throats as her ten guns bellowed out a farewell salute.

And then the *Jalasco* filled again, and stood away on her long, long voyage towards the rising sun.

On the fourteenth day out from Nukufetau, Danger Island was sighted, so, running in close to the reef, Kingston hove to and fired a gun. A fleet of canoes shot out from the lagoon, and the first man to board the brig was José Pimental, who almost wept with joy and excitement as he sprang towards the captain, and embraced him in his impulsive fashion. And then once more the *Jalasco* turned to the east.

* * *

Early one morning, and nearly eight weeks after those on board the brig had seen the low line of palms on Nukufetau sink below the horizon, two men were galloping over a country road ten miles from Valparaiso. One was Kingston's storekeeper friend, the other was Kingston himself. Presently they came to a little, noisy stream, and drew rein. Half a mile away they could discern the roof of Captain Forestier's house, showing through the trees.

"Come, let us push on," said Kingston's friend, "we must get there before they go to breakfast."

They rode straight up the wide path to the door, and the first man to see them was the old merchant. He was standing in the porch, smoking his cigar. His stern grey eyes lit up with amazement when he perceived who was one of his visitors.

Kingston jumped off his horse.

"Just come ashore, sir," he said politely, touching his hat, "the *Jalasco* is in port, safe and sound."

Captain Forestier held out both his hands. "God knows you are welcome," he said huskily, "even had you come without my ship, which I never expected to hear of again."

He drew them inside quietly to his study, and closed the door, and for half an hour they remained together, whilst Kingston related his strange story.

Then Captain Forestier, with misty eyes, went to his daughter's bedroom.

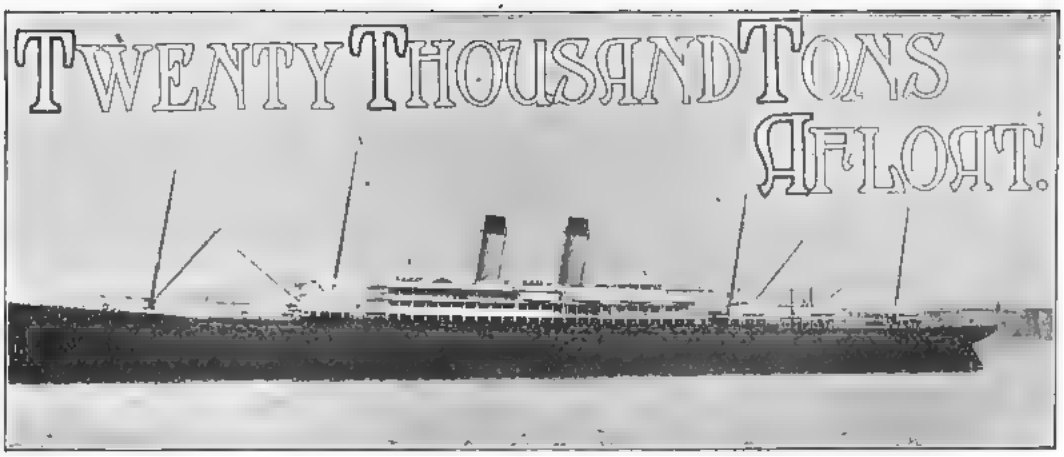
"Rosa, dear. Come here; I want you."

"What is it, father?", and Rosa Forestier, looking paler and sadder than of yore, opened the door.

"Go to my room, my dear," said the old man, kissing her tenderly, "there is someone waiting for you—some one whom you love dearly, and whom I shall be proud to call my daughter's husband."

THE END.

Twenty Thousand Tons Afloat.

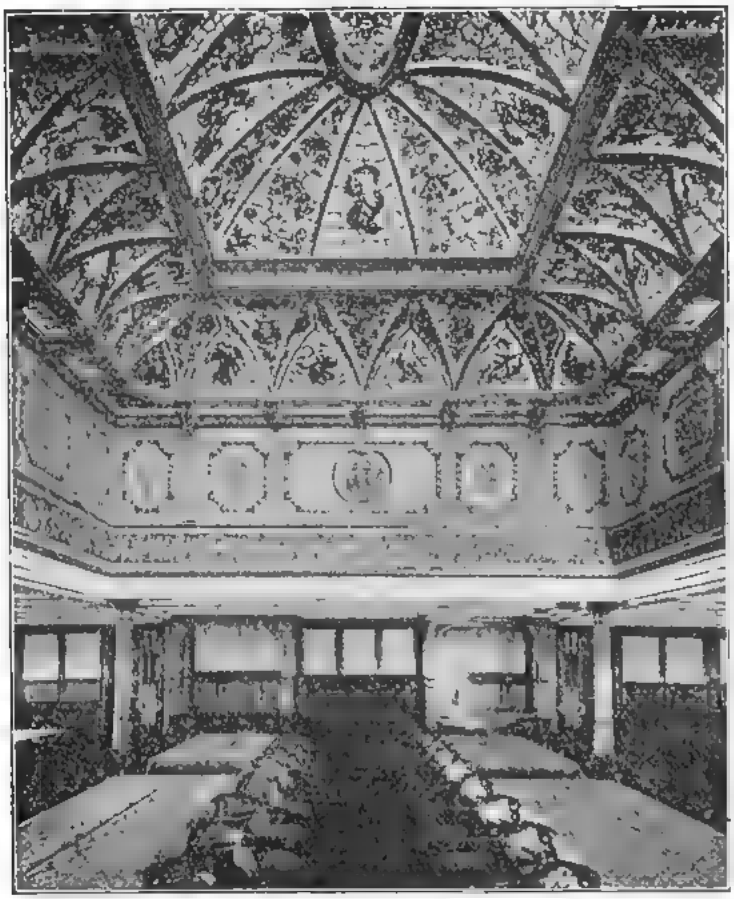


THE "CELTIC"—THE LARGEST FLOATING PALACE USED THIS YEAR BY AMERICAN VISITORS TO THE CORONATION.

IN the article on the "Atlantic Ferry," published last year in the June and July numbers of THE CAPTAIN, an illustration was given of the *Celtic* as she appeared shortly before launching at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard, Belfast. Since then this huge vessel—the largest steamship afloat—has been completed and has made many journeys to the United States and back. A further interest attaches to this fine vessel on account of the fact that she is the biggest steamer in the huge fleet controlled by the "Atlantic Shipping Trust" brought into being a few months since by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and also as she is typical of the luxurious floating palaces in which thousands of well-to-do Americans have crossed the herring pond on their way to see the Coronation celebrations of King Edward VII. We are enabled to publish this description through the courtesy of the managers of the White Star Line, who sent us the excellent series of photographs from which the accompanying illustrations are reproduced.

The two largest vessels in the world—the *Oceanic* and the *Celtic*—both fly the White Star flag, but while the former is a mail and passenger steamer of the largest

THIS GIVES YOU SOME IDEA OF THE MAGNITUDE OF THE "CELTIC" AND HER TWIN PROPELLERS.



DOME IN FIRST SALOON.

size and highest type, the latter is known as an intermediate ship; not as fast as the *Oceanic*, but yet speedy. Moreover, the *Celtic* combines large cargo capacity with good passenger accommodation for a great number of people of all classes—from the multi-millionaire to the emigrant with a little capital to start him afresh in the new world—arranged on the best and most approved principles; the greatest advantage, from the passenger's point of view, being derived from the exceptional size and breadth of the steamer.

Despite her great size and tonnage, the skill of the designers and workmen at the great shipbuilding yard at Queen's Island, Belfast, has endowed the *Celtic* with a grace and symmetry often lacking in much smaller vessels. In fact, when you first catch sight of her on the river either at New York or Liverpool your feeling is one of disappointment, for her gracefulness somewhat minimises her magnitude. But when she is forging ahead through stormy seas, in mid-ocean, or quietly lying in dry dock at her Mersey home, her surroundings are calculated to give you a more realistic idea of her true size and strength. The *Celtic's* launching weight far exceeded that of anything ever before produced, being 14,257 tons; her deadweight carrying capacity is about 18,400 tons; whilst her gross register tonnage is 20,904—that of the *Oceanic* being 17,274 tons.

Here are a few interesting particulars as to the *Celtic's* dimensions, and then we will have done with figures. Her total length is 700 feet, her beam is 75 feet (7 feet wider than the *Oceanic*), and her depth 49 feet. She was the first vessel ever built to exceed 20,000 tons, and the displacement of this huge vessel at her load draft is 38,200 tons, a figure which but a few years ago would have seemed incredible as applied to a ship. She has no less than nine decks, and all can be divided off into numerous water-tight compartments. There is accommodation in all for nearly 3,000 passengers, besides quarters for a crew of about 350. The size of the funnels is 14 feet 3 inches by 11 feet, and their height 131 feet above the top of the keel.

Atlantic liners have better claims to the title of floating hotels than any other form of vessel, not merely on account of their luxurious accommodation, but also because the duration of their voyages is so short that there is not enough time for the majority of the passengers to find their sea legs, so to speak, and take a part in the usual methods of whiling away the time employed on vessels bound for other more distant parts of the world, when the passage takes from three to six weeks. Although the *Celtic* is not one of the swiftest of the Atlantic liners, she is, nevertheless, one of the most popular, as her good sea-going qualities, steadiness, airy rooms, and spacious promenades are appreciated by large numbers of people bent on pleasure rather than business, and consequently not in a hurry to make the passage

from the new world to the old in the smallest possible margin of time. Besides this, there is an absence of vibration in slower running and less powerful engines which cannot possibly be obtained to the same degree with machinery of higher power.

But though at first sight the outward appearance of the *Celtic* may be a trifle disappointing, if you have expected to be impressed by her immensity, your expectations will be exceeded the moment you step on deck, and, as the accompanying illustrations bear witness, on boarding her for the first time, you cannot fail to be astounded at the vast proportions of this greatest of great ships. One exceptionally imposing feature is the first-class dining saloon. Situated on the upper deck, it extends the full width of the ship—75 feet—is lofty and airy, and contains seating accommodation for over 300 people. One of our illustrations shows the handsome domed skylight in the centre of the saloon, through which a beautiful soft light falls. The first class accommodation is all amidships on the upper decks (upper, bridge, upper-bridge and boat decks), and the number of such passengers provided for is 353. Aft, on the upper and bridge decks, there is housing for quite 160 second class passengers—excellent, not only in regard to bedrooms and bath-rooms, but also in saloon, smoking and library accommodation. It frequently happens that these quarters are mistaken for the first class; and even then praised for their comfortableness. The majority of the third class passengers are provided for on the upper, middle, and lower decks. Not many years have passed since their large and comfortably furnished dining, sitting, and smoking-rooms would have been considered the height of luxury for saloon passengers. The ventilation in this and all other parts of the ship is effected by a system of electric and steam fans, as well as by natural means; the currents of air are carried along shafts, and are fully subject to regulation.

Next to the engines, the most interesting parts of this great ship are undoubtedly the culinary and stewards' departments. To cater for some 3,000 people is no small matter. In the *Celtic* there are three galleys; the first class is fitted up with a large double-fronted cooking range, many of the roasters and other implements being driven by electric motors. This galley contains numerous ingenious contrivances, including a large steam cooking range containing eight ovens. There are also improved silver grills, steam stockpots, hot closets, and ovens for bread and pastry, so well arranged that even if they did not form part and parcel of the biggest ship in the world they would be interesting to visit on their own account. The third class galley contains what is said to be the most complete steam cooking plant afloat.

The accompanying photograph of a corner of the *Celtic's* engine room gives but an inadequate idea of its enormous size. Looking down from the topmost gallery through a maze of pulsating machinery it seems as if the lights

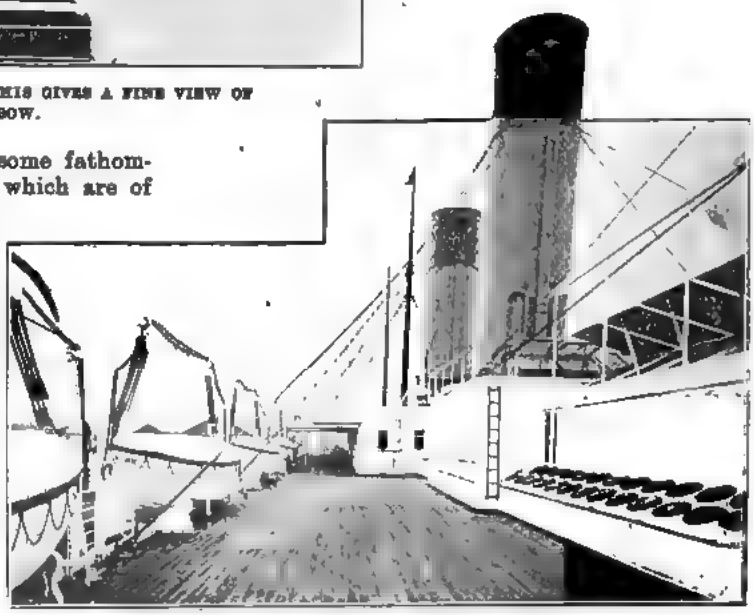
A CORNER IN THE ENGINE ROOMS.

THE "CELTIC" IN DRY DOCK. THIS GIVES A FINE VIEW OF HER GRACEFUL BOW.

below illumine the descent of some fathomless pit. The *Celtic's* engines, which are of the Harland and Wolff quadruple expansion balanced type, drive her at considerably less consumption of coal than is required for a vessel of extreme speed.

But more weird by far is the stokehold. Here are the great steamship's rows of fiery mouths, which need most careful feeding by the grimy, sweating stokers. Theirs is the most arduous work of all on board—though in the *Celtic* everything possible is done to improve the ventilation of the stokehold, and by the aid of many ingenious labour-saving appliances and short shifts to render their work more tolerable. The boilers are made of "mild" steel, having a tenacity of 28 tons to the square inch, so that it will be readily understood they are able to bear a great pressure of steam. Before being admitted to the boiler the water is distilled and heated by a condenser. The cold sea-water is pumped into numerous tubes, which pass through a chamber, into which the waste steam is allowed to escape. This is rapidly done by contact with the cold tubes of sea-water. In this manner some 4,000 tons of water can be dealt with in an hour.

The *Celtic*, being built both for passenger and cargo purposes, has holds of immense capacity, such spaces having never been seen afloat before. The hatches serving them are of great size, and everything necessary to handle the cargo into and out of the ship is supplied in accordance with the owners' long experience in this department of marine transportation.



ONE OF THE PROMENADE DECKS.

By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

VII.

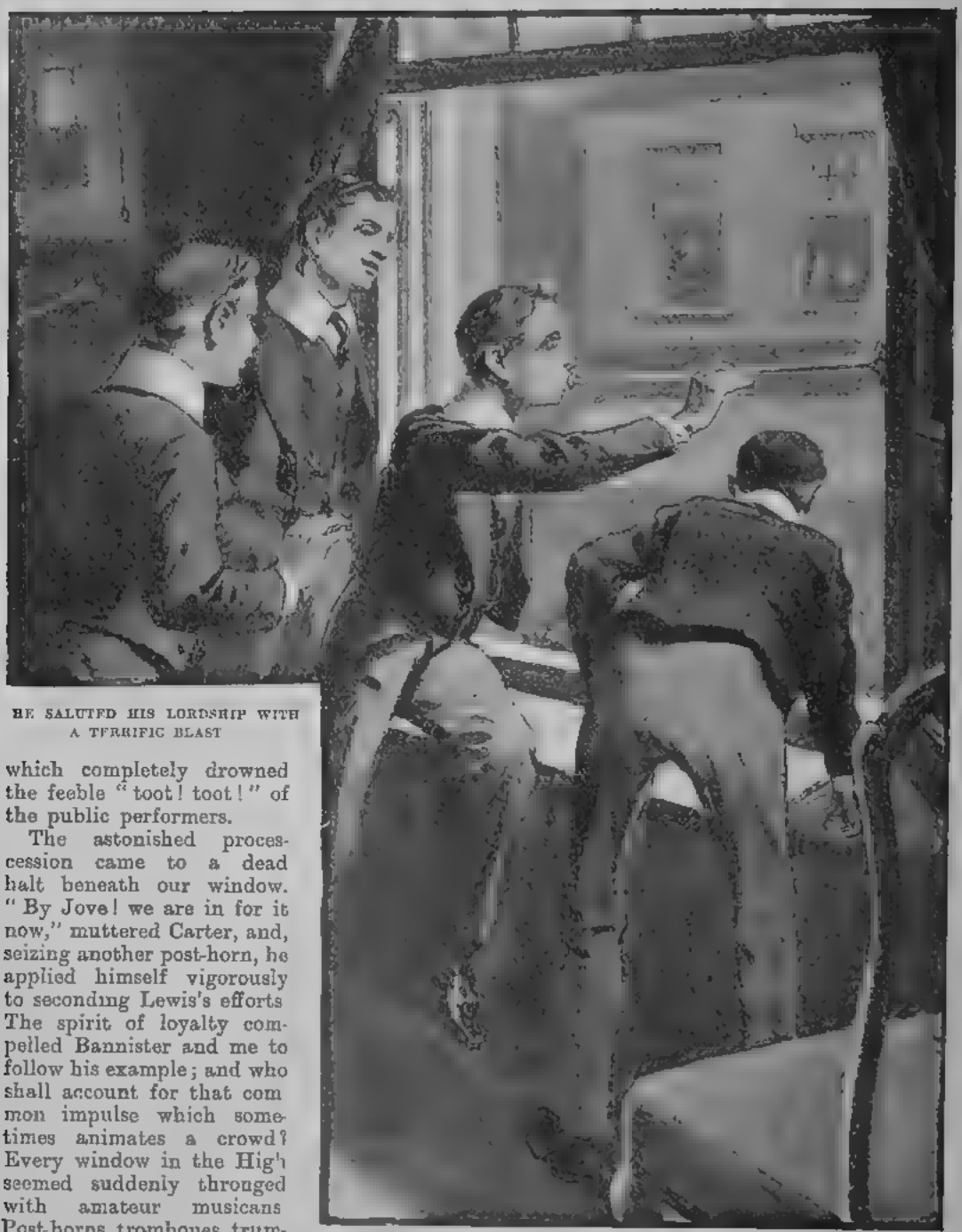
THE JUDGE AND THE POST-HORN.

MOST of our fellows regarded the town as a sort of annexe, which owed any importance it might possess to the accident of our presence. Strange as it may seem, I believe that some of the townspeople did not altogether accept that view. Nay, since the institution of the Modern Side—a barbarous innovation which sprang up during my sojourn—there were even found some of our own fellows to hint that the town had a history of its own, and, tell it with bated breath, was known to fame long before our foundation. We who were familiar with every petty squabble of ancient Greece, but might have been puzzled to put a date to the battle of Hastings, received the suggestion with all the scorn and contumely it most righteously deserved.

Possibly, however, the devotees of jabber and stinks—which was our equivalent for modern languages and chemistry—may have found some support for their heresy in the fact that ours was an assize town. True, the business transacted there was not very great. It generally ranged from the reception of a pair of white gloves to the trying of the theft of a pennyworth of apples. But thither with great pomp and display, and at great expense to the country, came the common law in all its might and majesty to deal with these important matters. And to suggest the discontinuance of the custom would have been as great a shock to the town as the erection of a laboratory in our midst had been to us.

And so it chanced, one afternoon, that Carter and Bannister and I, accompanied by young Lewis, were strolling down the High, when we became aware that something unusual was going on in the town. The mayor and corporation, we heard, had just gone forth to meet the judge who was coming to open the assizes, and the arrival of the procession was momentarily expected. "Would we like to see it!" enquired the ostler at one of the inns, who was waiting amidst the crowd. We thought we would; and a little bargaining resulted in our being shown into a large room, the walls of which were decorated with post-horns, whips, and many sporting implements, and from which an excellent view of the street could be obtained.

We had not long to wait. Almost as soon as we entered the room a cry arose, "They are coming!" And in a few moments they came. Possibly it was on account of that cynicism peculiar to immature youth, possibly it was that we were too familiar with the every-day occupations of the civic dignitaries, but the fact remains that we were not much impressed by what we saw. First came a couple of queer-looking creatures blowing, or rather attempting to blow, trombones, which gave forth intermittently an uncertain and a wheezy sound. Then a small escort of the most unmilitary-looking volunteers I have ever set eyes upon. Lastly, attended by the mayor and corporation—all trying in vain to appear at ease in their official robes—came the judge. Even the latter was, I fear, rather a disappointment to our youthful eyes. We were beginning to think of demanding our money back, when suddenly it occurred to Lewis that the efforts of the unaccustomed trombone players were painfully inadequate to the occasion. Seizing one of the post-horns which hung from the walls, he flung the window open, and, leaning out, saluted his lordship with a terrific blast



HE SALUTED HIS LORDSHIP WITH A TERRIFIC BLAST

which completely drowned the feeble "toot! toot!" of the public performers.

The astonished procession came to a dead halt beneath our window. "By Jove! we are in for it now," muttered Carter, and, seizing another post-horn, he applied himself vigorously to seconding Lewis's efforts The spirit of loyalty compelled Bannister and me to follow his example; and who shall account for that common impulse which sometimes animates a crowd? Every window in the High seemed suddenly thronged with amateur musicans Post-horns, trombones, trumpets, tin whistles, kettle-drums, flageolets, flutes, and sundry other instruments, each severally playing on its own, sprang up from all manner of unexpected quarters, and hastened to join in the discord. For what seemed an epoch, but could only have been a few moments, the procession remained rooted where it stood. Then it slowly moved on, and

the babel died away as suddenly as it commenced.

"And *now* we had better be off," murmured Carter, and we agreed that his opinion was sound. But, like much other excellent advice, it was more easily given than acted upon. Angry voices and hurrying footsteps were heard on the stairs. The door burst open, and in rushed the local constabulary, followed by divers others, burning to avenge the insult they deemed offered to the town. A desperate dash for liberty, a brief struggle, and then, overpowered by numbers, we found ourselves prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Down the stairs they hurried us to the street beneath, where we found that the mayor—in his serious moments a grocer, of the name of Wilkins—had dropped out of the procession, and was simply shaking with rage. "Where now, your worship?" said the chief constable. "To the lock-up," roared Wilkins, brandishing his mace, "to the lock-up with the young rascals." "Look here, Wilkins," expostulated Carter, "don't you make an ass of yourself, you know." "Away with them," yelled Wilkins, purple with frenzy; and away we went, close guarded by our captors, and accompanied by a boisterous and unsympathetic crowd.

Even the most revengeful youth who had ever smarted beneath his rod might have pitied our dear old Head when later in the day he came to bail us out. Mingled feelings of concern and rage, of perplexity and wrath, had so worked upon him that we hardly recognised the cool, imperturbable figure that we had been accustomed to regard as almost impervious to human feeling. That such a portent boded ill for us we could easily believe. But at present our fate was held in suspense, for we were only temporarily released, charged to appear at the court next morning to answer for our contempt.

Contempt! It sounded a dreadful word. In our most desponding mood dire visions of penal servitude for life floated vaguely across our brain. In our most hopeful we felt that a rebuke, publicly administered, would terminate our school career. The Head, who was very touchy on anything affecting the school honour, would never tolerate us there again.

"What on earth do they want to do such ridiculous things for?" grumbled Bannister. "I wish the judge—— "

"The judge!" cried Lewis, looking up suddenly.

"Yes, the judge," repeated Bannister, impatiently, "what about him?"

"Let's go and see him," said Lewis.

"By Jove!" said Carter, "the young one has got it. But we are rather a crowd."

"I will go alone," said Lewis.

"I don't know about that," demurred Bannister, who rather fancied himself as an orator.

"Better trust it to the angelic one," said Carter decisively. And so, after some further talk, it was decided that Lewis should go alone; but should be charged with an address written by the four of us. So we sat down and composed an eloquent note written in our very best Latin—we felt that any sound judge would be bound to appreciate *that* and despatched Lewis on his way. A very anxious time we passed in his absence, but when he did return a glance at his countenance sufficed to clear our own. "It is all right," said he.

"What happened?" we exclaimed in unison.

"Well," said Lewis, "I sent up our note, and he was so long reading it that I began to think he had forgotten all about me."

"Found Carter's Latin rather trying," commented Bannister.

"Shut up," said Carter.

"However, he sent for me at last, and then I began to wish he had not, for he nearly frightened me out of my life. But by degrees he began to soften down, and then he asked what excuse I had for making such a noise."

"And what did you say?"

"Well, you know, I hardly knew *what* to say."

"Quite so," persisted Bannister; "but what *did* you say?"

"I—I said," responded Lewis, slowly, "I said, *I thought he was deaf.*"

For a moment we stared at our usually adroit representative in consternation. Then, as we recalled the details of a row sufficient to awake the seven sleepers, the utter cheek of the answer appealed to us irresistibly, and we burst into a roar of laughter. Lewis regarded us reproachfully.

"*He* laughed."

"Did he?" we exclaimed, breathlessly

"Yes," said Lewis, in tones of chastened melancholy. "I almost thought he was going to have a fit. After he had recovered, he said he had heard that justice was blind, but we seemed to have got hold of a new idea of its infirmity. However, he thought he understood his brief, and if we attended the court to-morrow, he would make it all right."

Which was satisfactory, if a little mystifying. But, with a confidence which had never heard of the court of appeal, we assumed that when a judge said it was all right—why, it was all right. So we went to bed, and slept a great deal more soundly than we had thought, or perhaps deserved, to do.

At the Court next day few present paid much attention to the charge to the grand jury. Wilkins, who simply gloated at us from his seat near the judge, sat fidgeting with the notes of the great speech he had prepared, in which he proposed to express the regret of the town for the scene of the previous day, and to offer us up to justice as a propitiatory sacrifice. But now the judge's charge was drawing to an end, and in slow and sententious accents, in which he gave to every syllable its due weight (and a little bit over), he concluded in the following strain:

"But he would warn the jury to discard from their minds any idle gossip they might have heard concerning any case. It was astonishing what extravagant and unfounded reports occasionally found currency. He himself, for example, had heard an extraordinary rumour that some boys of that venerable scholastic institution, whose reputation was so dear to them all, had insulted him on the previous afternoon by noisily blowing a post-horn on his entrance to the town! *He had heard* NO *post-horn.*"

BY DEGREES THE JUDGE BEGAN TO SOFTEN DOWN.

And I do not think any one in court heard any more. The dear old Head stared at us, and we boys stared at each other. The chief constable stared at the mayor, and the mayor stared at the corporation, until at last it began to dawn upon even their limited intelligence that if his lordship had heard no post-horn, he could hardly have been insulted by our blowing one. And with a heavy sigh Wilkins crushed the notes of his masterpiece into his pocket, and sat as one dumbfounded.

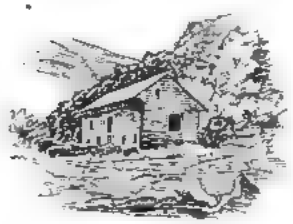
But was that the end of the matter? Oh, dear me, no! The Head, who had felt keenly the slight put upon the school, now turned the full vials of his wrath upon the unhappy corporation, and demanded a written apology. In language, which, if a little homely, at least possessed the charm of force and virility, the mayor flatly declined to give it. The Head posted to town to see the trustees of the school. The trustees despatched him to their solicitor; the solicitor despatched a letter breathing fire and slaughter to the Corporation. What might have been the issue of the quarrel, if fought to a finish, I know not; but the rector and neighbouring gentry espousing the cause of the school, the civic dignitaries sullenly capitulated. Amongst the most precious relics of their school days, each of four boys treasures a letter, couched in identical terms, from the town clerk of an ancient borough, in which he expresses the regret of the mayor and corporation for the excessive zeal of their officers, and apologises for a gross and unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject.

THE CORONATION OF THE KING

JUNE 26, 1902.

THE vast preparations made for the Coronation afford a valuable object-lesson on the far-reaching extent of the British Empire and of British influence. In all parts of our own possessions, near and distant, and, indeed, throughout the whole world, the effects, social and commercial, of this event have been felt.

Months and months ago the trappers of the American North-West, and of Siberia, commenced their preparation of the ermine, miniver, and other pelts, in anticipation of the enormous demand for trimming Coronation robes.



A TRAPPER'S HUT.

The native lace workers of distant India and Ceylon, together with our French and Belgian neighbours, will share in the distribution of wealth which must necessarily result from the Coronation, and have put their best work into their productions.

Experience teaches, and the builders of the metropolis have not experienced any famine in wood such as occurred in 1887 at the Jubilee of her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

Foreseeing the increased demand for wood for Venetian masts and grand stands, the lumberers of the Norwegian forests were months ago felling the pine trees and transporting them over the snow-covered ground to the port of loading.

As to the Coronation ceremony, it is of very ancient origin, and has probably been a universal custom among the nations of the world. It was often accompanied by "anointing with oil," and in the pre-Norman times the term used was "hallowing" or "consecration."

The detailed records of many previous Coronations, from Richard I. to our own day, have been preserved. The ceremony on June 26th will resemble, in many respects, the Coronations of several centuries ago.

Perhaps the chief item in the service is the taking of the oath. This has often varied in form. Originally it consisted of a threefold pledge: (1) of peace and reverence to God and the Church; (2) of justice to the people; and (3) the upholding of good and the abolition of bad laws. The present form was adopted after the revolution of 1688. The Sovereign, in answering certain questions put to him by the Primate of All England, swears to govern the people of the United Kingdom in accordance with the laws agreed on by Parliament; to preserve and maintain the Protestant religion established by law; and to cause law and justice in mercy to be executed.

IN INDIA.

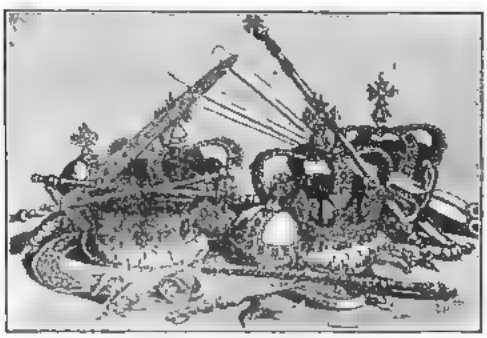
The various accessories to the Coronation ceremony will be curiously inspected by the countless thousands of spectators who will congregate along the route of the procession. Chief among these will be the regalia which, as doubtless many know, usually lies at the Tower.

A DUCAL CROWN.

The regalia includes: (1) the crown; (2) the English royal sceptre; (3) the

verge or rod with the dove; (4) Edward the Confessor's staff; (5) the orbs of King and Queen; (6) the curtana or blunt sword of mercy; (7) the two sharp swords of justice, spiritual and temporal; (8) the ampulla, or receptacle for the anointing oil; (9) the anointing spoon; (10) the armillae or bracelets; (11) the spurs of chivalry; (12) the various royal vestments.

The form of crown in use from the time of Charles II. to William IV., is known as the imperial crown. This has four crosses patée (a cross small in centre and widening



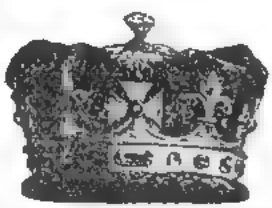
THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

towards the edges) rising from the rim, with four fleurs-de-lis alternately placed. Two arches also rise from inside the crosses patée, bearing at their intersection the mound surmounted by a cross.

The imperial crown was not used by Queen Victoria at her Coronation. A new one was specially made, differing in several particulars from the imperial crown. It was magnificently adorned with diamonds and gems of fabulous worth, and its arches rose perpendicularly instead of being curved, and at their intersection were elevated instead of being depressed, as in the imperial crown.

But the shapes of crowns have been very varied and subject to constant changes. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was a mere jewelled circlet of gold, adorned with strawberry leaves and trefoils. This was gradually altered to the present magnificently arched crowns, elaborately studded with diamonds and other costly gems.

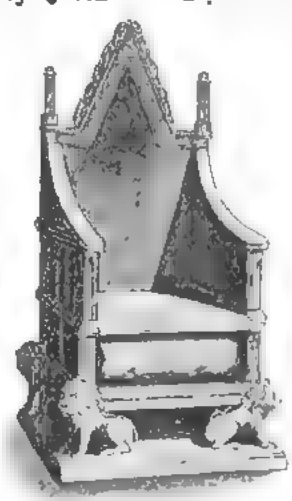
On the occasion of a Coronation peers wear their coronets. These differ very much according to the rank of the wearer. The only difference between the coronet of the Prince of Wales and the crown of the Sovereign is the absence of one of the arches. The coronets of the younger sons of the Sovereign are without arches. Grandsons of the Sovereign have strawberry leaves in place of the fleurs-de-lis in their coronets. A duke's coronet has eight strawberry leaves above the rim of gold. A marquis has four, with four pearls on short points. An earl has eight much longer points, each surmounted by a pearl, with the same number of strawberry leaves alternately on the lower rim.



CORONET OF AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

In the coronets of viscounts and barons the pearls, six in number, are fixed directly on to the rim. It should be stated that what are here called pearls are really silver buttons. Peers who are not members of the Royal Family are not permitted to ornament their coronets with jewels.

HERBERT GLADSTONE.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

BRADSHAW'S LITTLE STORY.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.*

THE qualities which in later years rendered Frederick Wackerbath Bradshaw so conspicuous a figure in connection with the now celebrated affair of the European, African, and Asiatic Pork Pie and Ham Sandwich Supply Company frauds, were sufficiently in evidence during his school career to make his masters prophesy gloomily concerning his future. The boy was in every detail the father of the man. There was the same genial unscrupulousness, upon which the judge commented so bitterly during the trial, the same readiness to seize an opportunity and make the most of it, the same brilliance of tactics. Only once during those years can I remember an occasion on which Justice scored a point against him. I can remember it because I was in a sense responsible for his failure. And he can remember it, I should be inclined to think, for other reasons. Our then head-master was a man with a straight eye and a good deal of muscular energy, and it is probable that the talented Frederick, in spite of the passage of years, has a tender recollection of these facts.

It was the eve of the Euripides examination in the upper fourth. Euripides is not difficult compared to some other authors, but he does demand a certain amount of preparation. Bradshaw was a youth who did less preparation than anybody I have ever seen, heard of, or read of, partly because he preferred to peruse a novel under the table during prep., but chiefly, I think, because he had reduced cribbing in form to such an exact science that he loved it for its own sake, and would no sooner have come tamely into school with a prepared lesson than a sportsman would shoot a sitting bird. It was not the marks that he cared for. He despised them. What he enjoyed was the refined pleasure of swindling under a master's very eye. At the trial the judge, who had, so ran report, been himself rather badly bitten by the Ham Sandwich Company, put the case briefly and neatly in the words, "You appear to revel in villainy for villainy's sake," and I am almost certain that I saw the beginnings of a gratified smile on Frederick's expressive face as he heard the remark. The rest of our study—the juniors at St. Austin's pigged in quartettes—were in a state of considerable mental activity on account of this Euripides examination. There had been house-matches during the preceding fortnight, and house-matches are not a help to study, especially if you are on the very fringe of the cock-house team, as I was. By dint of practising every minute of spare time I had got the eleventh place for my fielding. And, better still, I had caught two catches in the second innings, one of them a regular gallery affair, and both off the captain's bowling. It was magnificent, but it was not Euripides, and I wished now that it had been. Mellish, our form-master, had an unpleasant habit of coming down with both feet, as it were, on members of his form who failed in the book-papers.

We were working, therefore, under forced draught, and it was distinctly annoying to see the wretched Bradshaw lounging in our only arm-chair with one of Rider Haggard's best, seemingly quite unmoved at the prospect of Euripides examinations. For all he appeared to care, Euripides might never have written a line in his life.

Kendal voiced the opinion of the meeting.

"Bradshaw, you worm," he said. "Aren't you going to do *any* work?"

"Think not. What's the good? Can't get up a whole play of Euripides in two hours."

"Mellish 'll give you beans."

"Let him."

"You'll get a jolly bad report."

"Shan't get a report at all. I always intercept it before my guardian can get it. He never says anything."

"Mellish 'll probably run you in to the Old Man," said White, the fourth occupant of the study.

Bradshaw turned on us with a wearied air.

"Oh, do give us a rest," he said. "Here you are just going to do a most important exam., and you sit jawing away as if you were paid for it. Oh, I say, by the way, who's setting that paper to-morrow?"

"Mellish, of course," said White

"No, he isn't," I said. "Shows what a lot you know about it. Mellish is setting the Livy paper."

"Then, who's doing this one?" asked Bradshaw.

"Yorke."

Yorke was the master of the upper fifth. He generally set one of the upper fourth book-papers.

"Certain!" said Bradshaw.

"Absolutely."

"Thanks. That's all I wanted to know. By Jove, I advise you chaps to read this. It's grand. Shall I read out this bit about a fight?"

"No!" we shouted virtuously, all together, though we were dying to hear it, and we turned once more to the loathsome inanities of the second chorus. If we had been doing Homer, we should have felt more in touch with Bradshaw. There's a good deal of similarity, when you come to compare them, between Homer and Haggard. They both deal largely in bloodshed, for instance. As events proved, the Euripides paper, like many things which seem formidable at a distance, was not nearly so bad as I had expected. I did a fair-to-moderate paper, and Kendal and White both seemed satisfied with themselves. Bradshaw confessed without emotion that he had only attempted the last half of the last question, and on being pressed for further information, merely laughed mysteriously, and said vaguely that it would be all right.

"AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO *any* WORK, BRADSHAW?"

It now became plain that he had something up his sleeve. We expressed a unanimous desire to know what it was.

"You might tell a chap," I said.

"Out with it, Bradshaw, or we'll lynch you," added Kendal.

Bradshaw, however, was not to be drawn. Much of his success in the paths of crime, both at school and afterwards, was due to his secretive habits. He never permitted accomplices.

On the following Wednesday the marks were read out. Out of a possible hundred I had obtained sixty—which pleased me very much indeed—White fifty-five, Kendal sixty-one. The unspeakable Bradshaw's net total was four.

Mellish always read out bad marks in a hushed voice expressive of disgust and horror, but four per cent. was too much for him. He shouted it, and the form yelled applause, until Ponsonby came in from the upper fifth next door with Mr. Yorke's compliments, "and would we recollect that his form were trying to do an examination."

When order had been restored, Mellish settled his glasses, and glared through them at Bradshaw, who, it may be remarked, had not turned a hair.

"Bradshaw," he said, "how do you explain this?"

It was merely a sighting shot, so to speak. Nobody was ever expected to answer the question. Bradshaw, however, proved himself the exception to the rule.

"I can explain, sir," he said, "if I may speak to you privately afterwards."

I have seldom seen anyone so astonished as Mellish was at these words. In the whole course of his professional experience, he had

never met with a parallel case. It was hard on the poor man not to be allowed to speak his mind about a matter of four per cent. in a book-paper, but what could he do? He could not proceed with his denunciation, for if Bradshaw's explanation turned out a sufficient excuse, he would have to withdraw it all again, and vast stores of golden eloquence would be wasted. But, then, if he bottled up what he wished to say altogether, it might do him a serious internal injury. At last he hit on a compromise. He said, "Very well, Bradshaw, I will hear what you have to say," and then sprang, like the cat in the poem, "all claws," upon an unfortunate individual who had scored twenty-nine, and who had been congratulating himself that Bradshaw's failings would act as a sort of lightning conductor to him. Bradshaw worked off his explanation in under five minutes. I tried to stay behind to listen on the pretext of wanting to tidy up my desk, but was ejected by request. Bradshaw explained that his statement was private.

After a time they came out together like long-lost brothers, Mellish with his hand on Bradshaw's shoulder. It was some small comfort to me to remember that Bradshaw had the greatest dislike to this sort of thing.

It was evident that Bradshaw, able exponent of the art of fiction that he was, must have excelled himself on this occasion. I tried to get the story out of him in the study that evening. White and Kendal assisted. We tried persuasion first. That having failed, we tried taunts. Then we tried kindness. Kendal sat on his legs, and I sat on his head, and White twisted his arm. I think that we should have extracted something soon, either his arm from its socket or a full confession, but we were interrupted. The door flew open, and Prater (the same being our house-master, and rather a good sort) appeared.

"Now then, now then," he said. Prater's manner is always abrupt.

"What's this? I can't have this. I can't have this. Get up at once. Where's Bradshaw?"

I rose gracefully to my feet, thereby disclosing the classic features of the lost one.

"The head-master wants to see you at once, Bradshaw, at the school-house. You others had better find something to do, or you will be getting into trouble."

He and Bradshaw left together, while we speculated on the cause of the summons.

We were not left very long in suspense. In a quarter-of-an-hour Bradshaw returned, walking painfully, and bearing what, to the expert's eye, are the unmistakable signs of a "touching up," which, being interpreted, is corporal punishment.

"Hullo," said White, as he appeared, "what's all this?"

"How many?" enquired the statistically-minded Kendal.

"Spare the rod, spoil the child," said White, gravely. "You'll be thankful for this when you're a man, Bradshaw."

"That's what I always say to myself when *I* am whipped," added Kendal.

I said nothing, but it was to me that the wounded one addressed himself.

"You utter ass," he said, in tones of concentrated venom.

"Look here, Bradshaw——" I began, protestingly.

"It's all through you—you idiot," he snarled. "I got twelve."

"Twelve isn't so dusty," said White, critically.. "Most I ever got was six."

"But why was it?" asked Kendal. "That's what we want to know. What have you been and gone and done?"

"It's about that Euripides paper," said Bradshaw.

"Ah!" said Kendal.

"Yes, I don't mind telling you about it now. When Mellish had me up after school to-day, I'd got my yarn all ready. There wasn't a flaw in it anywhere as far as I could see. My idea was this. I told him I'd been to Yorke's room the day before the exam. to ask him if he had any marks for us. That was all right. Yorke was doing the two Unseen papers, and it was just the sort of thing a fellow would do to go and ask him about the marks."

"Well?"

"Then when I got there he was out, and I looked about for the marks, and on the table I saw the Euripides paper."

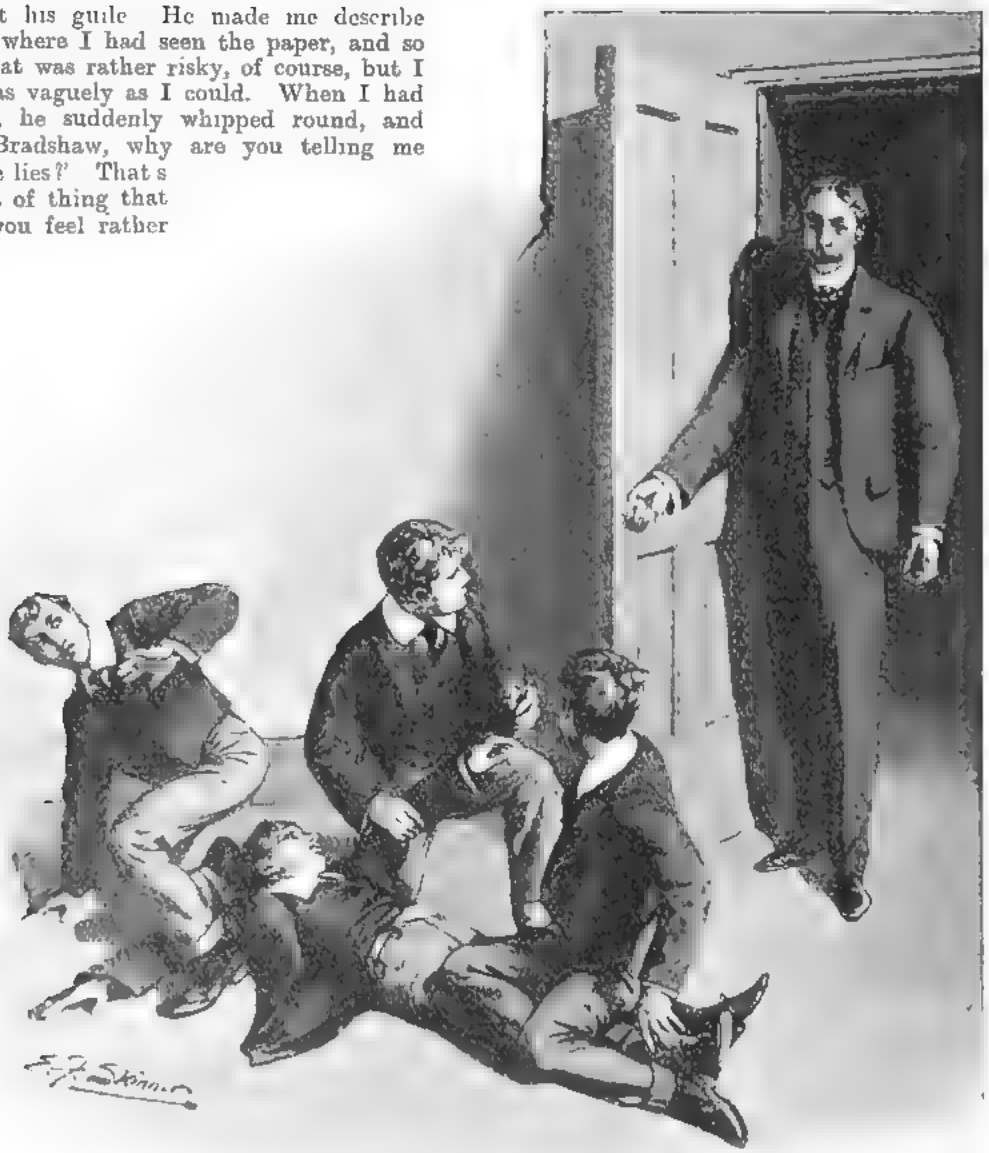
"By Jove!" said Kendal. We began to understand, and to realise that here was a master-mind.

"Well, of course, I read it, not knowing what it was, and then, as the only way of not taking an unfair advantage, I did as badly as I could in the exam. That was what I told Mellish. Any beak would have swallowed it."

"Well, didn't he?"

"Mellish did all right, but the rotter couldn't keep it to himself. Went and told the Old Man. The Old Man sent for me. He was as decent as anything at first. That

was just his guile. He made me describe exactly where I had seen the paper, and so on. That was rather risky, of course, but I put it as vaguely as I could. When I had finished, he suddenly whipped round, and said, 'Bradshaw, why are you telling me all these lies?' That's the sort of thing that makes you feel rather



THE DOOR FLEW OPEN AND PRATER APPEARED.

a wreck. I was too surprised to say anything."

"I can guess the rest," said Kendal. "But how on earth did he know it was all lies? Why didn't you stick to your yarn?"

"And, besides," I put in, "where do I come in? I don't see what I've got to do with it."

Bradshaw eyed me fiercely.

"Why, the whole thing was your fault," he said. "You told me Yorke was setting the paper."

"Well, so he did, didn't he?"

"No, he didn't. The Old Man set it himself," said Bradshaw, gloomily.

CORONATION DAY!

"What I Hope to Do and See."

Some CAPTAIN Artists send Pictures, and the Old Fag adds Prose.

BY E. F. SKINNER.

HOWEVER good a citizen you may be, you may not have a burning desire to mix with the Coronation Crowd—to jostle, and bump, and quarrel with sharp-elbowed ladies and red-faced gentlemen from the shires; to be pushed back by policemen and dumped on the toes by the butt-ends of Volunteers' rifles; to sit baking or dripping (according to the state of the weather); to go thirsty and hungry for many hours, lacking a drop for your parched throat, which has strained itself with loyal cheering, and a crumb for your inner gentleman (to put it nicely), the same having made acquaintance with but a hasty breakfast since the rising of the sun!

REX OSBORNE.

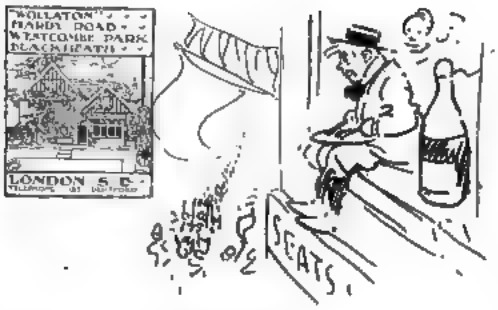
You may not care to do all this, though you may have a great affection for your monarch, and an overwhelming desire to inform your grand-children how you "went to see the King go by" on a certain glorious day in June, 1902.

They're bound to ask you, and you'll either have to go, so as to be able to tell them, or you'll have to store away in your memory a thorough description of the event—or keep all the illustrated papers for the satisfaction of enquiring Augustus and want-to-know-you-know Susan.

By this time you have probably made up your minds as to which of these things you will do. Our artists, you observe, have already decided on what they will do or what they hope to do—very different matters in this great variety show called LIFE.

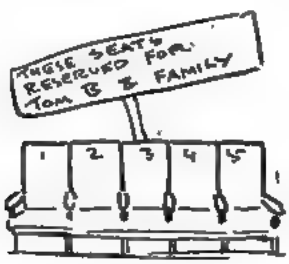
Mr. E. F. Skinner, the talented illustrator of "A Cavalier Maid," and the producer of our frontispiece, sends a drawing of a somewhat ambitious nature, and adds: "I

JOHN HASSALL.



TOM BROWNE.

anticipate a peerage for the Old Fag, and hope to see him thus driving in the Coronation procession." I thank Mr. Skinner. Up to the time of writing, however, no notifica-



TOM BROWNE.

tion has arrived from His Majesty with regard to the suggested elevation.

Mr. Rex. Osborne, the delineator of country subjects, would prefer to go for a long walk over the Surrey Downs, but is pretty sure he will be grinding hard at it in his

TOM BROWNE.

studio preparing Coronation illustrations for the daily papers.

Artists as a class do not interfere with politics, but Mr. John Hassall, of poster fame, has given vent to his patriotism on the post-card reproduced herewith. You'd never suspect Mr. Hassall of such a "burning" desire, for he is the kindest of souls in private life.

Mr. Tom Browne intended sending something very special and peculiar, but when our request reached him he was just rushing off, with an artist friend, to catch the mail-boat bound for the Canary Islands. Tom B. is the essence of good nature, and, as the train

T. M. R. WHITWELL.

dashed north for Liverpool, he jotted down on post-cards the fact that he hopes to enjoy a first-rate view of the procession (having secured five seats for "Tom B. and family"), and upon his return to find that peace had been arranged in South Africa.

The well-known illustrator of tales of "Greyhouse" and "Eliza's" is an enthusiastic cyclist, but Mr. Whitwell does not by any means ride an ordinary machine. He prefers his own specially-built little "Bantam," upon which he has covered many miles of country. Regarding this bicycle, Mr. Whitwell the other day told me that he has to stand a good deal of chaff from other cyclists

GEORGE SOPER.

and villagers generally, since they seem to be under the impression that it is his little brother's machine. But he proudly pointed

out that his special wheel has this advantage, i.e., that when riding among traffic he can, without the slightest inconvenience, rest his feet upon the ground.

Mr. Cockburn Reynolds says: "I expect to see beauty worthy of the occasion," and sends

THIS IS WHAT MR. PAUL HARDY WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

the beauty. [*I like the one right at the back—the quiet one.*—O.F.]

Mr. George Soper employs most of his spare hours in gardening, being a great rose-grower and quite an authority on mignonette. On Coronation Day, however, he has visions

BUT THIS IS WHAT HE WILL HAVE TO DO.

of spending a quiet afternoon up the river in a canoe and having a downright lazy time. This is merely what Mr. Soper would *like* to do, but it is not what he *will* be doing. It is much more probable that he will perch on the roof of some house so as to make his drawing for the *Graphic*.

Mr. Paul Hardy, who lives in Surrey, declares on his postcard that he would like to come up and see the Coronation right

E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

JOHN MACFARLANE.

away. He has looked forward to this for a long time. He will, however, be disappointed, as when the procession is passing through the streets of London, Mr. Hardy expects to be executing drawings for the *Strand Magazine* on the top of a

pantechnicon van. This, of course, is owing to the fact that he is moving into his new house just at that time, and, being a conscientious man, does not intend to keep the Editor of the *Strand* waiting.

Mr. Hall Thorpe, the humorous Australian animal artist (don't misunderstand me when I describe him thus!), wants to sit,

HALL THORPE.

at the bottom of Burleigh Street, on the neck of his pet giraffe, and from that point of vantage show his loyalty right heartily.

Another illustrator well-known in Sydney, N.S.W., is Mr. John Macfarlane, who, like Mr. Soper, hopes to have a quiet time in some backwater up the Thames. Mr. Walker Hodgson sends the following:—

I'd *like* to be where once I drew
Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc.*
And thank my stars for such a view,
And generally take stock,
And hear some note of ravishment
By Purcell, Bach, or Croft—
[Oh, wouldn't *some* folk like to rent
Westminster's organ loft!]
But liking will not get me there,
This time at any rate,
And so, needs must, I hope to share
Some perch of lesser state;
A casement, now, in Burleigh Street
Would be at once most fit
From which to view the land's *élite*
And make a note of it.

* The portrait appeared in *Cassell's Magazine*, 1894.

Mr. Stewart Browne, another earnest yearner for the establishment of pacific relations between this country and what was once the Land of Kruger, would like to see the ex-President play the *rôle* he here depicts. By some strange forgetfulness Mr. Browne has omitted the Pipe.

Mr. Geo. Morrow's "Study of a Restful Coronation Day" speaks for itself.

GEORGE MORROW.

J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

J. O. Jones, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr. Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperates some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, reports Jones's conduct to the Head, and urges Mr. Adderman to send the new master away at once. The Head declines to do this, though he gives Jones notice to leave at the end of the term. After this Jones becomes more popular, but suddenly falls foul of the school by giving Baron, the full-back of the XV., five hundred lines a couple of days before the School is to meet Ardenwood in the semi-final of the Ardenshire cup-tie.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SUAVE, MARI MAGNO——"

BARON allowed Mr. Jones to get his fourteen stone of beef, bone and muscle well away ere he himself strode sullenly out of the box-room.

Then uprose, from those remaining, a perfect howl of indignation, led by the red-faced boy.

"Well," remarked this gentleman, when the chorus died down a little, "he is a bounder!"

"Baron wasn't doing anything," exclaimed another, "it's about the unfairest, rottenest impot I've ever heard of!"

"Why didn't he give *me* five hundred lines as well as Baron!" demanded Jordan's backer, who didn't altogether appreciate the way in which he had been ignored by Jones.

"Why, you see, he's got a spite against Baron," explained the red-faced one.

But this exhibition of feeling was trivial compared with the consternation that took possession of the Sixth when Baron, after angrily dragging a pile of exercise paper out of his locker, informed the room what he had got to do, and by when.

Oliphant was lacing up a football he had been blowing out when Baron made this announcement.

"*What!*" he exclaimed.

They crowded round their full-back.

"*Five hundred lines!* Here, I say, draw it mild!" cried Bradwell.

"What were you doing, Baron?" queried Oliphant, anxiously.

"Simply looking on while a couple of kids had a scrap."

Baron sat down, jabbed his pen into an inkwell, and began the twenty Latin lines which he knew so well by heart, and which he had now got to write out twenty-five times over. Every boy in the school—save the very small ones—knew these lines. They had been selected for imposition purposes by a classical master some time in the dim and misty long ago, before Mr. Adderman had the school. They had survived half-a-dozen different headmasters, in fact. Not a master or boy at Adderman's could have told you in what Latin author they were to be found; but they were as familiar to Adderman's as a shepherd's whistle to his dog.

So Baron, with a muffled imprecation, started his work:

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,

This is how those twenty lines commenced. "Mary had a little lamb" wasn't a better-known

poetical quotation than this everlasting line which was written on scores of sheets of exercise paper every day at Adderman's.

E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non, quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.
Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli,
Suave etiam, belli certamina——

In gloomy silence the other members of the Sixth watched Baron's pen as it travelled viciously down the page. At the sixth line Baron's pen spluttered, and an ugly blot was the result. His temper was at white heat already; he flung his pen into the fire-place and crumpled up the piece of paper into a small ball.

"I'm hanged if I'll do them—I'll see him shot first!"

He rose from his seat and walked moodily to the fire-place.

"Hear, hear, Barry!" said Bradwell, not too confidently, however.

No one else spoke. The Sixth knew perfectly well that Baron would eventually do the lines. They knew he dared not disobey Jones. So, for a time, there was silence. At length Oliphant, feeling, as captain of the XV. which was to do battle with Ardenwood, that he ought—that he really ought to take action in the matter, made a proposal.

"Shall I go and see Jones about it?" he said, "he may not know it's the cup-tie on Saturday."

"He does know—I told him," growled Baron.

"Still, I may be able to get you off some of them, or he may be willing to let you postpone doing them," persisted the good-natured captain.

"All right—go if you like," said Baron, curtly.

Oliphant therefore made his way to the Common Room, returning a few minutes later with a long face.

"Won't hear of it. Says you've got to do those lines by Saturday mid-day, or you don't play."

A half-suppressed groan from the assembled monitors was the only comment on this result of Oliphant's mission.

"Tell you what," said Bradwell, "why not ask the guv'nor to cancel the impot? He's none too sweet on Jones."

Oliphant looked doubtful. The idea of appealing to the Head was distasteful to him, to begin with

"The guv'nor doesn't care a hang about the school footer," he rejoined.

Oliphant spoke with some bitterness. What he said was true. Mr. Adderman rarely displayed any interest in the games, which, however, flourished apace in spite of his luke-warm attitude in this respect

"It might be done through Samuels," said Bradwell, "he hates Jones—anyone can see that—and the guv'nor would listen to him."

Oliphant did not reply. He was vexed beyond measure to think that Baron would have to be flogging away at these lines instead of keeping himself fit by getting all the fresh air he could between this time and Saturday afternoon. Still, keen as he was and strongly as he felt on the subject, Oliphant was too white a man and too much of a gentleman to participate in or support Bradwell's crafty suggestion. And Bradwell knew it.

Presently Baron lounged over to his desk, provided himself with a new pen, and recommenced his task. Oliphant went off to the field, and the other fellows dispersed by degrees.

Bradwell, after a twenty minutes' search, succeeded in unearthing the very person he wanted—Tom Adderman, to wit.

Of course this young hopeful had heard the news, and it need hardly be said that his opinion regarding the imposition coincided with that of the rest of the school—only more so. He had never forgiven Jones for carrying him into the study by two arms and a leg, be it explained.

Bradwell found Tom Adderman quite willing to put the case before Mr. Samuels, or, indeed, to do anything which would tend to annoy Jones, and so, feeling that the matter was in safe hands, went off on a second hunt, his quarry this time being Molly, from whom he had a great desire to borrow whatever spare cash the open-handed Mr. Fairbrother might happen to have on him.

Mr. Adderman was busily employed with business letters some hours later that day, when there came a tap at his door, followed by the entrance of Mr. Samuels

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," said the second master, with a soft, ingratiating smile, "I won't detain you a moment——"

"Come in, come in," said the Head, not too cordially, "I *am* rather busy. These accounts——"

He laid down his pen and leaned back wearily.

"It is a pity you cannot get a little help," said Mr. Samuels.

"It's not the amount of work—it's my inability to get through it without a great effort," sighed Mr. Adderman, closing his eyes.

Mr. Samuels regarded his chief with a watchful, alert gaze. He could see that the Head was looking worse; the white hairs were increasing and the furrows deepening. So, in a calculating, cat-like manner, Mr. Samuels watched his chief and awaited his pleasure.

"Well," said Mr. Adderman, at length, "what is it, Samuels?"

"A trifling thing—hardly worth bothering

you with. But the school is feeling very sore about it, so I thought I would mention it to you. The fact is, Jones——"

"What—again?"

Mr. Samuels smiled.

"He has not been knocking anybody about *this* time," he replied, "in fact, your action after the Bradwell trouble probably taught him a lesson. But he has gone a little too far in another direction. It seems that he found Baron looking on at a fight between two juniors, and gave him five hundred lines for not stopping them."

"That was certainly rather a heavy imposition," granted Mr. Adderman, "but still, discipline must be maintained. Baron, as a monitor, ought to have stopped the fight."

"Quite so," was Mr. Samuels' smooth rejoinder, "I should have punished him myself under similar circumstances. But the trouble is that the School is playing the Town in a very important match—the semi-final for the Cup—on Saturday, and Jones will not allow Baron to take part in the match unless the lines are finished by then."

"Very properly," said the Head.

Mr. Samuels looked a little blank.

"I may point out," he returned, "that writing five hundred lines, coupled with the usual school work, is not calculated to keep a man fit and fresh for a hard struggle such as this will be."

"Then," said Mr. Adderman, "if Baron does not feel fresh on the day, another boy had better play instead of him. He mustn't knock himself up."

Mr. Samuels found it very difficult to keep his manner and tone quite even. The Head, he knew, was talking in all sincerity—he did not realise what a semi-final was. His concern was for *Baron's* well-being!

"Well, to come to the point," pursued Mr. Samuels, "don't you think that, considering Baron's value to the team, this imposition might be reduced, or even cancelled?"

"Certainly not," said the Head, sharply.

Mr. Samuels passed his tongue over his lips. He was fighting, not for the School *v.* Ardenwood, but for his own personal popularity among the boys. Mr. Adderman's obtuseness in this matter, he told himself, was ridiculous. He evidently didn't see the matter in it's proper light.

"You will admit, sir," he said, quite gently, "that success in athletics does a school good?"

"I suppose so," said the Head, without apparently giving the question much thought, "the exercise does the boys good, at any rate."

Mr. Samuels ground his teeth noiselessly.

"It sends up the numbers of a school," he added.

"Certainly, certainly," acquiesced the Head "it is always well for a school to win its matches if it can. The parents like it."

"Well," said Mr. Samuels, "if Adderman's win the Ardenshire Cup, the school will attract a lot of attention all over the county. We could not have a better advertisement."

"Then I sincerely hope we shall win the—er—cup," yawned the Head.

"But," said Mr. Samuels, with decision, "we shall *not* win it if Baron does not play his very best on Saturday."

"Surely," objected the Head, "one boy cannot make all that difference. Are there not fourteen others?"

"Full-back," explained Mr. Samuels, "is the most important place in the field."

"Then if Baron is not fresh on Saturday," decided Mr. Adderman, "he had better play in another position—quite in the front, let us say."

Had the Head been joking, Samuels would have gained his point in the long run. But, unfortunately for the ambassador, Mr. Adderman was quite serious in his ready method of getting out of Rugby football difficulties.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Samuels, a little shortly, "am I to understand that Baron is to do the lines—by the time appointed?"

"I cannot interfere," replied the Head, turning to his papers, "discipline must——"

Mr. Samuels got up hurriedly.

"Very good, sir."

He did not attempt to hide his irritation, but Mr. Adderman was blind to it.

"Ah, by the way, Samuels," he said, as the second master opened the door, "I see here that Melrose has charged us twopence-halfpenny apiece for the First Form's copy-books. Should it not be twopence?"

"I really cannot tell you," returned Mr. Samuels, as he went out and closed the door rather sharply behind him.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Adderman, as he bent his haggard face over the accounts, "to think I should have wasted all this time talking about a game of football!"

He made a few rapid strokes with his pen.

"The copy-books *are* twopence each," he ejaculated, "I shall have to give Melrose a piece of my mind about this overcharge!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"TURBANTIBUS AEQUORA VENTIS,"

WHEN the school heard, through Tom Adderman, *vid* Mr. Samuels—the favourite route adopted by news travelling from the principal's study—that Baron would have to do the lines if he wished to play in the semi-final, the storm of

abuse again broke over J. O. Jones's unconscious head.

For J. O. was not on duty that evening, and, having again boldly essayed a visit to the drawing-room, had been lucky enough to find Miss Lucy in a mood which differed materially from that which had damped him on a previous occasion.

Harper was tinkling on the piano, and occasionally turning round to join in the conversation which Messrs. Samuels, Huntingdon, and Atkins were holding with the headmaster's daughter. For Miss Lucy had lately taken up the study of palmistry, having received a hand-book on the subject from a school-fellow who had been badly bitten by the craze, and was now experimenting on her friends.

Samuels had already been told that he would become very rich if he survived a serious illness which Fate had in store for him in middle life—a piece of information which struck the second master as being too vague to be altogether satisfactory.

Mr. Huntingdon, perfectly dressed and groomed, was standing near Samuels. When he surveyed Atkins's costume, it occurred to the Fourth Form master more forcibly than ever that the advantages of the Cambridge sartorial training were inestimable.

"You, Mr. Atkins," said Lucy, regarding the music-master's cigarette-stained fingers with great apparent interest, "are destined to have a troubled career."

"Affairs of the 'eart?" enquired Mr. Atkins.

"I see at least three disappointments," said Lucy.

"Oh, chase me!" cried Atkins recklessly, "anything else?"

"You will not have a very long life, Mr. Atkins," said Lucy, solemnly.

"THE THREE SHORT LINES," SHE SAID, "ON THE SIDE OF THE HAND JUST BELOW THE LITTLE FINGER, INDICATE THAT YOU WILL BE MARRIED THREE TIMES, MR. JONES."

"You're kidding me, aren't you?" demanded Atkins, regarding her doubtfully.

"On the contrary. Your line of life stops abruptly when it is only half-way round the ball of the thumb."

"What does that mean?" said the music-master.

"That you will probably die at forty."

"'Ere, I've 'ad enough of this!" exclaimed Atkins, getting up in a hurry and walking away, "it's a silly thing, this palmistry."

Then, by way of affording a vent to his nervousness, he gave Huntingdon a violent push in the direction of the fair fortune-teller.

"What's 'Untingdon's matrimonial fite?" he asked, as the Cambridge man, flushing with indignation, almost tumbled into Miss Lucy's lap.

"I wish you would learn manners, Atkins!" said Huntingdon, hotly.

"Go on," said Atkins, by no means apologetically, "show 'er your 'and."

"I have no wish to have my fortune told, thank you," said Huntingdon, stalking out of the room.

Atkins cackled rudely.

"I must 'ave wrinkled 'is tie up," he said; "poor old 'Untingdon's that touchy you can't ever 'ave a joke with 'im."

"Shall I tell *your* lines, Mr. Jones?" said Lucy.

"Don't you let 'er, Jones," warned Atkins, "it's all bogey."

J. O., however, sat down on the vacant chair opposite Lucy. Atkins went to the piano and began turning over the choice assortment of comic songs which he was good enough to keep in the drawing-room.

"You will have a very long life, Mr. Jones," said Lucy

"Oh, come, you're favouring him!" remonstrated Atkins.

"I can't help his line of life being so long," laughed Lucy, who rather enjoyed Mr. Atkins's quaint ways.

"Any bad illnesses?" enquired Atkins, hopefully.

"Not one," said Lucy.

"'Ow about the 'eart?" grinned Atkins.

Miss Lucy bent her head over the hand that had been submitted to her investigations.

"The three short lines," she said, "on the side of the hand just below the little finger, indicate that you will be married three times, Mr. Jones."

"Talk about Bluebeard!" exclaimed Atkins.

"There!" said Lucy, suddenly dropping Jones's hand, "I think I've told you all quite enough about yourselves. Please sing us something, Mr. Atkins."

Whereupon Atkins, who never required much pressing, obliged the company with a ditty entitled: "There was too much 'armony for Bill," a gem from the music-halls describing how a burglar, thinking he had stolen a cash-box, discovered, when too late, that he had possessed himself of a musical-box, which, being set going by his manipulations, aroused the household and led to his ultimate capture by the police.

In spite of the somewhat appalling matrimonial prospect before him—as foretold by Miss Lucy—Jones retired to rest that night in a very good humour with himself, and slept untroubled by dreams of nagging wives—a succession of them, in fact—or those domestic worries which are bound to assail a man who deliberately burdens himself with three sets of children.

He was greeted with many black looks when he entered the Hall for breakfast on the following morning, but his reception was not—as it would probably have been earlier in the term—of an audibly hostile character. J. O. felt that there was something in the air, concerning himself, of a distinctly unfriendly character, but he did not attack his eggs and bacon with any less gusto on that account. Indeed, he sent up his plate for a second helping.

On the previous evening, while Miss Lucy was exploiting her palmistry, Mr. Green was taking preparation, and Baron was one of the monitors whose turn it was to assist the master on duty in the Long Room. Although Mr. Green was held in small esteem by the school—for he was insignificant in stature, no athlete, and of a retiring disposition—it may be said in his behalf that he at least kept as good order as either Huntingdon or Atkins, and with less noise. Of late, too, he had, surely and steadily, increased his grip on his own form, and his quiet methods were beginning to have their effect elsewhere. Again, he could generally answer with readiness the hundred and one questions which boys put before a master who is taking preparation, and owing to this fact he was able to lighten the labours of a number of fellows who were anxious to do their work well. For Adderman's possessed a fair sprinkling of the right sort of boy, in spite of the indifferent character of the majority.

During one of his prowls up and down the Long Room, the junior master came to a halt by Baron's desk.

"Are you preparing your lessons, Baron?" he asked.

Baron stared rudely at little Mr. Green. The Sixth made it a rule to treat junior masters with the scantiest respect, and had not seen its way to alter its customary attitude towards the gentleman now holding the most lowly post on the staff.

"No," said Baron.

"What are you doing, then?"

"Lines."

"Put them away and do your work."

Baron stared still more impudently at the junior master. He could have wrung Green's neck with infinite ease, and Green was possibly aware of it.

"I don't see what it has to do with you," retorted Baron.

"If you don't put them away at once I shall double them," said Green.

The boys sitting near were gazing open-

mouthed at the two, for the altercation was quite audible. Could it be possible that Green—poor little Green!—was tackling a *monitor!*

"I suppose," said Baron, scornfully, "you think you are Jones!"

Unwittingly he was paying Jones a high compliment. All he intended to do, however, was to be sarcastic at Green's expense.

"I don't think I am Mr. Jones," said Green, flushing slightly, "but I know I am a master, and that you must therefore obey me."

Baron felt that, for the time being, he had got into enough trouble. Later on he could pay Green out for this. For the present, well—with a grunt he put the lines away and opened a book, and Green, with his heart beating rather quickly, returned to his desk.

Baron expressed his sentiments regarding Green unrestrainedly in the Sixth room afterwards, and the Sixth, hearing of what Green had done, decided to make the junior master's life a burden to him from that day onward.

"You're not sitting up late, are you, old man?" said Oliphant, after supper.

"How on earth am I to get this stuff done if I don't?" returned Baron, irritably.

"Do it to-morrow—you must get a good sleep if you want to keep fit."

Oliphant acted as a kind of trainer to his team, and Baron, seeing that his advice was good, took it. But on the morrow, when he hoped to get through a good lump of the imposition during morning school, Mr. Adderman set the Sixth a history paper, and Baron had perforce to answer the questions, though he managed to scribble a certain number of lines in between times.

In the afternoon the first and second fifteens had a short pick-up game—just to keep the school champions fit—and afterwards the First practised dropping and place-kicking. Oliphant dragged Baron out, declaring he would get stale if he stuck indoors all day. From four to six Mr. Huntingdon took the Sixth in Euripides and Latin prose, so here again Baron had little chance of recording, with somewhat monotonous frequency, the views of Lucretius on mankind as beheld from the lofty standpoint of a philosopher.

O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora caeca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periclis
Degitur hoc aevi, quodcumque est!——

Baron plugged away, but when the supper bell rang that night he had still two hundred and fifty of the lines to complete, and the unusual work had made his fingers and wrists ache.

It was at this epoch that Bradwell and Wilbraham—the crack scholar of Adderman's—put their heads together and evolved a plan whereby Baron might keep fit and yet hand up the lines in time. After supper they accompanied Baron to the Sixth room and explained their idea to him.

Wilbraham was clever in many ways, and especially clever was he with his pen and pencil. He promised, in fact, if things went wrong with him later on in life, to make a first-rate forger.

Briefly, the idea was this. Wilbraham offered to do two hundred of the lines, and as a proof of his skill showed Baron a specimen ten lines which he had written with a page of Baron's before him. Baron gasped. The resemblance between the two handwritings was astounding.

"You turn in and have a good sleep," said Wilbraham, "you can knock off the other fifty in the morning. Better show them up to Jones with the last twenty still wet—it'll look as if you'd been at them hammer and tongs up to the last moment."

"It's not a bad idea," said Baron, "and it'll be a surprise for the brute."

"You'll be able to play, and that'll disappoint him badly," said Bradwell. "Jove! I should like to see his face when you show them up all done."

Wilbraham therefore settled down to his work—keeping one of Baron's pages before him as a guide—and Bradwell hung about the door so as to give the alarm *in case* Jones should come along and suspect things.

Johnson hobbled in at ten o'clock to turn the gas out, but the two monitors explained to him that they had had leave from Mr. Samuels to sit up late to do some extra work—which happened to be a fact—and so Johnson limped off to bed, leaving them in possession of the Sixth room.

Quickly and cunningly did Wilbraham pursue his task. He quite enjoyed it. He was a superb penman, and his natural inclination to do the wrong thing rather than the right one added a spice to his labours.

Baron had gone up to bed when Wilbraham sat down at his desk. The fellows in the dormitory over which he was set in charge naturally supposed that he intended to get up early in order to finish his lines. He turned in at once and was soon sleeping the sound, dreamless sleep which is as necessary to good football as it is to the performance of everything else that is worth doing well in this world.

On the morrow, speculation was rife in the school as to whether Baron would or would not get his lines done in time. His name still remained at the top of the list on the notice-board in the main corridor. So far, then, it seemed as if Oliphant considered it highly probable that he would play.

Jones was on duty to-day, and, at 12.20, walked into the Long Room to take detention. Baron's name was down in the detention book with "500

lines" against it, and "J. O. J." hard by, it being customary for each master to initial his particular list of offenders. Baron, therefore, came into the Long Room with the other boys who were kept in, and immediately settled down to his work with noticeable diligence.

Every now and again his fellow-prisoners glanced curiously round at him, wondering how far he had got. Then they would glance at Jones, and then, suddenly becoming aware of their own misdeeds, turn to the task in front of them. It was altogether a novel experience to see a monitor doing lines like any ordinary kid, especially a monitor like Baron, whose ability at football was talked of with respect in a good many other places besides the school he belonged to.

Jones strolled up and down or looked out of the window at the hack-about that was going on in the field. As each delinquent completed his work, Jones crossed off his name and told him he might go. Gradually the number thinned; still Baron wrote steadily on, and the clock hands moved nearer and nearer to the dinner hour.

Presently Baron was observed to lay down his pen, gather his sheets of paper up, and count them. This done, he packed them neatly together, rose from his seat, and approached the centre desk.

Jones took the papers from him, and proceeded, in his turn, to count them. After looking carefully down each page, he put all the lines together, and tore them up.

Baron's heart leapt. So the fraud had not been detected! He had even taken a step towards the door, when Jones said:

"One moment, Baron. You have still two hundred to do."

Baron stopped.

"You made a miscalculation. You have only shown me three hundred."

Jones looked steadily at Baron's burning face, and indicated, with a gesture, that the interview was to be considered at an end.

Baron stood stock still for a moment, as if inclined to argue the matter. Then he turned on his heel and went back to his seat.

"Tell Oliphant I wish to speak to him," said Jones to a boy sitting near.

The boy went off and returned a few minutes later with the captain of the XV.

"Oh, Oliphant, I wanted to tell you that Baron will not be able to play this afternoon. You will therefore have to get another man."

Oliphant looked bewildered.

"But I understood from Baron that he had done most of the lines," he rejoined.

"He still has to write two hundred of them," said Jones, drily.

"But we have nobody in the same street with Baron—if I go back myself we shall be weak in the three-quarter line," stammered Oliphant.

"I'm sorry," said Jones, with sincerity, "but I can't alter my decision. But if you care to avail yourself of my services, they are at your disposal."

Oliphant's face cleared.

"It has occurred to me once or twice, sir, that you might like to play," he said, "but ——"

Jones interrupted him with a laugh.

"I think I know how the land lies. Well, you can play me or not, just as you please. I was in the Greyhouse fifteen, and I haven't forgotten all my football."

"We've seen you kick, at any rate, sir," said Oliphant, approvingly, "well, sir, will you play back for us to-day?"

"With pleasure," said Jones.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEMI-FINAL.

IT was an ideal day of the sort which chronicles the joining hands of winter and spring. The sun shone brightly, and there was a gentle breeze containing a *soupçon* of frost which was welcome to the blood and lent roses to pale cheeks.

It really looked as if every person who found shelter under Mr. Adderman's roof had wended his or her way down to Ardenwood football ground. Mr. Adderman himself had actually mustered up energy to attend, and with him were Miss Lucy, Miss Peters, Mr. Samuels, and Harper. Huntingdon and Atkins were there, too, and mingling with some Ardenwood acquaintances might be seen the dilapidated Johnson, who had made a brave attempt to smarten himself up for the occasion. The school was present in a solid body close along the touch-line nearest to the entrance-gate. It had seized upon this position just as ardent theatre-goers secure front places in the pit, *i.e.*, by coming early.

And so schoolboys and townsfolk and folk from miles round waited for the appearance of the teams, and when "the boys," having divested themselves of their overcoats, came out of the pavilion, they were received with as long and lusty a cheer as the men of the town themselves.

The stalwart figure in a jersey of broad yellow-and-black bands who accompanied the boys excited a good deal of comment among the spectators. Adderman's team were wearing black jerseys, and Ardenwood pink-and-white, so that Jones, owing to his distinctive colours, stood out significantly.

Johnson proudly revealed the stranger's identity to his friends.

"And if 'e do catch holt of any of your chaps," explained the school butler to the ostler at the "Two Spies," "'e won't let go of 'em in a 'urry."

"Oh, won't 'e! You wait till 'e meets our Mr. 'Arrison," rejoined the ostler, confidently.

Mr. Harrison was a player whose methods had won him the terse and highly descriptive name of "Butcher" among the boys.

"Your Mr. 'Arrison is cert'nly a bit bigger," acknowledged Johnson, as he lit his pipe, "but there it stops."

"Then we've an International," added the ostler, "there—that cove in the white jersey with the red rose on it. That's Drew, that is—plays for England, 'e does."

"I'm not," said Johnson, "a bettin' man, but I'll lay you a level bob our school wins to-day, Joe Smith."

"They 'aven't got a chance," said Joe Smith.

"A level bob," repeated Johnson, firmly.

"Done!" said Joe Smith, with a chuckle.

At that moment the referee's whistle sounded shrilly on the keen air, and the players proceeded to their places. The Ardenwood captain set the ball going, and soon both teams were at it hammer and tongs.

In a very few minutes from kick-off Jones got to work, and the school heaved a sigh of relief and content as they watched him. "He'll do, by George! Why on earth didn't we play him before?" muttered Oliphant.

Thrice in the first quarter-of-an-hour did Drew, the International, worm his way through Adderman's backs only to be pulled to the ground by Jones, so that it began to dawn on Ardenwood that winning the match meant getting past the big man in the yellow-and-black jersey.

J. O. was in his element; he trotted up and down in his domain like a great watch-dog, and every now and then his voice sang out encouragement and advice to the boys, who, as the game progressed, quite forgot the absence of Baron, writing lines in the Long Room. Baron, good as he was, could never have kept out the International as Jones did. At times, when the Ardenwood men swept down the field into the School twenty-five, the hearts of the boys watching were in their mouths. You would see a dense mass of struggling figures, and then a School half would snatch the ball and fling it to Oliphant, and Oliphant would be tackled, then would come a scrum and a rush—danger!—and then, ah! what music in the boys' ears was that deep, booming note that proclaimed a big drop-kick! who could have wished for a gladder sight than that of the ball sailing towards the Ardenwood fortress! Then Adderman's would career after it, and the play would wander all over the ground until the Ardenwood men pulled themselves together and again swept down the field, and again there would be the scrummage and the heel-out, the quick passing, and again, in the nick of time, the big drop far away into touch in the Ardenwood territory.

Five minutes before half-time Ardenwood charged down in the old way, and one of their halves swung the ball out to the International; but Bradwell, who could play a stubborn forward game, intercepted the ball in its flight and ran for his life for some dozen yards, followed by a storm of cheers from his school-fellows. But Bradwell's one notable effort of the afternoon was nipped in the bud by the Butcher, who took him by the throat and dashed him to the ground. Bradwell lay motionless, and the ball bobbed over the turf in the sunshine. The Butcher picked it up and hurled it a prodigious way to one of the Ardenwood backs, who took it under his arm and ran, followed by the International and everybody else. The School three-quarters made desperate efforts to get to the man, but he ran through them straight into the outstretched arms of J. O. Jones, who turned him over on to his back, turtle-fashion, but not before the ball had found its way into the hands of the International, who fled with it on the wings of the wind and planted it down with ease behind the School uprights. Then the Butcher took the kick and Ardenwood had registered five points to the School's nothing.

The half-time whistle sounded immediately afterwards, and Jones, noticing a group round Bradwell, walked up to it. He found Bradwell groaning and livid. Jones had done a year's hospital work; it was the book part that had stumped him. He knelt down by the prostrate form. "Where does it hurt?" he said.

Bradwell, with a face full of anguish, pointed to his chest, and Jones, tearing the jersey open, ran his hands over the other's body. "Two ribs," he said shortly, and standing up, shouted out to the fellows to bring a hurdle. Half-a-dozen Adderman's boys came rushing up with one. Jones, with Oliphant's assistance, placed Bradwell on the hurdle. Then he turned to three or four of the fellows who had brought it. "Off to the infirmary with him—sharp! It is quite close. He'll be looked after all right there," he added consolingly, and the boys walked away with their burden.

The Butcher sauntered up. "Someone hurt?" he said to Jones

"Yes—badly," said Jones, shortly, "and I may add that I think you collared him with unnecessary violence."

"I collared him in the ordinary way," said the other.

"There was no need for you to knock him over like that," put in Oliphant.

"I did not know I was talking to you," responded the Butcher.

"No," said Jones, "you were talking to me, and I was saying that you were unnecessarily rough."

"If you put fellows in the team who are not fit to play," said the Butcher, "it is not my fault if they get damaged."

"They are quite fit to play football," said Jones, "with gentlemen."

"You had better be careful what you say," blustered the Butcher.

"And during the remainder of the match you had better be careful what you do," responded J. O.

"Why?" demanded the Butcher roughly.

national, the boys would have scored in the first five minutes, for he just managed to stop Oliphant near the line. After this followed a lot of loose play, in which the ball toured backwards and forwards without going perilously close to either citadel. Jones was kept pretty busy, but, as usual, he was on the alert, and not allowing anything to flurry him. The eyes of the onlookers, indeed, were mostly occupied with four players—the International and the Butcher on one side, Oliphant and Jones on the other. The International never lost an opportunity. Time after time he ran through the School forwards only to be pulled down by the three-quarter line. Once he took a big curve, and, successfully avoiding capture, was speeding along the touch-line near where Mr. Adderman and his party were standing, when there was a flash of yellow-and-

THE BUTCHER . . . . DASHED HIM TO THE GROUND. BRADWELL LAY MOTIONLESS, AND THE BALL BOBBED OVER THE TURF IN THE SUNSHINE.

"Because," said Jones, as he walked away, "two can play a rough game, that's all."

Such little exchanges of sentiment are common at football matches. Fortunately the summons to resume play came directly afterwards, and further pleasantries had to be postponed.

This time what little wind blew was in the School's favour, and they opened the second half in a way that produced cat-calls of joy from their supporters. They dribbled the ball into the Ardenwood twenty-five, and there was a scrum just in front of the Town goal. But for the presence of the Inter-

black, and Jones had his man safely pinned as they rolled into touch. The two men smiled at each other as they got up; they were both sportsmen. Then the fifteens lined up for the throw-out. It was a fine sight, this array of panting, sweating athletes, all with eyes intent on the ball which a half-back held balanced on his right hand. The half had his eyes on Bull as he flung the ball far out to Oliphant at the end of the line, but Oliphant was overthrown even as he snatched at it, and a series of uneventful scrummages followed.

Then all of a sudden the listlessness of the spectators vanished, and a frantic burst of

cheering was raised by the mass of schoolboys on the touch-line. At last Oliphant had got his chance. Taking the ball from a long pass, he had sprinted away and got well into his stride. It was his pace which had won him most of the successes he had achieved in the football world. Ardenwood made for him in a body, the International racing back from a distance. The Town full-back went straight for his man with longing arms, but when it was seen that Oliphant had dodged him, yell after yell went up from many in the crowd besides the boys from Adderman's. The International spurted for his life, but Oliphant had youth and a yard in his favour. He just got over the line near the right post of the Town goal and touched down as the International flung himself at him. But he was a second late. Jones took the kick, and as the ball dropped neatly over the bar the boys on the touch-line lost their heads with excitement.

"Ten more minutes," said the referee, looking at his watch.

"*Ten more minutes!*" The words ran round the ground. A goal—five points—each, and ten more minutes' play.

"*Now* then!" said the boys, punching each other in a sort of delirium.

"*Now* then!" exclaimed Ardenwood

"*Now* then!" said Jones, loping back to his place.

He caught the ball from the kick-off, and as the Ardenwood forwards came down upon him he surveyed them coolly, and with a careful drop found touch within the Town twenty-five. Following the line-out, the International made a desperate attempt to get away, but a boy froze on to his knees and another on to the ball, and he was ruefully compelled to admit that he was "Held!" Then a scrum, and a short run by the Ardenwood captain; then another scrum, and a dashing dribble by Oliphant, which, however, came to nothing.

And so five minutes were used up.

"*Play up*—SCHOOL!" yelled the boys with hoarse energy. "*Adderman's—Adderman's!*"

"*Ardenwood—Ardenwood—play up*, ARDENWOOD!"

"*Give 'em socks, Adderman's!*"

"*Ardenwood!*"

"*Adderman's!*"

Cheered on by their respective supporters, Town and School made their last effort. Using their superior weight, gradually the Town drove the School down the ground. Meanwhile the International lurked in waiting for an opening.

The boys shrieked out despairing cries as they saw their representatives losing ground; alas! weight was telling its tale.

A School three-quarter grabbed the ball and passed to Oliphant. Oliphant was threatened and passed, but the pass wasn't taken. A Town forward nipped in and flung out to the International, who got off like greased lightning. Oliphant flung himself on to the great man, and they went down together with a convulsive thump.

But the International had passed in time, and the Butcher was already speeding towards the School goal. There was an ugly look on his face as he ran, and the boys he handed off felt sore for days after. They went at him like terriers, but he was too big for them.

Through—through—through—now the Town cheered in real earnest!

Only Jones to pass, and the Butcher was home.

Only Jones. The Butcher forged on. One man to pass, and Ardenwood in the Final.

So the Butcher mustered up all his might, and, meeting Jones, butted at him with his great head like a bull.

Jones saw the Butcher's head coming straight for him. He stepped quickly aside and clutched the Butcher round the waist. Then, with, perhaps, some slight remembrance of a boy's white face and an inert form on a hurdle, he lifted the Butcher off his feet and flung him to the ground with such force that the Butcher lay dazed and stupid, and the ball trickled away from him.

Not a moment to lose. Jones was on it like a hawk and away up the field, Oliphant at his heels. J. O.'s blood was singing in his head. Hear the School yell! J. O. brushed off the Ardenwood men like flies as they buzzed round him.

Somebody went at his ankles. Down! Yes, but up again! The International! A flash of the yellow-and-black arm, and the England man rolled in the mud.

Jones was terrible. On—on—and the School going mad.

Now the goal was in sight. Three more men to pass. One went over like a ninepin. Close to the line now—and then the School groaned.

Jones was down. Those last two were on him. Wait—there was a rush of spectators. On him? Yes, but they hadn't touched the ball. Jones was up again, and now, with both men clinging to him, he staggered forward, and, with both men still clinging to him, scrambled over the line and fell on top of the ball.

Oliphant muffed the kick, but it was a try all right, and as, ten seconds later, it was "No side," the School had won the semi-final!

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE WAY HOME.

"TROUBLE you for a bob," said Johnson to his friend the ostler.

"You knew something," muttered the ostler, as he unwillingly produced the coin in question.

"Though not a bettin' man——" began Johnson.

"Which you previously remarked," put in the ostler, bitterly.

"Though not a bettin' man, I will lay *two* bob that we win the Final," concluded Johnson, boldly.

"Done again," said the ostler, with spirit, as he hurried off to the "Two Spies."

Mr. Adderman had been profoundly bored by the match, and at half-time would have retired from the ground had not his daughter prevailed upon him to remain till the finish. When he saw the crowd actually dispersing, the headmaster turned towards the gate with a sigh of relief. He was longing to be back among his papers, for he was possessed of a growing suspicion that some of the Ardenwood tradesmen were endeavouring to overreach him. He could not forget the extra halfpenny on the First Form copy-books, for example.

"Aren't you glad we have won, papa?" observed Lucy, as they made their way out of the field.

"Yes—yes, of course. It is—a—er—considerable achievement, I suppose."

"It is splendid!" cried Lucy, with sparkling eyes.

"Quite so—I agree with you. Do you—er—do you observe Mr. *Melrose* among all these people?" returned the Head, as he stopped to survey the crowd in his vicinity.

"No, I haven't seen him," said Lucy, who, presuming that her father wished to order some stationery, felt rather surprised that he should choose the present time and place for such a purpose.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Adderman!" exclaimed a well-fed, florid gentleman in a fur coat.

"How do you do, sir!" replied the Head, a little coldly, as he took the other's warmly-gloved hand.

The gentleman in question was the Mayor of Ardenwood, a coal-merchant in a large way of business. Mr. Adderman, it may be added, had included him in his list of "suspects," along with Messrs. Melrose and Co.

"Your boys played like heroes," continued the Mayor, whose rich bass voice was in keeping with his opulent appearance, "and the young dogs beat us! Ha! ha! That's a take-down for the Town! But they wouldn't have done it without that master of yours, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Jones," said the Head; "no, perhaps not, perhaps not."

"You have found a treasure, sir," continued the Mayor, in his deep, unctuous tones, "a treasure worth keeping," he added, remembering that Mr. Adderman's masters had a way of departing rather suddenly.

"Exactly—quite so," replied the Head, "come, my dear, we must be moving on. I wish you good day, Mr. Mayor."

"Good day, Mr. Adderman," roared the Mayor, putting out his warmly-gloved hand, "good day, Miss Adderman; the March wind seems to agree with you. Ha! ha! March wind's a sly fellow! This one of your boys, Mr. Adderman?" he concluded, surveying Harper with a patronising smile.

"I'm the parlour-boarder, sir," said Harper, looking timidly at the great man.

"Parlour-boarder, eh? Jam for tea and all that? Ha! ha! Now I wonder where they sell the best bull's-eyes! Well, here's a shilling for you, my lad, and don't spend it all on bull's-eyes, mind!"

"I shall put it in my money-box, sir," said Harper.

"That's right. Save your money, my boy. That's the way the foundations of great fortunes are laid. Well, good day to you!" and the Mayor rolled off to speak to another gentleman who happened, by the merest possible chance, of course, to be a good customer of his.

"Come, come, let us get away," said the Head, irritably, "I don't want to stop and talk to the whole town."

But ere he had gone ten paces, another prosperous inhabitant of Ardenwood—the leading grocer, Mr. Moses—insisted on congratulating the headmaster on the afternoon's victory.

"That Mr. Jones of yours is a wonder, sir," said the grocer, "the best player I have ever seen on this ground."

"Indeed!" said the Head, somewhat frigidly, for Mr. Moses was also on his black list.

"Hope he'll stay with you a long time, Mr. Adderman," added the grocer affably; "you don't pick up a man like that in a hurry."

"You are right," said the Head.

"He made short work of Harrison," added the grocer, with a chuckle, for he bore Harrison—who was the leading wine-merchant's son—no love. Young Mr. Harrison had once remarked that Mr. Moses sold wine which would kill at ten yards, and the grocer had never forgiven him for saying so.

"He must be a very powerful gentleman," said Mr. Moses.

"Yes, he is very strong," agreed Mr.

Adderman. "Very strong indeed," he added, as the grocer seemed surprised at his lack of enthusiasm.

"Just the man for your place," said the grocer.

"Eh?" demanded Mr. Adderman, sharply.

"Ought to be able to keep order well, I should say," explained Mr. Moses.

"All my masters keep order well," said the Head, in such a chilly tone that the grocer decided to go and talk to somebody a little more genial.

"Shall we never get rid of these people!" snapped the Head, as they proceeded on their way.

It seemed not, for as they entered the High Street they were solemnly greeted by Mr. Mellins, who was also a grocer, but one with whom the Head did not deal. In easy shirt-sleeves, Mr. Mellins was surveying the stream of visitors from the doorway of his emporium.

"A great day for you, Mr. Adderman," he said, with a majestic bow to Lucy.

"Yes, we have won, we have won," replied the Head, in a tone which was intended to be cordial.

"I played football myself once," said Mr. Mellins, who was inclined to corpulency, and, whatever he was in his youth, did not now suggest the athlete.

"Indeed," said the Head.

"And once was enough," Mr. Mellins added, "for I broke my collar-bone then."

"It is a rough game," ventured the Head.

"I hear one of your boys has been injured," continued Mr. Mellins, by no means cheerfully.

"Nothing serious, I fancy," said the Head.

"Ribs broken, they say," Mr. Mellins informed him, "and that may be very serious. If the lungs are penetrated by the broken bones——"

"Dear me! I hope that is not the case with Bradwell!" exclaimed Mr. Adderman.

"——Tuberculosis may set in," concluded Mr Mellins, in a lugubrious voice.

Poor Lucy gave her father's arm another twitch. This kind of conversation was hardly suitable for one in Mr. Adderman's condition.

"I must enquire about him at once," said the Head

"I should if I were you," said Mr. Mellins, with a sigh, "a young brother of mine died that way."

"I am sorry to hear it," the Head assured his comforter.

"Twenty years ago," added Mr. Mellins, as he wagged his head drearily and retired into his shop to serve a customer.

They walked on, but, as they were crossing the road, half way up the High Street, whom should they see bearing down upon them, with an evident desire for conversation, but Mr. Melrose himself.

The stationer was a mild little man with weak eyes and a rather red nose. He and his brother tradesmen made a sort of club of the commercial room at the "Two Spies." Here they talked "shop," and frequently drank more gin, rum and whiskey than was good for them.

Mr. Adderman, who knew of this meeting-place, was beginning to think, in his rather cloudy way, that all the tradesmen in the place had conspired together to swindle him.

Mr. Melrose wiped his eyes as he took off his hat and glimmered benignly at the Head and his companions.

"A glorious day——for you, Mr. Adderman," he observed not too clearly, "as I said to my wife——"

"Ah, I wish to have a word with you, Mr Melrose," said the Head, his wrath rising as he thought of the copy-books.

"'Pleasure," said Mr. Melrose, "but just let me tell you first what I think of that Mr. Jones of yours——"

"Never mind Mr. Jones," said the Head, heedless of the pressure his daughter was applying to his arm.

"I said to my wife——" repeated Mr. Melrose.

"Confound your wife!" exclaimed Mr. Adderman.

"Pardon?" returned the stationer, blankly.

"I want to know what you mean by——"

"Papa, we must be getting up to the school," urged Lucy.

"Perhaps I may take the liberty of walking a little way with you," suggested Mr. Melrose, "because I want to tell you what I said to my wife directly I saw your Mr. Jones come on to the ground."

"I don't wish to hear what you said to your wife, sir," exclaimed the Head, facing round on the little stationer, "but I do want to hear what you mean by——"

"Come, papa," said Lucy, "we really shall be late."

A sharp warning from an approaching dog-cart caused all four to retire to the side of the road. To their surprise, the dog-cart suddenly pulled up, and Jones hopped out of it.

"The doctor was giving me a lift towards the school," he said, as he joined them. "I have just been up to the Infirmary to see Bradwell."

"Bradwell! Ah, how is he?" said Mr. Adderman, forgetting the copy-book trouble for the moment.

"Going on well, sir. He'll have to stay there for a bit," added Jones, "and it will be the best place for him. They've set the ribs, and he's not in much pain, poor chap!"

"It was that Harrison fellow did it," observed Mr. Melrose, who was gazing at Jones with great admiration.

"Accidents will happen at football," said Jones, good-naturedly.

"You gave him one for himself afterwards, though," crowed Mr. Melrose.

Jones did not quite know what reply to make to this accusation.

"When I saw you come on the field, sir," continued Mr. Melrose, "I said to my wife——"

This mention of Mrs. Melrose acted as a fillip to the Head's smouldering rage with regard to the stationery account. He turned threateningly towards Mr. Melrose, but Lucy clutched his arm, and Harper stepped into the breach.

"Suppose," he said to Mr. Melrose, "you tell us what you said to your wife some other time?"

Jones, Lucy, and the Head turned off towards the school. Mr. Melrose shot an angry glance at Harper.

"You've got some cheek," he said.

"Heaps," said Harper. "Good-bye."

"Anything else to say?" enquired Mr. Melrose.

"Remember me to your wife, that's all," replied Harper, as he hastened after the others.

CHAPTER XX.

CALM AND STORM.

BEFORE Jones changed his things he went to the school-room to see how Baron was progressing with his imposition. He found the full-back surrounded by a group of boys who were narrating to him, in excited and ungrammatical terms, how the School had fared against the Town.

"I DON'T WISH TO HEAR WHAT YOU SAID TO YOUR WIFE, SIR," EXCLAIMED THE HEAD, FACING ROUND ON THE LITTLE STATIONER.

Young Jordan was performing a private war-dance on his own account. Observing Jones's approach, he suddenly became quite demure; then, bethinking him that his sister would like to hear all about it, he dashed off to the Third room, and plunged headlong into a vivid and bloodthirsty epistle which the angel-faced Phyllis carried about in her pocket for weeks afterwards, in order that she might read it aloud to the gardener, the cook, and other persons in Mr.

Jordan's service, who had for some time been quite familiar with the name of Mr. J. O. Jones, owing to the fact that Phyllis had solemnly informed them that she intended to marry Mr. Jones when she grew up.

All unconscious of the matrimonial alliance which Miss Jordan had been good enough to map out for him, Jones inspected Baron's lines and then tore them up.

The other fellows had made themselves scarce when Jones appeared.

"Now, Baron," said J. O., "I hope nothing of this sort will occur again. I would a thousand times rather you had played in the match than myself."

Baron stabbed at the desk with his pen.

"I am very glad you did play, sir," he said.

Jones laid his hand on the big boy's shoulder.

"I believe you. That was spoken like a man. Well, we'll both play in the Final and see if we can't tie up Jesseville. Now go and get some fresh air."

Jones then repaired to the bath-room, and Baron, putting on his cap, took a thoughtful walk by himself.

When Jones, being on duty, walked into the Hall at tea-time, the school rose at him. There was nothing half-hearted in their greeting. They received him with a yell, and hammered the tables with knives, plates, cups, or whatever came most handy. The uproar having subsided, Jones said grace, and afterwards went and sat by Oliphant, with whom, as well as with those sitting near, he fought the afternoon's battle over again.

Presently Johnson ambled in with a tray piled up with dainties of the kind that he served for afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

"Miss Peters says, sir," he observed, addressing Jones, "that I am to bring you some tea, sir, as you missed your tea this afternoon."

Had Johnson been catering for an elephant, he could hardly have been more liberal in his preparations. There was a huge cake, to start with, about a couple of pounds of biscuits, and quite a stack of thin bread and butter.

"My compliments to Miss Peters, and I am very much obliged to her," replied Jones. Then he took up a knife and cut the cake into fifteen pieces.

"Here, Johnson," he said, "take this round to the fellows who were playing to-day. Half a moment!" he added, as the butler was moving off, "I want my bit; and you may as well take yours, Oliphant!"

After a time Jones left his place by Oliphant, and wandered round the Hall. He was composing a little speech. He thought this would be a good opportunity to say something he very much wished to say to the fellows. He knew they would pay attention to anything he cared to say to them just now, and he might not get such a chance again.

He had not very much time left. A short month, and he would bid "good-bye" to Adderman's for ever. He felt sure that Mr. Adderman was much too obstinate a man to change his mind about the notice he had given him.

Still, if he could do any good during that period, he would do it.

As he walked round the Hall, with the hum of the boys' chatter in his ears, he felt sorry that he was leaving the school so soon. The place had grown upon him, in a way. He had been tremendously "barred" at first, he knew, but he felt that he had lived most of that down.

Given time, he might have been able to regenerate the place. If only Adderman had had a little *will*—a little real *will*—will enough, in fact, to go to the root of the evil and send the desperadoes of the school about their business! Jones knew the bad eggs. He knew the fellows who were wrong through and through—fellows who polluted the place with their presence.

If only Adderman had had the strength and character to take a strong line and clear these poisoners of the air right out—what a different name his school might have had! But no—he was ill, weary, weak—in mind and body alike. And it is, after all, the headmaster who sets the time and gives the tone to a school. Think of Arnold!

Jones, a mere assistant-master, and one, too, under notice to go—what could he do?

He looked at his watch and walked up to the high table. He struck a bell and the fellows rose to their feet.

"Before I say grace!" said Jones, a little awkwardly, "I should just like to thank you for—for receiving me so pleasantly this evening. Thanks very much. I'm glad we won——"

Here he was interrupted by a deafening uproar.

"I'm glad we won," he went on, when they had quietened down, "and I hope we shall win the Final. You fellows are great guns at footer, and that's a good beginning, but——"

The boys were profoundly silent now.

"But," Jones continued slowly, "I think you might, if you choose to take the trouble, pull the school up a bit in other ways."

There was a movement among the boys, and Jones saw a number of them glancing towards the door. Looking in that direction, too, he observed Mr. Samuels standing there, and listening, with a slight smile on his face, to what he was saying.

Jones, however, was not to be daunted.

"I am willing to help you," he said quietly, "in other things besides games. I am not going

to be here very much longer, but while I am here, I'll do my best for you."

Then he said grace, and the boys, more thoughtfully than was their wont, streamed out of the Hall.

During prep. that evening the Long Room was unusually peaceful. As Jones marched up and down, the boys worked steadily at their lessons, pausing, at times, to look at this new master with the big shoulders and grave face who had, in a few simple words, preached them quite a little sermon. So prep. passed away in good order, and in good order the boys trailed off to bed.

"I wish Jones took prep. every night, don't you?" said Jordan to Turner, who occupied the next bed.

"Rather!" said Turner, "you somehow don't want to fool about when he takes it."

And having summed up the situation in their own way, these erstwhile enemies went a-journeying to dreamland in the company of many other tired travellers

Jones, feeling just about ready for bed, was smoking a last meditative pipe, when Johnson came into the common-room to say that the headmaster wished to speak to him.

Johnson shambled along by Jones's side as the new master strode up the corridor.

"I don't know what's wrong with the headmaster, sir," he said, "but it's my private opinion that there's something very serious the matter with 'im. 'E's been goin' on at everyone like mad, even at Miss Lucy and Master 'Arper, 'oo 'e said was kickin' up a dooce of a noise on the pianner just to annoy 'im. Of course Miss Lucy answered 'im sharp, but Master 'Arper just smiled in that quiet way 'e's got, sir, and the guv'nor arsked 'im 'oo 'e was makin' fun of, upon which Master 'Arper simply smiled all the more, whereupon the guv'nor went off to his study in a tearin' rage, and since then Mr. Samuels 'as been trying to quiet 'im down—leastways, 'e's been in with 'im for a full hour!"

Mr. Samuels' methods of soothing his fractious chief were soon made known to Jones.

He parted with Johnson at the study door, and went in. Mr. Adderman, looking more haggard than usual, was sitting at his desk. Mr. Samuels was reclining in an easy chair by the fire.

"You wish to see me, sir?" said Jones, closing the door.

"Yes," said the Head, rising, "I want to know, Mr. Jones, what you mean by making a speech to the boys and inferring that this school is not as good a school as it might be?"

"All I said——." began Jones.

"Self-convicted!" cried the headmaster, passionately, "you admit you have made remarks to the effect that the school is going down-hill!"

"I said nothing of the kind," replied Jones, "I told them I thought the school wanted pulling up in some ways, and I meant it. I think it does."

"You are impertinent, sir, grossly impertinent," thundered the Head, whose lips were working nervously, "and you shall not stay in my employment to make such remarks to my very face. I will pay you your money, and you shall go at once—at once!"

He sat down and fumbled in a drawer. At length he found what he was looking for—his cheque-book—and, opening it, took up his pen. But before he had made a stroke on the blank cheque he dropped his pen, and put his hand to his forehead. Then, with a groan, he fell helplessly forward across his desk.

(To be continued.)

NOT CAUGHT YET.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Photo Woodburytype

CYCLE PICNICS.

THERE are few things quite so delightful in their way as the cycling picnic. There is no crowding in a train or road vehicle, with the greater or lesser forms of confinement which either mode of progression must necessarily imply. Each participant paddles his own canoe, and yet all paddle in a certain sense together, or at least have a common object in view which they are unanimously bent upon carrying out. The absence of any time-table, the failure to comply with which might strand the expedition at some inconvenient point, redoubles the charm of the thing. There are no trains or boats to catch. The run has been thought out beforehand; it has been leisurely scheduled, that is, roughly and easily "timed," and even the least experienced of the party knows that he or she will be well able to accomplish the round proposed. The "old hand," to whom this part of the arrangements has been entrusted, may be relied upon to have seen to that, and all meet at the appointed *rendezvous* with the notion that they have not simply gathered to cover in company a certain distance, but to do that quite incidentally, with the main object of picnicking, and thoroughly enjoying the picnicking, always paramount before them.

MAKING UP THE PARTY.

The composition of the party is a matter of some consideration. Its members should consist of a group of friends. If not, those who, at the start, may be outsiders, should be the good friends of at least someone of the party. It does not follow that if two or more friends or schoolmates are for the time for any reason not on good terms, that the individuals at difference, or any one of them, should necessarily be excluded. These little passing quarrels have all to be made up at some time or another, and the congenial surroundings of a picnic excursion afford about as favourable an atmosphere as can be imagined in which to bury the hatchet and start afresh. So many little opportunities arise for mutual help and trifling self-sacrifice which go to make the beginnings of friendship, and which are scarcely less efficacious in restoring it if for the nonce its genial current has been diverted.

REAL GIPSYING.

Seeing that a picnic is a meal, it is well to confer in advance as to the nature of the provisions to be taken; for your true picnickers will not rely upon being accommodated at some farmhouse or inn, but will do the thing properly in the old-fashioned way. If possible, there will be no resort to assistance even as regards the matter of hot water. All sorts of fun is missed if the water for making tea or coffee is fetched from a farm or cottage. It ought really to be got from a spring or lake and boiled by the expedition. For the expedition should be self-contained and self-reliant, needing nothing beyond what forethought has prompted it to provide itself with, or what Nature is well able to furnish in the particular locality which is its objective for the day. There is a pleasurable excitement in selecting the best spot for the temporary camp, in following the directions of the natural leader or elected captain of the party, in gathering dry wood, erecting a gipsies' tripod, slinging the kettle, lighting the fire, and so forth.

THE FAST AND THE SLOW.

A picnic in which all these novel activities are dispensed with, loses half its charm, and

it is for this reason that I suggest that it is better for the whole party to agree to be savages just for one day, and to scorn the assistance of any sort of civilised dwelling that may chance to be invitingly within reach. If there are girls in the party—and they often add greatly to the fun—the purely "domestic" part of the affair is sure to be better carried out; and if at least one girl is consulted beforehand on a sort of roughly-formed "committee of plans," so much the better. There will be fewer things forgotten, and the general scheme will work more smoothly. I spoke a little way back of the matter of scheduling out the run to the picnicking place. The timing should be slow enough to allow of the weakest of the party keeping the lead all the way. When the party is very varied as regards cycling proficiency, as is nearly sure to be the case when it has been got together solely with consideration as to who are good fellows, and who are nice girls, it may be well to break into two contingents, a slow and a fast, but each body should keep more or less compactly together. Under such an arrangement it is the proper thing for the first flight to arrive with the determination to get as much of the preliminary work of the camp done as may be, seeing that the later contingent, in spite of their slowness, are likely to arrive perhaps a little less fresh than their stronger friends.

PROVISION AGAINST BREAKDOWN.

The ordinary forethought that provides such matters as road equipment against emergencies must be doubled if the party is to be split in this way. Everyone, strictly speaking, should travel with all the necessaries to cope with any ordinary roadside disaster; but riders of experience know quite well that a great many cyclists do not trouble to take such common-sense precautions. Many do not even carry a pump or an oil can. Although I have little sympathy for such riders, and think they deserve about as much trouble as they are sooner or later sure to get into, yet for picnicking purposes, one has to reckon with them. Apart altogether from any natural kindness in assisting them to get out of their scrapes, it is desirable for the sake of the other members of the expedition that some provision should be made which will prevent their thoughtlessness being the means of spoiling the fun of the whole party. Therefore, some one must engage beforehand that he at least will have as part of his accoutrement a large inflator, an adjustable wrench, a good tyre repairing outfit, string, wire, and other things which the experience of the road has shown to be occasionally in demand; and if the party should, by arrangement, be constructed so as to be broken into two or more divisions, then each division must be similarly and separately equipped.

THE MATTER OF PROVISIONS.

As for the provisions, the best plan is for each to bring some contribution towards them. You know the old story of the picnic to which every participant had made up his mind that he would bring something that each of the others would be sure to forget? When the various packages were unwrapped it was discovered to the general consternation that everybody had brought mustard! The story probably isn't true, but it none the less points a warning. Let there be a proper balance between sandwiches, sweetstuffs, beverages, or the materials for making them, fruits, cheese, or whatever may be decided upon, and the success of the thing is more than half assured. As regards the tripod, three light lengths of bamboo can be carried strapped to the frame of the machine very much in the same position as that in which the cycling volunteer carries his rifle; or some strong lengths of lath, which one need not trouble to bring back, will do as well. I have known occasions on which birds have been shot, or fish caught, to contribute to the rustic meal. I remember one time when a rook was sacrificed and baked in an improvised oven of clay. He was shockingly burnt in the cooking, but we ate the cinders, and thought them more tasty than the daintiest fowl. But I would not advise carrying the arrangements to this length, for, after all, it seems incongruous that a creature whose joyous freedom is even greater than yours of the day should suffer the loss of its happy life in order to contribute to your passing pleasures.

TAKE YOUR FUN WITH YOU.

Such remarks would hardly apply to blackberrying or nutting expeditions undertaken in their season. These are splendid; but of course the special ground and country must be selected in which they are likely to be most successful. There must also be taken bags or baskets, as the case may be. Then, when the harvest is gathered, you have the satisfaction of taking your dessert fresh

plucked from the very branch and twig that bore it. No canned stuffs or biscuits which may have been brought, however nice, will seem to compare in relish with these dainties of the wood and thicket. It is commonly accounted vulgar to ride home with a posy of flowers tied to the head of your machine, and I cannot help feeling that it is, if you buy them for a few coppers from a villager. But, if you gather them yourself, surely they are a beautiful guerdon to carry home as evidence to those that did not go with you of the sweetness of the country you have been revelling in. Before striking camp, the fire, if any of it be left, should be very carefully extinguished, and the homeward ride, which has been timed somewhat slower than the outward one, and which should be made all in company, ought so to be arranged that the home of the one who has farthest to go may be reached by dark, or as soon after as is convenient. All the same, no one should join a picnic party without having seen that there is no reasonable likelihood of the lamp failing, should it be needed. By following up these—a few only of the picnicking hints that come to mind—boys, or girls, or both, may ensure the liveliest of times, provided that they go, taking their fun with them—not expecting to find it there ready made—and provided also that the summer sun is fair.

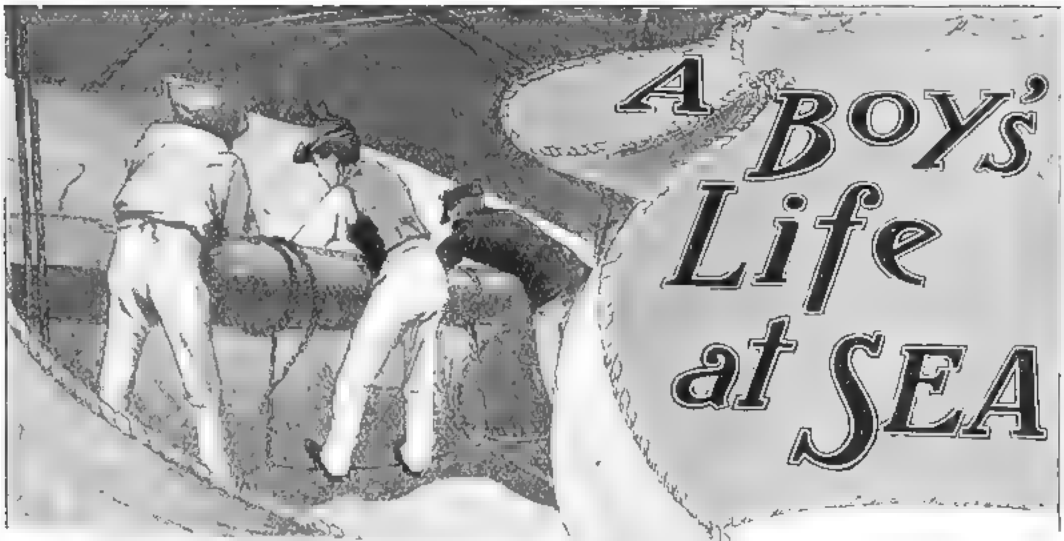
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Subscriber (Darwen).—You had better make southward for a space, in order to avoid the hill-climbing necessary to cross the Pennine Range. I have made the journey many times, and the most successful occasion was when I went viâ Burton-on-Trent, which seems on the map to be a long way out of one's reckoning. Eastward the way lies through Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester, Uppingham, and so forth. The distance will not be under about 140 miles, but I cannot give you the intermediate measurements. Get a good set of Bartholomew's maps and work them out for yourself. It is much more interesting to measure up your own distances than to take them "pat" from another. **A.H.M.** (Llangollen).—A stand is a convenience, but you can keep the machine in quite as good case without one, if you will be careful not to so lean it that its handlebars come in contact with a wall or anything else hard that might injure the nickel. A head lock will always prevent this. If your machine has none you should so arrange that the corner of the saddle takes the leaning weight. It is easy to manage this if you take common care. The Royal Sunbeam is excellent. You may trust it anywhere. The makers of it are a firm that give as much individual attention to a machine as any that I know. Do not use the word "bike" for bicycle. It is a barbarism, and if you are a "constant reader," as you say, you will notice that I always refrain from using it. It only tends to debase the beautiful language which is our birthright as Englishmen. Replies cannot be sent through the post. **Campeche** (Macclesfield).—Your Osmond at twelve guineas should prove a good investment. It is sound stuff. **"Grammar School"** (Shrewsbury).—Yes, I will willingly answer any question I am able to, whether you cycle or not; but I hope you will learn to. The nicest route is by Ludlow. A pleasant walk to you! **X.Y.Z.** (Ilfracombe).—The crank action has been explained in these pages. Broadly, it consists in making the ankle do as much, and the knee as little, as is conveniently possible. The movement then becomes more effective, and, incidentally, more graceful, too.—**Evaline B.**—You need not put the sticky stuff inside the inner tubes. There is almost certainly a small puncture which you have failed to find. Go to the best repairer you know, and ask him to try his hand. There is only this hint to suggest, that the valve may not be truly screwed home. It seems as if you were a careful girl, and the valve is, perhaps, not likely to be the unknown cause; but I have known supposed troubles of quite long standing to be due to nothing else. **C. L. Smith.**—If you want some really comfortable cycling knickers, get a pair made by John Harding, New Brown-street, Manchester. They are seamless, and prevent chafing. A great many cyclists wear this particular kind, and "swear" by them. **J.S.** (Bungay).—I can't see how, being, as you say, a fellow of average physique, you can find pleasure in riding in a trailer while someone else does the work. But if you do, for goodness' sake sit still. You may well bother him about the steerage. You run a danger, though, of getting too fat to cycle if that is your game.

H. P

HUNTERS AT GRASS

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Photo Woodburytype



A Boy's Life at Sea

Illustrated by George Hawley

By J. E. PATTERSON.

AS AN APPRENTICE.

II.—UNDER SQUARE SAILS: CLIPPER.

BETWEEN life on a steamship and on a sailing vessel—a "wind-jammer," as she is termed in nautical parlance—there is a wide difference that may not, probably is not, apparent to the eyes of landsfolk. The steamer, especially that vagrant of the great waters, the slow, ill-kept, ill-manned and badly provisioned cargo "tramp," is the anachronism of the seas, the killer of ocean romance, and the prime cause of some real evils that cannot well be dwelt on in matter where the boy is the real basis. The use of steam as a propelling power at sea has done a thousand times more, at one bound, to modernise and make prosaic that which was essentially more ancient than we now have time to stop and see. It is only under square sails—as voyaging in sailing ships is called—that any of the old charm of a sailor's life can be found. And as practically all ocean-travel is now done where steam is used, the true life of the real seaman has become an almost entirely unknown thing to all but those who live it.

To-day, life is too hurried for even the thoughtful not to miss some of the underlying effects of change. Thus we cannot wonder at the public's failing to see (as hearing and reading prove) that the seaman of our day, the old deep-water man excepted, is an entirely different being to what his forerunner was fifty years ago. This immense change we owe to steam. It has not merely revolutionised the sailor's life; it is responsible for greatly altering the man himself, and making him half a landsman, whilst still no less a seagoer

Yet of this hidden life the sea-apprentice has to know something, even when indentured to a steamer. On such a vessel, he cannot learn the proper management of sails—a knowledge which he, when grown to be an officer, may have to use at any moment because of a breakdown in the machinery; hence, the Board of Trade regulations compel him to spend twelve months in a sailing vessel with square yards. To him, this mostly comes when he is no longer a boy, from a boy's point of view. It is generally his fourth year at sea, and, occasionally, later still. But what we now have to write of, is the life of the boy who is apprenticed to a sailing ship.

Here he very seldom makes his trial-trip in uniform. On the white-winged cargo-carrier, where passengers are a rarity, even when she is a clipper East-Indiaman, uniforms are but used as dress clothes in harbour—with this exception: some apprentices will put on their brass-buttoned jackets and caps on a fine Sunday at sea, in commemoration of the day, and of the time when they were accustomed to don their best clothes to go to church. The embryo officer in this case just dresses in an ordinary half-worn-out suit. Better clothes would only be spoiled in the work This,

of course, robs the matter of its gloss, takes away its glamour; but he has a much greater disenchantment to experience.

Say she is a clipper ship of two thousand tons burthen. Her apprentices are six in number, with a "greenhorn" to make up the lucky seven. Their quarters is a cabin under the poop, termed the "half-deck." Sometimes they are berthed in a separate little house on the quarter-deck. In fine weather and in dog-watches generally, that place is naturally the scene of considerable fun.

The food supplied is, in almost all cases, fairly good—though, because of having to depend so much on preserved foods, not on a level with the diet served to apprentices in steamships. "Crackers"—ship's biscuits—are in abundance. There is usually but little restriction placed on the use of butter and marmalade, and some owners provide jam in addition. (Although the Board of Trade's scale of diet is about as simple as it well can be, and as limited as health will allow.) So long as they will keep, vegetables form a part of each dinner, a daily portion of which is soup—fresh on the alternating salt beef day, pea-soup being served with the salt pork of other days. These meats are weighed out according to the authorised scale, with, in generously provided vessels, a little to the good, to allow for boiling. A milk, or other, pudding is usually added to the "half-deck" dinner. Of course, the recognised institution of "plum-duff" is regularly observed on each Sunday.

When a pig—always called "Denis" on board ship—or a sheep is killed, the apprentices get a fair share. On long passages, these occasions are feast-days. Breakfast commonly consists of coffee, "crackers," and "dry-hash"—potatoes and beef minced together, seasoned, and baked—or the usual boiled hash. On beef days these hashes are replaced with "cracker-hash"—biscuits soaked in water till soft, then chopped up with lean salt pork, an onion or two, and cooked as a "dry-hash." At teatime they may get a prepared dish, and they may not. Three times per week, each one receives half-a-pound of flour made into a dumpling, or a little loaf, for tea. Stores, except those for each day's cooking, are weighed out weekly—"whack out," it is termed. Three quarts of water are allowed to every one per day, for washing, cooking, and drinking. In steamships all may go to the pump and take it as they please.

When once fairly out at sea, where the extent of one's vision is daily limited to the circular line at which sky and water seem to meet, things soon settle down to the humdrum routine of life under square sails. Now it is, if ever, that the boy feels lonely, and wishes to be at home with his chums or his mother. The excitement of the first few days, and sickness, being over, he is impressed by the great and non-understood mystery of the sea. But, a few practical jokes played on him, the work, and the newness of things around him, soon draw his interest to immediately surrounding matters. All the items that the novice had to learn on board the steamer, are here learnt by him—in addition to the extra ones that come of being propelled by the means of wind and sails.

He takes his watch with the others, has to acquire a speedy knowledge of the different ropes and their usages, and works with his mates at whatever there is to do during their watches on deck in the daytime. When the first twelve days or so are past, he is sent aloft as occasion serves in fine weather, going higher, and more frequently, as the days go by. Then, when he runs up the rigging with some assurance, he takes his place with the rest at furling and loosening sails.

Another extra item of which he gains a smattering of knowledge is that of steering—first, by standing behind the apprentice at the lee-side of the wheel, and then in taking his turn at that duty, and being coached by the A.B. then steering the ship. By helping to heave the log, he also gets an insight into telling what rate the vessel is making.

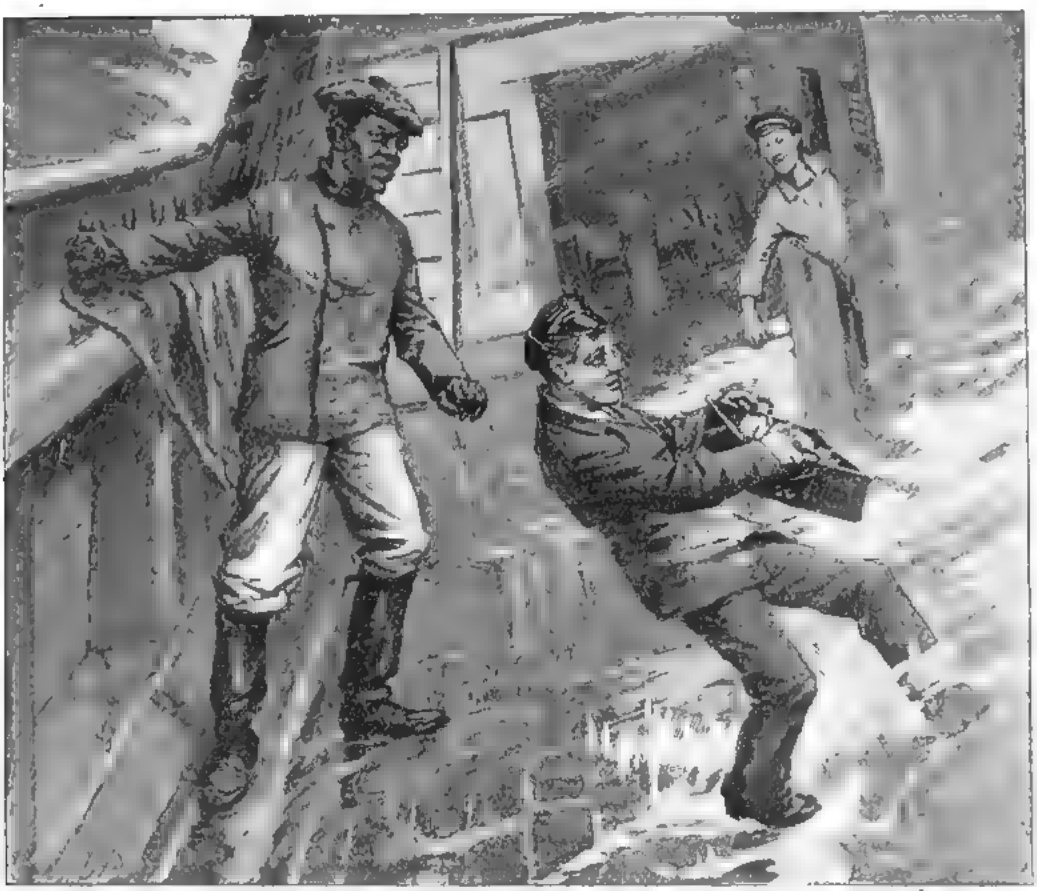
The names of the sails he soon commits to memory—sooner than the points of the compass, in fact. Familiarity with the ropes he gains by daily contact with them, and bits of minor seamanship he picks up in the same way. As the weather fines and fouls, and sails are taken in, then set again, he hears—and probably learns, afterwards to amuse his friends at home—the work-songs, termed "chanties," which make so distinguishing a feature of sailing in deep-water ships.

He is the "fag" of no one, but must take care of himself, and go to the galley in turn for his watch's meals—whereby, in bad weather, comes many a mishap, and many a rueful face, owing to a slip on the deck, or a wave breaking over him and the dinner. In the "half-deck" there is usually a melodeon, or other such instrument, and the dog-watches are often spent in jollity that would be thought out of place in a steamer. When "crossing the line," he will probably pay for it in the old-fashioned style, but hardly ever in a steamship. Thus he begins, and, if he remains, he will be sailing as third mate during the last year of his term of indentures—or be a proof of the old misleading saying: "They have sent the fool of the family to sea."

This is, in a certain sense, the easy-going,

gentleman phase of life at sea, whether that of the boy or the man. Although, in seamanship proper, it needs a better man than is required by the similar, yet different, duties that are peculiar to the bridge of a steamer, still, the latter's captain is always thought more highly of than is the master of the slower, but far more beautiful, vessel that depends on the wind for her speed. In the old days, the nautical synonym for gentlemanliness was the Calcutta pilot; albeit, he could gently colour-up the Queen's English on occasion. Next to him, at times more than his equal, came the masters and officers of the East-India Company's ships; and it is as one of their successors that the sea-apprentice is here presented. In this phase he is a candidate to be one of the class who form all that is best in the combination of seamanship and manhood, and the more so if in a London clipper; for, to the credit of the port be it said, from there sail the most gentlemanly officers of all who tread the decks of our merchant navy.

On the matter of the sea as a profession, much could be said, and might, perhaps, be appropriately said here. But the purpose of these articles is not to present a long treatise on what career a boy should follow; rather is it the plain telling of how lads live and work at sea. If sailors they intend to be, sailors they will become—though bolts and whippings, mothers' loves and fathers' woes be as plentiful as rain in the "doldrums."



IN BAD WEATHER COMES MANY A MISHAP.

And it is a blessing to the nation that such is the case. When our maritime power begins to fail, our descent in the scale of nations will be equally as rapid.

Of late much has been written and said anent the foreign element in our merchant service; but not a word too many or too strong can be uttered on the subject till this trading navy is fully what it should be—an ever-ready and efficient recruiting ground for our fighting sea-force. Training boys for the Navy in obsolete battleships is right enough in its way, providing that they are drilled with up-to-date weapons;

but, in an hour of emergency that may happen almost any day, those lads could not spring to the state of manhood, and take men's places in the ranks of our first, and most needful, defensive force. Such officers, by the means of the Royal Naval Reserve, are what the merchant service should be able to produce at a day's notice.

There is now some talk of purging out these foreigners to a certain extent. When that is done—and it is one of the imperative cases wherein charity should begin at home—British fathers will have less cause to hesitate in sending their boys to sea; berths will not then be difficult to obtain, and things will be generally better. This is not the place to give a long dissertation on why we are so saddled with this foreign element; and if that reason were set aside, and the causes minutely stated here, it would probably be taken as a biassed opinion, although from the pen of one who has spent years as a sailor free-lance in many kinds of craft and under different flags.

In the more peaceful way of trading, this alien element is to-day doing for us what the hired mercenaries of pre-Christian times did for their rulers. But there came occasions when such myrmidons failed where native soldiers would have probably been successful. How could it be otherwise? When put to the test, the man who has a home at stake, and with it all the dear associations which, inevitably, accompany the word "home," must naturally be worth double the value of a hired fighter. Are we, by this similar process differently applied, approaching a like condition of things as was experienced by those ancient monarchs and commonwealths who put their misused faith in the weapons and courage of paid defenders? Proportionately to our increase in number of ships and tonnage, our merchant seamen have dwindled. Not ours alone, but almost a third of the world's cross-seas goods are being carried under the British flag kept afloat by foreigners. As already stated, the causes and the far-reaching effect of this cannot be gone into here. They are matters concerning the nation generally, but are particularly for older heads than those at which these papers are especially levelled.

It is the plain fact that concerns the parents of the boy, and the lad himself who is thinking of going to sea. In his present attitude towards a sailor's life, this truth is to him merely as a mirror that shows him what he has to expect from this section of the subject. It is here given for no other reason but to complete the whole of a picture, and so enable the embryo ship's officer to obtain a kind of bird's-eye view of the course before him as a seaman. Nor need the matter trouble him as to such future relations as must exist between officer and men. Although, from the national standpoint, British sailors should almost wholly man all vessels that fly the red ensign, neither incompetence nor bad conduct can be brought forward as charges against the average foreigner—whether of a Teutonic, a Scandinavian, or of a Latin race. To admit a piece of common justice, the reverse is more the truth.

Ordinarily untravelled boys and youths think of foreign sailors as hard-living men with too great a fondness for using knives on people without provocation. It is true that when a fight begins, they rarely use their fists, as Britishers do; but whilst matters aboard go smoothly, the foreigner is generally of a more pliable disposition than his English, Irish, or Scottish shipmate; he bears more patiently with bad or scanty food and much work; he grumbles less on all counts, is usually more sober when in harbour, and not so likely to "jump" (desert) his ship abroad. Again, those who bulk so largely in the manning of our steam vessels have, in most cases, previously been in sailing ships under their own national flags; and that early training often makes them better sailors, in the sense of competence, than the majority of Britishers who keep to steamers—this, because the work on such vessels never makes the all-round good sailor, evolved from the lad who is first trained under square sails.

The foregone reasons (added to the fact that men in our merchant service are better paid than those under other flags) are, collectively, the cause of so many aliens being employed by our masters and chief mates of to-day. These causes alone affect the would-be sailor; the effect is the nation's business, and, having shown the lad this side of life in foreign-going ships (for, strange to say, the proportion of aliens in our coasting vessels is wonderfully small), we may now pass on to the next phase of our subject.

(To be continued.)

I made them lay their hands in mine, and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.—TENNYSON.

"God Save the King!" Here, then, is our Coronation Number; here is London, bursting with loyal subjects; all over the Empire—East, West, North, South—wherever the map is painted red, there is rejoicing and singing of our great national hymn, which, with its simple words and straightforward melody, fulfils its purpose most admirably, for a little child does not find it too difficult to remember.

Whistled, played by bands and on barrel-organs, and on great stately organs in cathedrals, hammered out on pianos, blown out lugubriously by itinerant German bandsmen, quavered in the shrill voices of boys and girls at school treats, bellowed in the streets by home-going revellers—there is no better-known melody in the wide world than the song wherewith we all do honour, in our own way, to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh! Think of the places where the National Anthem will be chanted on Coronation Day! It will be heard in every city and town and village in the kingdom, on every battleship, on every lordly liner, and on the lowly tramp steamer. Old pianos, whose notes have grown feeble under the weight of years, will sound yet again with this melody in remote Australian and Canadian homesteads. The British flag flutters in the breeze wherever the sun is shining, and so, during the whole of Coronation Day, people will be singing "God Save the King!" somewhere or other throughout His Majesty's vast domains.

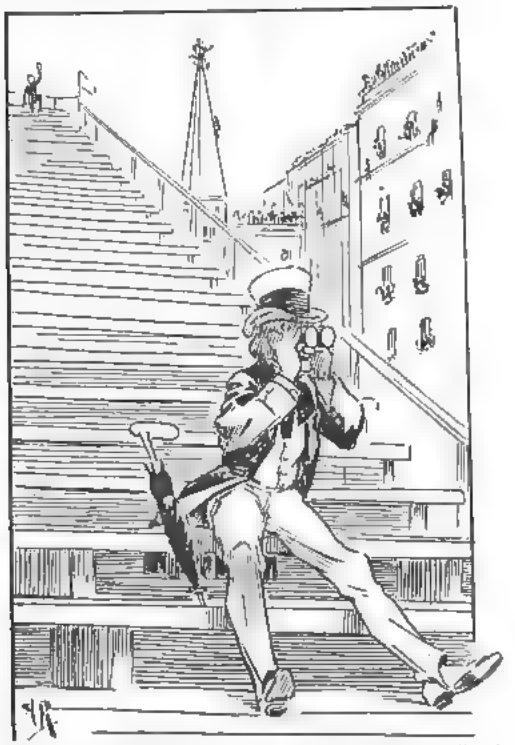
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God Save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the King!

The King's Song.—The history of this famous old song is interesting. We have every reason to believe that the *tune* was composed by Dr. John Bull in the time of James I., but it was not used by him for a national anthem. One Anthony Young (I am told in "a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore"), organist of All Hallows, Barking, adapted Dr. Bull's melody to a "God Save the King" for James II. at the time when the Prince of Orange was hovering over the coast, but it was not universally used as a national anthem until the time of George II. It is a singular coincidence that Anthony Young's daughter was married to Arne, who composed "Rule Britannia." The *words* of the song which we now sing in honour of the monarch appear to have a French origin, and to have been translated and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel. "God Save the King," in fact, is almost a literal translation of a *cantique* sung by the Demoiselles de St. Cyr, when Louis XIV. attended morning prayer at that chapel. The words were by M.

de Brion, and the music by the famous Sully:—

Grand Dieu sauve le Roi!
Grand Dieu venge le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux!
Voye ses ennemis—
Toujours soumis!

The King's Popularity.—I think Edward the Seventh is one of the most popular monarchs that has ever occupied our throne. Your true Briton loves a sportsman, and the King is a sportsman to his finger-tips. He is an out-door King, and is the country squire all over when he is pottering about his estate in Norfolk. He has won the



The stand-proprietors having frightened off the public with exorbitant prices, it is possible that the O.F. will get a seat for half-a-crown "on the day."

Derby, and he has won prizes for cattle bred under his own personal superintendence. He is devoted to horses and dogs; he hunted in his day; he is a good shot, and a keen yachtsman. He has the reputation of never forgetting a face. He is what is known as a "particular" man, and a stickler for etiquette. And he is celebrated for his courtesy and tact. Such is Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India.

"Here's a Health unto His Majesty!" is a fine old Cavalier ballad which is being sung a great deal this year. It has always been a favourite of mine. One can well imagine those desperate gentlemen who fought and lost everything they had, many even life itself, for King Charles the First, thundering out this grandly loyal song with wine cups and swords raised on high. It has a splendid ring and lilt. Three lines in it may fitly be applied to Pro-Boers and other disloyal rogues:—

And he who will not drink this health
I'll wish him neither wit nor wealth,
But I'll give him a rope to hang himself!
With a tra la la la-la la la!

Deary me! There are many more things I should like to say to you about songs and singing. I love music, and am willing to listen to whatever's going. I even like barrel-organs. There's a very good barrel-organ comes and plays in Burleigh-street in the evening once or twice a week. If I am late at the office I hear it, and I often feel sorry when it goes away. If there's no one within earshot I then sing myself a song or two, and then, the concert being over, I go and watch the people come out of the theatres. Not a very expensive amusement, certainly, but, you see, it's necessary to save up one's money when a Coronation's coming on.

For Instance, this is the time of all times when country cousins swoop down upon their relatives in London. You are told to lay in extra food and extra beds, and to meet certain trains, and, in fact, to lay yourself out to entertain and look pleasant. And you do so. And later, when London is full of heat and dust, and one's thoughts fly to cool lanes and meadows, and old-fashioned gardens—then comes your reward! Don't forget your country cousins, then, and your country cousins, in due time, will not forget *you*.

So now, having failed last month to procure seats except at exorbitant prices, let me hie forth and see what's to be got at this late hour. Boy! where's my hat?

[*The Ho Heff is now bargainin' with 'im. You can 'ear them 'arf way down the Strand. The Ho Heff knows a Bit, I tell You.—The "O.B."*]

A "Flannelled Fool."—This title, as many readers will be aware, is borrowed from the poem called "The Islanders," which Mr. Rudyard Kipling contributed to the *Times* some five or six months ago. In this poem, Mr. Kipling inveighs against Great Britain's slackness in teaching her sons how to ride and shoot, resting seemingly content with the fact that they become expert in the art of playing cricket and football well. He refers to the fact that, when we found the Boers hard nuts to crack, we "fawned on the Younger Nations" (meaning, of course, the Colonies) for good horsemen and shots, and

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals.

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in Kipling's onslaught on our methods. There ought to be rifle-ranges everywhere, and our young men should be taught how to ride. Our Public School Cadet Corps are doing good work in the former department, and THE CAPTAIN intends to encourage such corps as far as lies in its power by reporting their doings in an attractive way.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[*As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.*]

Captain Club Contributions.—Owing to great pressure on our space, this feature has been held over. It will be resumed next month.

Ronald Harley.—(1) You are evidently well up in railway matters, and have more than a passing acquaintance with the line. I appear to have put the highest speed on an English railway rather low as compared with your figures, but I was quoting from the recorded performance of an ordinary train, whereas the speed you mention (ninety miles an hour) as having been attained on the Midland Railway, was, I take it, accomplished under special conditions. (2) I do not think we have quite the same views as to what "smartness" means in a railway sense. To my mind the smartest railway is not necessarily that which has the fastest train, but the one which handles its traffic in the most up-to-date manner, doing most for the comfort of its passengers, and combining at the same time fair speed and punctuality. Many people consider the Midland Railway smarter than the others, but it is of course a matter of opinion; all the leading lines have their special admirers, and it is hard to say which has the greatest number of good points. (3) I should like to know how many "coaches" were attached to the engine "Ionic," which ran from London to Carlisle, 299½ miles, without a stop; because there is, as you are aware, a good deal of difference between running a "light" engine and hauling a fairly heavy train like the "King's Special" from Plymouth to London. (4) I quite agree that the lines to the North do not "race" now in the way they did in 1895, and I do not think it likely they will, though I cannot, of course, foretell what will happen this summer. Most people, however, called those trains "racing" trains in spite of the fact that the term was not, perhaps, strictly appropriate. Anyway, my meaning was, I think, clear, i.e., that the Great Western Railway does not compete with its rivals like two of the northern lines did in 1895, but runs its trains to the booked times, being content with giving simply a good service.

E.L.N.—I have looked through your verses, and I think you have a certain amount of poetical instinct. If you continue to send your poems to papers regularly, they will soon attract attention *if they contain merit.* It is a good plan to go on sending to the same paper, notwithstanding one or two rebuffs, as in this way you familiarise the editor with your work, and if you are any good he will in time begin to pay you serious attention. One of the great secrets of literary success is not to lose heart by the way; so many young people expect to be successful right off with their first attempts, and give up trying because their first ten or twenty contributions are rejected.

Ben Hope.—I am glad you have written to me. The young lady, being an entire stranger to you, should not have sent you a pictorial post-card, and you should not have sent one back, although, under the circumstances, I can quite understand your doing so. It is not usual, as you know, for people to correspond unless they have been introduced to one another. The fact that you both belong to the CAPTAIN CLUB is not an introduction.

"General Noirtier's Revenge."—When I accepted this story I wrote to the author, asking him whether Napoleon was really known to act in the way he describes. His reply was as follows:—"I can refer you to the 'Secret Memoirs of Napoleon,' published in Paris in 1816, to support the view I take of Napoleon's character. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that in the 'Memoirs of Meneval,' and those of the Duc de Ruvigny, Napoleon is represented in quite a different light. Napoleonic literature has always had an intense fascination for me, but as far as I am concerned, the Napoleonic puzzle is unsolvable. If you compare the Napoleon of Theirs with the Napoleon of Lanfrey you will find that they are two different beings, and yet anyone with a knowledge of the literature of the time will see numerous misrepresentations in both historians. Personally, I am a great admirer of Napoleon, yet I am obliged to admit that he was occasionally an awful blackguard. It may amuse you to hear that a few months since an editor, when accepting a story of mine about Napoleon, took exception to the favourable view I presented of the great Corsican."

Smith Quintus.—(1) Mr. Fry only answers questions about athletics. What is it you want to know about butterflies and bird's-nesting? (2) Yes; Vol. II. of THE CAPTAIN is still to be had, price 6s. 6d., post free, from this office; or you could order it through a bookseller. There are six "Tales of Greyhouse" in it. (3) I believe it is lawful to collect birds' eggs in Sussex; better ask a policeman. (4) There was an article on "Public School Mutinies" in No. 2 of THE CAPTAIN. (5) If you want to be Clubbed you must send your full name and address.

Ex-L.R.B. Cadet.—Thanks for your kind

offer re volunteering. Our "War Correspondent," Mr. A. E. Johnson, is looking after volunteering matters for us, and you may expect developments in our next volume. At the same time I appreciate your manly letter urging CAPTAIN readers to become volunteers. I am thoroughly of your opinion that every young fellow who is able to join a corps, should.

Ethel Grundy.—Wash your doggie's foot well in warm water with a mild solution of boracic-acid—make quite clean and sweet, and do not let him take one bit of exercise for three days. If he will keep it on, tie a bag of linen on his foot. A split pad is very common among dogs. I don't think I should allow that jam at tea-time.

Mastiff.—(1) You are enrolled a member. I put it that way because you are a girl, and "Clubbed" sounds rather unkind! (2) I do not think a drawing of a skull would be very nice. (3) There is no age limit for CAPTAIN CLUB members. (4) Surely you can get a cycling map of Sussex at one of the stationer's shops in which Brighton abounds.

"Jay A. Cheff."—I am obliged to you for your thoughtful suggestion, but I must remind you that THE CAPTAIN is a magazine intended for its readers' leisure hours. It is in no sense an educational journal, and, therefore, a competition dealing with Arithmetic, etc., would be out of place in it.

E.C.D.S—See above. You should never pay a publisher to bring a book out. Books for children are published by Mr. Grant Richards, 48, Leicester-square, London; Messrs. Sands and Co., 12, Burleigh-street, London; and by other publishers whose names you will find on the title pages of books for children.

J. Martyr Luck suggests that we should celebrate the Coronation by starting a fund to build a "CAPTAIN LIFEBOAT." I should be glad to hear what other readers think of this suggestion; and whether CAPTAIN CLUB members would be willing to collect money for such a purpose.

Yermak.—The following is the simplest way to remove warts. Make a saturated solution of washing soda; wash the warts with this for a minute or two and let them dry without wiping. Repeat this process often, and in time the warts will disappear.

Jack.—Thanks for your jolly little letter, Jack. Only eight! Why, you must be one of our youngest readers! You must be content with this little answer, as there are a lot of other Jacks and Jills waiting for me to read their letters.

H. G. Richardson and others have sent comments on "A Royalist's" criticism of the article on John Hampden. (May.) Later on I may publish one or two of these letters. No space at present.

E. M. Murray-Morgan.—(1) I am sorry I cannot give you any facts concerning the longevity of sharks. (2) The Great Wall of China is not one of the seven wonders of the world.

M. E. Bennett.—I know of no book dealing exclusively with mermaids, but "Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History" (four vols. at 2s. 6d. each), might contain a chapter on them.

Timbertoes.—Send your name and address and I will supply you with particulars about the work you wish to do. You should not worry, as you cannot help being ill.

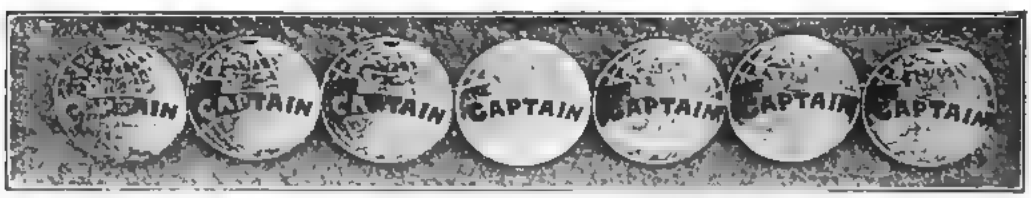
Sibyl O'Neill.—I have in type an article on "School Songs," which will appear as soon as there is room. "Lyon of Preston" is one of the songs quoted in it.

Geo. H. Teed (ST. STEPHEN'S, CANADA.)—All right; will forgive you for making a mistake about your class. See answer to "Ben Hope." **Penitent.**—Send me your name and address, and I will write to you. **S.H.**—I do not know of any books dealing with the profession of a detective. These men, I believe, are generally chosen from the ranks of the ordinary police. **J.D.T.**—"The Czar's Tour through Russia" has not been issued in book form as yet, so far as I know. **J. V. Garland** (JAMAICA).—Thanks for solution. The puzzle you send is too easy. **C. Keatings.**—There is *no* subscription to the CAPTAIN CLUB. You simply have to take in the magazine regularly. **"Ranji."** Mr. C. B. Fry's "Book of Cricket" costs 13s. 2d., post-free, from Geo. Newnes, Ltd. **G. Boobyer.**—"The Racing Pigeon," price 1½d., post free, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. **Old Hymerian** will be glad to know if at any school sports this year anyone cleared a greater length in the long jump than that covered by O. W Mackrill of Hymer's College, Hull, *viz.*, 20ft. ½in. **C. W. Campbell.**—"The Army Signalling Code," price 1s. 2d., from Gale and Polden, Aldershot.

Letters, etc., have also been received from "A Shorthand Club Member," "Swim," "Camelot," "M.E.," "Sphynxess," C. de Brocas, "Non Nullus," "Philatelist" (Durban) and others whose communications will be dealt with next month.

Official Representatives appointed:—Geoff Holme (Macclesfield), John C. Craig (Clare mont, Cape Colony).

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat, and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

A "Humber" Bicycle for Good Handwriting.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like ; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners ; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows :—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 12th.

The Results will be published in September.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp , so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"Humber Bicycle" Prize.**—A Standard Humber Light Roadster, with Humber Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Humber Patent Double Action Back Pedal Band Brake (or Humber Pattern Bowden Back Rim Brake in lieu of Band), Humber Pattern Front Rim Brake, Detachable Mudgards, 1¼ inch Dunlop Tyres, Plated Rims, Tool Bag complete with Tools, and Inflator with metal spring clips, will be awarded to the sender of the best and most neatly written copy of the following sentence: "*Humber Cycles—In all the world unequalled.*" Competitions must only be sent on post-cards, and age will be taken into consideration in awarding the prize. The bicycle is being presented by Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry. Six volumes of magazines, published by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., will be awarded as consolation prizes.

One Age limit : Twenty-one.

No. 2.—**"Hidden Towns"** (FIRST SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit : Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit : Sixteen.

No. 3.—**"Eleven Best Cricketers in the World."**—Send on a post-card a list of the eleven cricketers you would pick from the United Kingdom, Australia, &c. Take everything into consideration, i.e., batting, bowling, fielding, wicket-keeping ; and appoint a captain. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit : Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit : Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"Twelve Most Popular Indoor Pastimes."** — Send a list of these on a post-card. Three prizes of goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit : Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit : Twelve.

No. 5.—**"My Favourite Character in Scott."** Write an Essay, not exceeding 400 words, on your favourite character in Sir Walter Scott's works. THREE PRIZES OF BOOKS to the value of 6s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit : Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit : Sixteen.

No. 6.—**"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."**—In future we shall award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (*a*) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (*b*) Photograph, or (*c*) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for first award : November 12th, 1902, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible.

Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit : Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit : Sixteen.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books" (Fourth Series).

Winner of £1: H. C. Trotman, 39, North End-road, West Kensington, W.

Winners of 10s.: Lilian Shelton, 16, Archibald-road, Tufnell-park, N.

Winner of 5s.: R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: R. N. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; E. P. Hodgson, 34, Norwood-road, Herne Hill, S.E.; Leonard Pearce, 223, St. Ann's-road, South Tottenham, N.; W. R. Thomas, Glasfryn, Forest Fach, near Swansea; R. Wynn, Crosslands Villa, Abbey-road, Barrow-in-Furness; Wm. Logan, c/o Raeburn, 2, Oxford-street, Edinburgh; James Lee, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport; W. C. Lee, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport; H. G. Prosser, Cwmpark, Treorchy, Rhondda, South Wales; R. C. Woodthorpe, 3, Thornhill-road, Mannamead, Plymouth; George C. Pocock, Stoneleigh, Streatham place, Streatham Hill, S.W.; W. Wylie Stuart, 312, West Princes street, Glasgow; Rosalind F. Bridge, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W., Douglas J. Banger, 33, Disraeli road, Ealing, W.; Edward T. Fairlie, 61, Vaughan-road, Romford road, E.; A. S. Warren, 15, Southborough-road, South Hackney, N.E.; J. Egremont, 6, Horsdon-terrace, Tiverton, North Devon; E. F. Ward, 5, St. Julian's Farm-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Josephine Gowan, Red Island, Skerries, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

No. II.—"England v. Australia."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of Prize: Ernest K. Topham, 98, Springswood-terrace, Shipley, Yorkshire.

Honourable Mention: William Pollock, Herbert J. Wallis, J. Baines, E. H. Turner, Hilda Gilling, Oscar Pearn, E. J. Ereaut, Frank S. Foster, G. Mottershead.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of Prize: S. A. Alford, 50, Harpur-street, Bedford.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: D. L. Don, 129, High-street, Sevenoaks, Kent; C. J. Pritchard, 36, Farm-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; H. R. Bishop, 3, Coalbrook Mansions, Balham.

Honourable Mention: L. Baker, A. P. Chalkley, S. Woodhams, T. S. Lonsdale, A. L. Drew, F. L. Cloux, B. Hartley, James H. Walker, J. F. P. Watson, Frank Hime, Stuart Farr, A. G. Pearson, Arthur F. Strickland.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

Winner of Prize: F. Kipping, The Lindens, The Park, Nottingham.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: F. Craze, Polgrean, Lelant, Cornwall; W. Grayson, 13, Glenfield-road, Leicester.

Honourable Mention: John King, Arthur E. Watts, C. H. Copestake, H. Brewer, George Bourne, Leslie Evans, Vernon Smith, A. J. Leeming, Edwin G. Wildin, J. Phillip, S. R. Clifford, Charles Stook.

No. III.—"Story of a Sovereign."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of Prize: Laura Mellor, 6, Roseleigh-avenue, Leigh-road, Highbury, N.

Honourable Mention: Grace Adames, Ernest A. Taylor, J. J. Nevin, Winifred D. Ereaut, Wilfrid White, Dora Wulferstan, L. A. Watson, R. A. H. Goodyear, T. A. Chaplin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of Prize: Wm. L. Taylor, Gorehead, Kilmington, Axminster.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Violet Longman, 33, Carleton-road, Tufnell Park, N.; Lilian M. Urmiston, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea; Alfred J. Judd, South View Villa, Summerland-road, Barnstaple, North Devon.

Honourable Mention: Hope Portrey, E. M. Goddard, Sydney Moseley, E. Freeman, Ethel M. Sheppard, Gertrude Sterling, James H. Walker, Berrington, Frnd. Lucas.

CLASS III. (Age Limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Prize: Marjorie Southwell, The Beeches, 60, Bracondale, Norwich.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: E. M. MacGregor, 3, Egerton-place, London, S.W., Ursula Snowden, Risley Hall, South Stainley, Leeds.

Honourable Mention: Alex. Lingford, Frida Phillips, G. A. Taylor, James Allan, Evelyn Dunne, Octavia Wilberforce, A. W. Shallow, W. Bullard, R. Hugh Myers, Olive de Bathe, Walter H. Browning, Walter English, D. S. Shallow, Hugh Merton, Elsie Myers, A. Browning, James H. Skuse, R. Newsome, E. Hartley.

No. IV.—"Drawing of a House."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of 7s.: Cecil M. Cardale, 5, Penlee-gardens, Stoke, Devonport.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Gordon Lambert, Sunbury, Mattfield, Paddock Wood, Kent; and Charles Whitby, St. John's Vicarage, Sandown, I.W.

Honourable Mention: R. B. Davis, W. Pedley, Clayton Smith, W. J. White, E. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Joseph Taylor, 40, Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

Honourable Mention: D. H. Atkinson, V. Murray, H. A. Atwell, J. B. Evans, M. Colley, E. B. Lye.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of 7s.: Nina Murray, The Moat, Charing, Kent.

Honourable Mention: M. Gyles, O. Taylor, J. G. Herd, H. A. Vivian.

No. V.—"Mixed Letters."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of Ping-Pong Set: Maurice P. French, Abbeystone, Queen's-road, Bournemouth.

Honourable Mention: Egbert S. Robertson, Geoffrey L. Austin, Elsie Luff, Enid Phillips, W. J. Davidson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Ping-Pong Set: David Pryde, 74, Dalkeith-road, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention: Harold Gayton, Charles Titford, A. M. Lupton, Hugh L. Davies, Alfred W. Brown, Jack Loutet, J. A. Weller.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of Ping-Pong Set: Amyas Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

Honourable Mention: C. E. Osborne, Elsie Averill, S. Rumsey, M. Lowry, Eric Randall, E. A. Peers.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (No. VI. January 1902).

Winners of "Swan" Fountain Pens: David Stone, 5, Piazza d' Arno Florence, Italy; George H. Teed, St. Stephen's, New Brunswick, Canada; G. Allhusen, Kaponga, Taranaki, New Zealand.

Honourable Mention: Frank Hebberd (S. India), F. W. Lange (Kimberley), Bertram Burrowes (Jamaica), Harold R. George (W. Australia), C. M. Perkins (Tasmania).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE MAY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—As usual, there were numerous entries for this Competition. A list of the "Hidden Books" will be found on an advertisement page. No one had the whole set right, but several had only two wrong, the prizes being awarded to the most neatly-written lists. Some good suggestions for Picture 2 were "When the Sleeper Wakes," "The Human Boy" and "Robin Astor"; and for No. 4 "A Study in Scarlet," and "The Three Lieutenants." A good many had "Great Expectations" instead of "The Manxman."

No. II.—The correct list for the Eleven to meet Australia, decided by vote, is as follows: 1, C. B. Fry. 2, K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 3, Rhodes; 4, A. C. McLaren; 5, Hirst; 6, Lilley, 7, Braund. 8, Abel; 9, J. R. Mason, 10, Hayward, 11, F. S. Jackson. Several of the competitors had the list quite right, so the prizes have been awarded according to age and neatness. Quite a large number had only one wrong.

No. III.—A popular Competition, and most interesting to judge, though perhaps some of the stories were rather lacking in originality.

No. IV.—This competition required careful adjudication, so numerous and excellent were the sketches in pen, pencil, and water-colours submitted. The prizes were awarded to the competitors whose drawings showed the best artistic execution, their ages being taken into consideration.

No. V.—"The Captain licks every boy's paper that has been published," was the sentence. Nearly everybody got it right, so the prizes went to the senders of the most neatly-written entries.

Now then, foreign and colonial readers, you have got what you wanted, *i.e.*, a comp. every month. I expect very many entries.

The Competition Editor.

Awarded Highest Honours at all the Great Exhibitions.

THE BRADBURY CYCLES

Lead the Field.

Free Wheel.

Free-Wheel-at-Will (Patented).

Bottom Bracket Eccentric Chain Adjustment (Patented).

OTHER SOUND IMPROVEMENTS.

GENT.'S No. 2, including Free-Wheel-at-Will, Brake, and Patent Adjustment £15 10 0

STANDARD GENT.'S, with Brake, Guards, and Clincher A-Won Tyres £10 10 0

EFFECTIVE, DURABLE, SPEEDY, and WELL FINISHED.

BRADBURY & CO., LTD., OLDHAM.

LONDON: 8, Farringdon Avenue
GLASGOW: 232, Sauchiehall St.
LEEDS: Upperhead Row.
MANCHESTER: 7, Deansgate.
LIVERPOOL: 128, Bold St.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

PRICE LISTS FREE. AGENCIES IN MOST TOWNS.

With WATSON'S ENLARGER

YOU CAN MAKE

BEAUTIFUL ENLARGED PICTURES

In less time than the ordinary small prints.

THEY ARE

More Satisfactory, Less Costly, Less Trouble,

For all Kodak or other Negatives up to half plate.

Price 6/6 to 70/-.

Detailed Price List free on application.

313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

THE PICTURE POSTCARD CLUB.

Subscription 3s.

New Members wanted in every city in the world.

Every member of this club will receive twelve splendid picture postcards posted direct to his or her address from twelve British Colonies (members may choose any Colonies they desire). Members in England will be placed in communication with other members in British Colonies for the purpose of exchanging postcards, stamps, photographs, &c.

An exchange list will be circulated at frequent intervals between the members of this club, and every member will be entitled to insert in it a small advertisement FREE.

All subscriptions to be sent direct to the Secretary,

FRANK MOORE, 4, Duke Street, Strand, London.

SANDERS'S

"BRISTOL" Marking Ink

Unquestionably superior to all others for marking Linen, Cotton, Silk, &c.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/-; or Post Free of the Proprietor—

FRANCIS T. SANDERS, Sutton, Surrey.

ARE YOU WEAK?

CHAS. E. LORD,

(10 years Director, Woolwich Polytechnic Gymnasium),

HAS A

SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

(by Post),

which tells you how to acquire, by a few minutes' practice daily, perfect

HEALTH, STRENGTH, SKILL, and AGILITY,

the four principles necessary to become a

PERFECT ATHLETE.

There is no other System to equal it.

Mr. C. B. Fry, writing in "The Captain," says:—"You cannot do better than go on with your dumb-bell work on C. E. Lord's excellent system."

Send your age, measurements, and particulars of present state of health, together with P.O. for 5/-, and I will forward complete course of Exercises, Diet, Bathing, and Breathing.

NO FURTHER CHARGE. NO OTHER OUTLAY.

Send for particulars of my Athletic Publications. Address—

71 INVERINE RD., CHARLTON, LONDON, S.E.

TOWNEND JUVENILE CYCLES

Price from £5 10 0.

FULLY GUARANTEED.

WARWICK TYRES. WESTWOOD RIMS.
GOOD SADDLES. GOOD BRAKE.
EFFICIENT MUDGUARDS.

25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

Full Particulars from

NEW TOWNEND Bros., Ltd.,

City Agency: BENETFINK, Cheapside.

COVENTRY.

MANCHESTER, 21 Piccadilly.

Digitized by Google

£2,000 : 0 : 0

ASTOUNDING OFFER.

£15 15s. MACHINE FOR £7 14s.

BEING desirous of still further increasing the well-merited popularity of the "TIVIDALE" Bicycle, I have resolved during the next few months to accept the specially reduced price of £7 14s. for these High Grade Machines. They are made by a firm who can boast of an almost unexampled experience in the production of first grade cycles, who employ only the most skilled and competent mechanics, and possess

"TIVIDALE" CYCLES.

£1 A WEEK INSURANCE IF INJURED.

one of the finest and most complete machinery plants in the kingdom. Each machine is thoroughly examined and tested in every part before leaving works, and is guaranteed, including tyres, for 12 months, and the owner is entitled to a £1 a week allowance, if injured whilst cycling, if machine be fitted with "Champion" Tyres. As these cycles are enamelled under a new and expensive process, and are heavily plated on copper, in the usual parts, they have a finish not to be excelled by any other machine on the market, and are not readily injured by damp or scratches. Built of the best Weldless Steel Tubing obtainable, D back stays, ½" pitch roller chain, rubber or rat-trap pedals, gear up to 96, wheels 28", forks D section with plated box crown, 6½" or 7" cranks, matchless free wheel, rim brake, plated "Westwood" rims and spokes, Bluemels latest celluloid mudguards, anatomical saddle, &c., any sized frame. Full specification on application. To ensure selling a large number of these "TIVIDALE" Bicyles, I have decided to return cash in full with the first and every tenth machine sold through the medium of *The Captain*, until machines to the value of £2,000 have been given away, when offer lapses. After the end of July, the price of these cycles will be £15 15s. nett as before. List of parties to whom cycles have been presented can be had post free, when available. I can also supply lower grade machines, usually sold at from £6 6s. to £8, from £3 15s. complete. Cross frame Machines from £4 19s. 6d.

"TIVIDALE" MOTOR CYCLES, the best produced, carry you 100 miles for less than 1s., price only 33 guineas, worth double. Guaranteed in every part.

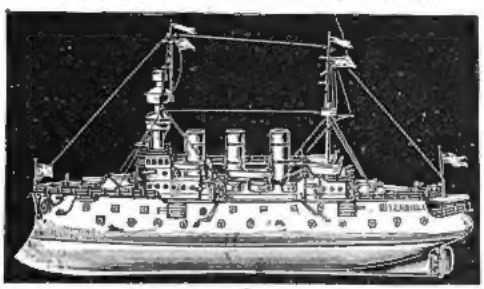
ACCESSORIES, &c.—I supply these at less than the usual trade prices. Bowden Brake, 9s. 11d., Handle Bars, any shape, 3s. 4d., Bluemels Celluoid Mudguards, 2s. 11d., Rim Brake, 5s. 3d., Toe Clips, 4d. per pair, Cork Handles, 4d. per pair, Ball Pedals, 2s. 7d. per pair, Cyclometers, 1s. 5d., Inflators, 8d., Bells, 5d., 9d., 1s., Pedal Automatic Bell, 2s. 5d., Tyres from 11s. pair, Acetylene Lamps, from 2s. 3d., Morrow Pattern Coaster Hub and Brake, 16s. 6d., Saddles, from 2s. 9d., 6d. Tin Enamel, 2½d., Cyclists' Liquid Dog Pistol, 2s. 6d., Free Wheels from 4s. 9d., &c., &c.

All Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed, and made payable to R. D. THOMSON.
Bankers, UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND, Ltd., GLASGOW.

R. D. THOMSON, 13 Clifford Street, GLASGOW.

Digitized by Google

MODEL BATTLESHIPS.

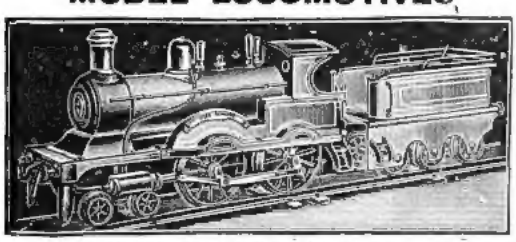


Magnificent Model of H.M. Battleship **Terrible.** Built from original dockyard designs, beautifully finished, enamelled, and all fittings nickel plated. Sent out complete with 6 Life Boats, 2 fore and aft Barbette Guns, 14 Cannons, 8 Guns in casemates, 4 Quick-firing Guns, 4 model Searchlights, Entire length nearly 3 ft.; driven by special Marine Engine and strong Brass Boiler. Price, carriage paid, **63/-**; with strong Boiler, double Marine Engines, and Twin-screw Propeller, **75/-**, carriage paid. Guaranteed.

All models are guaranteed to be made of best brass, iron, and steel, and all are tested before being sent out.

"DEAR SIRS,—Battleship intended for birthday gift was duly received, and has given most extreme satisfaction to recipient.—Yours truly, J. S. S."

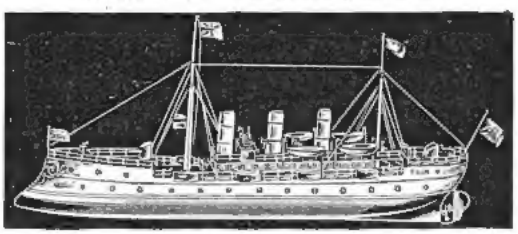
MODEL LOCOMOTIVES



Splendid Model of L. & N.W. Railway Locomotive and Tender, 23ins. long, beautifully finished and Lined, 2 S.V. Cylinders, Piston Valves, Water Gauge, reversing gear. Strongly made. Guaranteed in every way. Complete with Railway, **£4 10s.**; with extra Carriages, **£5.**

A Customer writes: "I received Model Loco. all safe: it runs splendid, works quietly and sweetly, and is finely fitted and finished. Send on the following extra Carriages and Rails" (here follows order).

MODEL GUNBOATS.



Fitted up in first-class manner, with Cannons, Quick-firing Guns, Life Boats, strong Brass Boiler, and all fittings as shown, **over 2½ ft. long.** Beautifully finished. Price **37/6.** Smaller sizes—35 ins. long, **25/6**; 29 ins. long, **20/-**, carriage paid.

Division Boats, over 2 ft. long, with strong Steam Engine and Boiler, **15/6,** carriage paid.

Torpedo Boats, 2 ft. long, with Steam Engine and Boiler complete, **8/6** and **10/6.**

MODEL SUBMARINE BOATS.

Submarine Boats, 14 and 18 ins. long, with powerful machinery for driving them through the water, and under the surface at a high speed, **8/6** and **14/6**; best quality, **10/6** and **15/6.** Larger Size, 24 in. long, **25/6.**

A purchaser writes: "Your Model Submarines are a great success; they travel very fast, and dive very deep. I am greatly delighted."

Send for our **Splendid New Enlarged Illustrated Catalogue, Coronation Edition.** Latest Designs of powerful and magnificent Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds; Finished Parts Steam Turbines, and finished parts Engine and Boiler Fittings; Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles and Motor Cars, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Castings, and all Requisites, etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines; Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc., post free, **6d.** Mention this paper when writing.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, **Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.**

Digitized by Google

ENJOYMENT

BY WEARING OUR OUTFITS.

EASE with COMFORT and STYLE.

YOUTHS' GREY STRIPED FLANNEL SUITS (Jackets and Trousers only.) 9/6, 13/6, 16/6.

BOYS' FLANNEL JACKETS and KNICKERS, Grey, Fancy Stripes, 7/9 and 12/11.

YOUTHS' FLANNEL JACKETS and KNICKERS, Grey, Fancy Stripes, 9/6, 13/6, 16/6.

BOYS' STRIPED FLANNELETTE BLAZERS, Red and Black, Blue and Black, Navy and White, 2/11 each.

FLANNEL do. in all Colours, 4/11 each.

Plain Blue, trimmed Cord Edge, Jackets, 3/6 each.

BOYS' WHITE FLANNELETTE TROUSERS, 3/6 per pair.

BOYS' WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3 and 6/11.

BOYS' WHITE FLANNELETTE KNICKERS, 1/11 per pair.

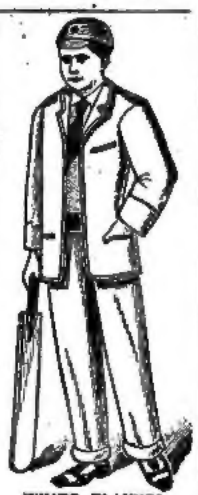
BOYS' WHITE FLANNEL KNICKERS, 3/2 and 4/6.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' WHITE FLANNELETTE SHIRTS, 1/11 each.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' FLANNEL SHIRTS, 3/2, 4/6, 5/2.

SATEEN DRAWERS, for Running, Racing, &c.
Navy & Black only 18/ dozen, 7½d. Usual Price 1/3.
IN ALL COLOURS, Best Qualities. 1/- and 1/5½. Postage 1d.

CRICKET SHOE.
Buckskin, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6.
White Canvas, 4/3, 4/11, 6/6.
Postage, 6d.



WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3, 6/-, 6/11
GREY do., plain or fancy stripes, 4/6, 5/11, 6/11.

Please send for Illustrated Price List. POST FREE.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd., 117 and 118, CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, E.C.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's Cocoa

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons.

Strawberry Time.

A most delicious combination is Strawberries and BIRD'S CUSTARD.

"Truly a Delightful Dish."

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

A DAILY LUXURY.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is Pure, Creamy, Nutritious, and easily digested. It is a wholesome, delicious article of diet, for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree; BIRD'S CUSTARD never.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET STRAND, W.C.

Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd., London and Bungay.